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HAS THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY A FUTURE?

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I

To him who takes his politics seriously, and has perhaps attained his own political belief through many an hour of anxious reflection, and many a prayer for inward light which would guide to righteous judgment, the cheerful inability of other men to know why they belong to one party rather than another is very perplexing; to him it seems incredible that any reasoning human being should be content to go through the world with his political faith resting on such shaky foundations.

Most men seem to receive their politics meekly, through inheritance or environment. (That is also, we are told, the way children become criminals.) Most of the Republicans whom we know belong to that party primarily because their fathers were Republicans before them,—either fighting in the Civil War, or perhaps from a safe distance cheering on those who did; secondarily, because as youths they have “tagged on” after the quadrennial torchlight procession, cheering for Blaine, Harrison, McKinley, or Roosevelt; or thirdly, because they have absorbed the arguments advanced by their own party orators and newspapers, carefully avoiding all others. Then there is a considerable number of those who are simply turned by the tide; like some acquaintances of mine who were formerly Democrats, but who, moving into a community where the other party was fashionable and dominant, and finding that most political favors and preferment were to be gained in that camp, saw the errors of their former ways and were converted.

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I do not intend to cast reflections upon the good faith or the patriotism of these members of the other party; for the ranks of the Democrats are recruited for the most part in just the same way. Inheritance, environment, heeding the arguments of only one side, will account for most of them also. If the Democratic party is somewhat short of time-servers it is only because its success of recent years has not been so marked as to attract them. In their view, society in the Democratic party is getting to be rather like the Presbyterian elder's idea of Heaven, very select but by no means amusing; and they would naturally prefer the more numerous society of the other place.

But if the people who dislike to discuss politics or religion are irritating, what can be said of those who profess to see no real choice between parties? “Oh! I can't see any difference,” laughs a genial gentleman, “they both want to get in when they're out, you know; and to keep the other fellows out when they're in.” And with a chuckle the speaker dismisses the subject as though he had solved the eternal mystery of politics with an original idea; the truth being that he has got no farther in political thought than a vague remembrance of an annotated edition of *Gulliver's Travels*.

Considering, then, the prevalence of these two classes, it may be well, before attempting to ask a question as to the future of the Democratic party, to find out whether there is in reality any such thing as a Democratic party existing in the present. If men assume a party badge by reason of inheritance or environment,

and if there is really no difference between the two great parties, then it becomes a wholly useless thing to bother our heads about the future of either.

II

It seems a trifle fantastic perhaps, when faced by such a seemingly simple question, to suggest going back to the very dawn of history; yet the nature and place of political parties in this Republic, as well as the nature and place of this Republic in the world's affairs, are so frequently misunderstood that the suggestion is not by any means amiss. To understand the Democratic party one must understand Democracy; and to understand Democracy one must understand what produced it and developed the need of such a "great experiment" as ours,—what it was brought into the world to replace.

There are many ways of looking at history; among them is that view which sees always the struggle of the inextinguishable spirit of liberty against entrenched privilege,—the ever-renewed conflict of individual freedom with organized selfishness.

This was the vision of past ages which inspired Lowell:—

Truth forever on the scaffold. Wrong forever
on the throne —
Yet that scaffold sways the future; and behind
the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping
watch above his own.

In the beginning the effort to secure some concrete system of human society—a necessity for man—assumes the character of a mere trial of brute strength; the stronger man wins and the weaker is enslaved. Thus the oldest political relation of mankind—of master and slave—was developed; and based upon this relation arose the first great organized system of human government,—*imperialism*. Under various names, with much crudeness of experiment and many complications, this system was many centuries in

reaching its most brilliant and complete development in the dominion of Rome; but even as Rome attained the zenith of her power, the system, so long and painfully built up, began to fall to pieces. Rome had conquered all the material forces of the known world; but the freedom of the intellect proclaimed in Greece, the freedom of conscience proclaimed in Judaea, were forces against which the imperial legions were powerless. The Greek philosopher could be silenced, but Plato and Aristotle were immortal in their writings; the Hebrew prophet could be slain, but the Golden Rule could never again be driven from the hearts, nor silenced from the tongues of men. Imperialism—the rule of the strong over the weak, of the master over the slave—could not stand the test; the intellect rebelled, the soul revolted; the human relations involved in slavery were contrary to the laws of nature, which are the laws of God. And with a mighty crash which shook the whole world loose from its moorings, the first great political experiment—the first great organized system of human society—collapsed, and confusion reigned again.

Then, after more long centuries of travail, was slowly developed a second great experiment,—*feudalism*. Loath to give up the essence of slavery, the domination of man by man, but forced to recognize the responsibility of man to man, feudalism rested upon a new relation—that of lord and vassal. Imperialism had left God out of account; the new system should satisfy both God and man. What was regarded as man's dual nature was to be guided by two co-existent powers, the Church and the State; and each of these was an elaborate social pyramid: in one reaching from the lower ranks of the priesthood up through the higher clergy to the Pope, and in the other from the serf up through knight and baron to King and Emperor. Each highest sovereign, Pope and Emperor, should be lord paramount over half of each atom of humanity.

It was a most ingenious system, the most beautifully logical and complete scheme of society that humanity could devise. Its conclusions were irresistible, granting the premises; but unfortunately the premises were vitally, hopelessly wrong. You cannot vivisect society into two separate half-entities, one political and one spiritual; neither is man fit to be trusted as lord over a vassal, any more than as master over a slave. Yet feudalism assumed that Pope and Emperor could rule jointly over mankind (which, as both popes and emperors were human, they never could); and that the higher the title the more fit to rule, — an equally pathetic fallacy, for unrestrained power does not produce righteous conduct, but almost inevitably the reverse.

So again organized society found itself driven against the sharp facts of human nature and met disaster. While Pope and Emperor quarreled for power, while the robber baron from his rocky fastness was grimly collecting tribute from the passing traveler, and the serf tilled the soil for his lord's maintenance, the dwellers in the great free cities were laying the foundations of a new civilization of peace and commerce. Nor was that all: over in their little island kingdom the English were developing a race of sturdy yeomen whose feudal bonds were of the lightest, and whose weapons were the home-made bow and arrow. The mail-clad nobles who fell before them at Crécy and Agincourt were not merely so many thousands perishing in a bad quarrel; they were the first victims of the collapse of feudalism, — the signs and symbols of the failure of the second great organized system of human government.

The unscrupulous ingenuity, ambition, and greed of the kings were quick to develop the third experiment. As monarch and people faced each other after the destruction of the feudal baronage, the former was quick to seize his opportunity: the latter, confused, uncertain, ignorant, were slow to see theirs.

Far less complex and interesting than

feudalism, the system of *paternalism*, based upon the relation of a parent claiming divine right and his children seeking guidance, came to political development. But once again the clear and obvious facts of human nature were overlooked. Mankind will not long remain under the domination of an individual, whether he claim divine inspiration or just plain human dictatorship; nor did it need great clearness of sight to see the wretched fallacy of a system which held up a Henry Tudor as God's vice-regent upon earth, or a Philip of Spain as the benevolent father of a grateful people. The only wonder is that the glamour lasted so long: for even a full century after the unfortunate Charles Stuart had laid his head upon the block, France in her logical way still persisted in carrying the paternal system to a supremely logical conclusion, an absolute *reductio ad absurdum*; for could anything be more ridiculous as a system of government than that of Versailles and the fifteenth Louis!

It is not so easy to trace closely the outlines of the fourth experiment; but amid the confusion, if we look clearly we can see the new system — *aristocracy*; not the nobility of feudal tenure, but the domination of a ruling caste, a nobility of material success; sometimes of birth — descent from ancient freebooter or sycophant; sometimes of wealth — landholders of longer or shorter tenure; sometimes of intellect — success in statecraft, commerce, letters, or beer; sometimes a mixture of all these. As we see imperialism typified in Rome, as feudalism reached its most characteristic development in France, and paternalism perhaps in Russia, so we find the clearest development of aristocracy in England.

But aristocracy has satisfied the ideals of mankind but little better than the systems that went before. The rule of a privileged few, whether their claim be founded on birth, wealth, scholarship, or what not, is in practice a selfish and arrogant domination. It is the same old

story. "How much better the world would be governed if the ignorant many were only willing to be guided by the wise few!" cry those who consider themselves the wise and aspire to be the few. It is a plausible argument. But the many always refuse, and always will refuse, to listen, when the few commit the grievous error of exchanging their intellectual influence for political domination. Moreover, the many have always shown that politically they are wiser in the long run than the aristocrats. For the judgment of the many remains in the mass unselfish, while the privileged few upon whom the gift of power has been bestowed have proved that with the gift of power go the fatal gifts of pride, luxury, ambition, greed,—these in place of that righteousness which alone would defend the placing of man in power over his fellow-man. "No man," said Lincoln with deep insight, "is good enough to rule another man, without that other's consent."

One by one, tested by the test of truth — the Golden Rule — these four systems have been tried and found wanting. Over and over again the variations have been rung on the four themes, with ever new rearrangements of their various elements; organized selfishness always vainly hoping that at last the successful combination was achieved, and that the people would remain quiet and forever be ruled by Emperor, Baron, Priest, or King. But always, with the accompaniment of more or less violence, the fraud has been discovered; the people have refused to be satisfied with the dry crumbs, while the favored few sat gorging at the banquet.

Then at last, far away over the sea, where England, the island country which had been enabled to pursue most naturally its own development, had planted colonies where freedom was breathed in with the very air, there, in the new world, far away from the follies and failures of the past, arose the fifth great experiment in human government.

"Borne over the Atlantic," cries Carlyle, "to the closing ear of Louis, King

by the Grace of God, what sounds are these; muffled — ominous, new in our centuries? Boston Harbour is black with unexpected Tea; behold a Pennsylvanian Congress gather; and ere long, on Bunker Hill, *Democracy* announcing, in rifle-volleys death-winged, under her Star Banner, to the tune of Yankee-doodle-doo, that she is born, and whirlwind-like, will envelop the whole world!"

Democracy was no experiment; it was simply the only course left, after every other system of government had failed to satisfy mankind: imperialism — the rule of master over slave; feudalism — the rule of lord over vassal; paternalism — the rule of a claimant of divine right over obedient subjects; aristocracy — the rule of the privileged few over the unprivileged many; what was there left save democracy, the rule of the people itself, of brother-citizens over themselves?

Here at last was a new system indeed; yet like all new things it was in its essence as old as the hills; forever, since the dawning of intelligence in the mind of man, the passion for freedom had stirred him to ever new protest against every new form of tyranny. But here at last was a new system of human government founded boldly upon the very rock against which all other systems had come to wreck. Here at last was what the world had been waiting for, the political expression of the Golden Rule. Here was a proclamation that every man should be free, bound only by his obligation to his brother-man. Little by little the truth had forced its way in; little by little the democratic idea had burgeoned into a political system.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed, by their Creator, with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes de-

structive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

III

Some individuals of later generations have discovered that the great Declaration is only an expression of "glittering generalities;" but they have merely succeeded in proving their own shallow cynicism.

"The authors of that notable instrument," said Lincoln, "meant to set up a standard maxim for free society, which should be familiar to all and revered by all, — constantly looked to, constantly labored for, and even though never perfectly attained, constantly approximated, and thereby constantly spreading and deepening its influence, and augmenting the happiness and value of life to all people, of all color, everywhere."

It was the hope of Washington, as of some others of the great men of the Revolution, that partisan feeling would not exist in their new Republic; that while differences of opinion of course must continue, they ought not to divide men definitely into political parties; but he did not fully realize the great change which had been wrought in fundamental political conditions.

In all other systems of government the formation of political parties, which must of necessity result in some organized opposition to existing conditions, tends to breed revolution. To question the will of the Emperor is not mere opposition, — it is treason; to oppose the demand of an overlord is to upset the very basis of feudal society; to resist the authority of a divinely appointed monarch is damnable heresy; to thwart the plans of an aristocracy is to sin against superior judgment. It follows therefore that under such governments, if the play of parties

is vital, it becomes dangerous to the state. But in a democracy the healthy differences of parties form the very firmest basis upon which the state can rest; party differences, instead of unsettling the state, by forming a proper balance of conflicting opinions only make it more stable.

It seems also natural that there should be two great parties. Men will always differ fundamentally in their way of looking at the world; one will be always impatient to press forward, while another is equally inclined to hang back. Private Willis, from his sentry-box outside the House of Lords, has caught hold of a very profound truth when he sings: —

I often think it comical
How cunning Nature does contrive,
That every boy and every gal
That's born into the world alive,
Is either a little Liberal
Or else a little Conservative.

These are the two great inevitable parties; and it is not necessary that your liberal should have any particular reason for moving forward, — it is simply the impulse of his nature to feel a special interest in the future; it is not conscious preference for things as they are that actuates the conservative, — it is a natural instinct to hold fast to that which is good. Moreover, these two great principles, the progressive and the conservative, are both necessary to the safety of the Republic; without the curb of the conservative the progressive party would rush forward too fast, and taking no time for proper consideration of the way, find itself arriving with scattered forces at wrong destinations; without the stimulus of the progressive, the conservative party would lag behind, becoming more and more stupid and reactionary, until it would ultimately find itself going backwards rather than forwards.

A division into two political parties in the new Republic was thus entirely natural and healthy, and by no means a mere copy of English parliamentary in-

stitutions; and it was also natural that the people should look to Hamilton and Jefferson, the great conservative and the great democrat, for leadership. Washington's dream of a Republic without partisan differences vanished as men ranged themselves under the banners of the rival statesmen; and in the end Washington himself was reluctantly forced to make choice of parties and become a Federalist.

It would take too long to detail the shifts and turns of American politics; yet some few broad facts should be kept in mind to understand the situation of to-day. The development of the Democratic party from the Democratic-Republican party was a natural one; it was also natural that in a new country and in a new system of government, the progressive spirit should assume some rather rough and unlovely forms. Jackson and his henchmen were true successors of Jefferson and his followers, because they too in their turn represented the same spirit of freedom and revolt against inherited conventions, and because in their confidence in the ultimate judgment of the people they expressed the democratic spirit.

Then came the slavery question to confuse the natural alignment of parties. Slavery was a survival of the first great experiment in human government — imperialism. Its existence in a country dedicated to the proposition that liberty is one of the inalienable rights of man was a hideous anachronism, a denial of the very basic principle of democracy. It is always a serious matter when parties get mixed and principles muddled; but it is most serious when a party organization is seized upon by some special interest to advance its own material welfare and intrench itself in power without consideration of party welfare, if not in flat violation of party principles. Such a lamentable condition fell upon the Democrats; Southern conservatives were forced into and Northern liberals were forced out of the party, as it was driv-

en more and more away from its natural course. Yet it is worthy of note, as bearing upon the general character of the parties, that the so-called Free-Soil Democrats were the first to raise a direct challenge to slavery in the field of politics.

Both Whigs and Democrats tried hard to postpone the inevitable struggle; but straight in the path of progress lay the foul obstruction, and no advance was possible until slavery was removed. It was not the proper task of the Whigs, for they formed the conservative party; it was therefore inevitable that the Democratic party, failing in its duty, should find its place taken by a new party pledged to carry on the fight for true democratic principles. The Republican party was formed for that purpose; and those who recognize in Lincoln a great democratic leader in the broad sense judge truly of his career and his personality.

There is no stronger power in politics than the force of momentum; and it was only natural that the Republican party, formed for the purpose of fighting slavery, should continue to flourish many years after slavery had ceased to exist. Then, exactly as the Democratic party before the war, its organization seized upon by the slave power, had changed from a party of progress to one of reaction, so the Republican organization, captured by certain powerful commercial interests, now became in its turn a party of reaction. Large amounts of money had to be raised to carry on the war, and much of it was secured by a tariff upon imports. After the war was over, certain interests which were benefiting greatly by the high tariff were politically strong enough to continue, and even increase the duties, in order to afford protection to favored industries. The scheme was economically unsound and essentially unconstitutional; it was forcing the many to pay tribute to the few; it was "special privilege" of the most obnoxious description. But disguised under the title of the

"American System," and described in fervid language as a means of saving the American workmen and the American markets from the "pauper labor" of Europe, it had a great and quite unmerited success.

Against this prostitution of the party of Lincoln, men turned again to the Democratic party as the means of progress, only to find it still disorganized after the terrible experiences of the Civil War, and still forgetful of its old principles—a poor organization with which to fight the growing power of privilege. The South was at once both its strength and its weakness; for the party was so numerically weak at the North that it could win a national election only by the electoral votes of the Southern States; yet it was morally weak at the South from the fact that, after the war, the Southern whites had to a man enrolled themselves in the party of opposition. Thus political lines were drawn geographically, always a great misfortune; and the natural party of liberal ideas found in its membership a large number of men who were not Democrats on principle.

Thus the year 1884 found both parties floundering about, neither with a policy that meant anything, and both with shattered reputations. The natural division between them had been forgotten. The election which, after twenty-four years, brought a Democratic President once more into the White House, ignored political issues and turned exclusively upon the personal character of the candidates. Yet in spite of its weakness, its faults and its follies, the force of momentum made the Democratic party still much more sensitive to popular feeling than its rival, which had now fallen irredeemably into the hands of the protected interests.

Three years later (1887) came an act which changed the whole situation, which forms one of the epoch-making events of American history. The tariff message of President Cleveland was a great act of statesmanship; it cleared the air and created once more a rational and

logical division between the parties. Once again men divided along lines of political principle; and enthusiasm for a moral issue rejuvenated the Democratic party. The splendid campaign of 1888,—splendid though unsuccessful,—the first campaign in twenty years fought on a vital issue, and the still more splendid and triumphant campaign of 1892, gave to Democrats hopes of a long lease of power, and a new advance along the path of popular reform.

These hopes were not destined to be realized. Never since Jefferson drove away from Washington after the failure of embargo has a president left office with louder voices of condemnation than Grover Cleveland; yet no president ever earned a more solid and lasting respect from mature and reasonable men. Cleveland has earned something better than popularity. The leader who after thirty years of political turmoil and confusion could bring a great party back to the recognition of genuine political principles will not be overlooked by history. He will take his place among the great Democratic leaders of the nation, one of its few great presidents.

The Republicans had left behind them an empty treasury, and a law which kept draining it for the benefit of the silver-mine owners, another group of the specially privileged. The administration was strong enough to bring the Sherman law to an end; but it was too late to avert the catastrophe. There ensued the panic of 1893, the result of over-inflation and years of reckless financial legislation. Then followed the failure of the Democratic leaders to redeem their promises of tariff reform; the years of hard times; and finally the free-silver madness.

Looking back from this distance upon the election of 1896 it seems strange that men can suffer such violent hallucination as to believe in a universal panacea like "free silver." If there is one lesson of history that is well established, it is the misery of a depreciated currency; and if there is one fact more sure than another

in that connection, it is that the misery falls most acutely upon the poor people. It is for their interest above all to have their monetary standard as stable as possible; and for that very reason one of the traditional policies of the Democratic party had been "Hard Money." But these facts went for nothing in the outbreak that now occurred.

Year after year campaign orators had laid great stress on the great prosperity of the country under the Republican party; but the mass of people felt, and rightly so, that somehow that prosperity had been very unevenly distributed. A wave of commercial development had occurred after the Civil War, and evidences of great increase of wealth were visible on every hand; but everywhere arose also the cry of dissatisfaction.

In truth the full results of the protective tariff upon the country were now beginning to be appreciated; it had been the means of founding among us a new form of one of the outworn systems of government, — a commercial aristocracy, — the most greedy, domineering, unscrupulous, least admirable form of aristocracy the world has ever seen. First came the tariff beneficiaries — the manufacturers of iron and steel and other protected industries; then those who had studied the results of protection and had seen the pecuniary advantages of artificial monopoly — to the monopolizers. These had deliberately set about to make the general public pay tribute to the privileged few, exploiting with this intent our railroads and other public utilities, and even the manufacture and distribution of many of the necessities of life. Thus had arisen that privileged class of millionaire and billionaire aristocrats who throng our summer and winter resorts and the steamers to Europe, whose luxurious palaces affront the eye and whose money and bad manners corrupt our social life at every turn.

In so far as the Democratic outbreak of 1896 was a revolt against existing conditions it was justified; in so far as it was a protest against the betrayal of the party

by their leaders in the matter of tariff reform it was justified; and it was perhaps only natural that they should hold the national administration responsible for all the faults of its predecessor as well as its own. Nevertheless the remedy proposed was wrong. It would have been worse than the disease; and the violence of the movement defeated its own ends. A large number of Democrats, many of them men of the highest character and influence, were driven from the party; the victory went to the Republicans on the issue of the gold standard; then the Republicans proceeded to show the utmost bad faith by a further increase in the tariff; and later embarked the country on a serious and dangerous experiment in imperialism.

The election of 1900 should have turned on the question of the Philippines — that was the burning issue. But unfortunately the Democratic party was still split asunder, most of those who had left it in 1896 refusing to return while the party still proclaimed the dangerous financial doctrines of four years before. Moreover the absurdity of trying to awaken enthusiasm over a fight against imperialism, with a candidate who was himself partly responsible for the ratification of the Philippines treaty, was patent to every one, and gave a hollowness to the campaign which was only emphasized by the readiness of the party orators to vary the leading issue according to the locality of their speeches. The campaign ended in another Democratic defeat.

In 1904 there came a reaction in the Democratic party, and control of the organization passed into the hands of the so-called "safe and sane" who had opposed the radicals, yet remained in the party. But the candidate selected failed to receive the support of the radical element, which showed its displeasure by remaining away from the polls, or voting for the Republican candidate, whose remarkable popularity blinded them to the fact that he represented nearly everything that as Democrats they ought to detest.

IV

What now is to be the outcome? Has the Democratic party a future?

If that question is asked in a broad sense there can be but one answer. To doubt of a Democratic party of the future would be to despair of the Republic; to believe that we have come to the end of the forward movement, that Democracy has reached its limit, would be to close our ears to the lessons of the past, and our eyes to all the signs of the present. There can be no backward step in the world's progress.

Until every man receives justice at the hands of his fellow men; until our cities are purged of corruption and our states are guided by righteous intelligence; until every child is saved from want and misery, and every man and woman gains that equal chance which the great Declaration holds is their right; until these things and many others are brought about the work of the Democrat is not finished.

But progress in a democracy is slow, for the whole mass must be leavened. We have to unlearn many lessons from the old world, and some we have learned in the new. Other systems may show fairer superficial results, but the future is ours. We are the true heirs of all the ages, for we hold the secret of successful human government; and we have only to remain true to ourselves and trust in our sacred mission. As Gladstone so nobly said in relation to Ireland, "It is liberty alone that fits men for liberty;" so we may truly say that the remedy for the evils of democracy is more democracy.

Some progressive party, then, we must have in the future. Will the present Democratic organization be that party? There are many signs that point one way, and many that point the other.

There is no disguising the fact that there is still throughout the North a deep-seated distrust of the Democratic party, founded on its pro-slavery record, its perverse and blundering conduct during the Civil War and since, the failure of its

leaders adequately to back up President Cleveland in his fight for reform, and its frequent readiness to run off after strange gods. This has forced many young voters into the other party, depriving the Democrats of that new blood which is so essential to party health.

The party is still further weakened by the direct loss which it sustained in 1896, and which has not yet been made good. It is true that some of those who left the party at that time were in reality conservatives and had no proper place in the Democratic ranks; it is also true that many returned in 1900, and many more in 1904. But there still remain a large number who are no longer regular members of the Democratic organization. No party can suffer such a loss without being crippled for years afterwards; and the loss in character is even more serious than the loss in numbers, for that forfeits the confidence and respect of the general public, which is the strongest asset a party can have.

As a direct consequence of the weakness of the party, the character of its leadership in some of the most important states is a heavy burden upon it. To mention the words "political principles" in connection with some of the men who control the party organization at present brings to the mind a picture that would be irresistibly comic if it were not so tragically serious. For the destinies of thousands of our fellow creatures, the future of democracy itself, hang in some measure upon the action of these corrupt, ignorant, and unscrupulous men who thrust themselves forward as the guardians and exponents of Democratic principles. As only one instance of the result upon party fortunes, the New York governorship was lost in 1906 by a most shocking combination of corrupt and improper methods in the election of delegates and conduct of the state convention, resulting in an utterly unprincipled indorsement of the candidates of another party. The chief beneficiary of the infamous deal was repudiated by Demo-

crats at the polls, but the men who were responsible for it still control the state machinery of the party, and the outlook for "harmony" while this situation lasts is not altogether bright.

One might turn also to Massachusetts, where unseemly wrangling has lost the Democratic party its place upon the official ballot, and ask what chance there is in that state for a party led as the Democratic party there has been led of recent years; or to Illinois where the party is still under the same control that was so eloquently assailed even on the floor of the National Convention four years ago—a not very hopeful augury of immediate party success.

There is also a deplorable tendency among Democrats, similar to that which has reached such serious proportions among Republicans, to make of a single leader the "boss," trusting the party fortunes exclusively to him, abiding by his sole judgment, and accepting meekly his dictation. This introduction of paternalism into party councils is undemocratic and undesirable; for a political party is strong in direct proportion to its number of wise, upright, and trusted leaders.

But, most unfortunate of all, there has arisen this unhappy condition in the Democratic party, that if the judgment of one section of the party is followed as to platform and candidate, the other section will not support the ticket; and if their judgment is not followed then they in turn will not support the ticket. Unless there can be found some common ground, therefore, it seems as if this seesaw might keep on forever; and the party be kept from flying because its two wings are not willing to flap in unison.

These are all reasons for doubting of the future of the Democratic party; but looking at it from the other side there was never a brighter outlook for a true party of progress; for dissatisfaction with existing conditions is widespread, and party ties never sat so loosely. The old and fallacious argument that the tariff

produces prosperity, while tariff revision or discussion is alone responsible for panics and hard times, has been hopelessly damaged by the recent money strain and the present financial conditions. We shall not hear from Republican orators in the near future quite so much twaddle as we have in the past about "Republican prosperity," and the "full dinner-pail;" nor have quite so much credit taken for good harvests, with the implied suggestion that the Almighty is in political partnership with the "Grand Old Party."

Moreover, the people are looking with growing dislike and suspicion upon the commercial aristocracy bred by the tariff and other forms of special privilege; state regulation of public utilities is under way, and that is well; but the party of progress should force the fighting until the tariff, that stronghold of intrenched greed and selfishness, is reached and mastered.

The fight against imperialism is more difficult, for that danger is a very subtle one and its immediate iniquities are so many thousand miles away. Yet the proposition laid down by Lincoln, that this nation could not endure half slave and half free, was not more true than the proposition that a democracy cannot continue to play the rôle of a tyrant master-nation owning subject dependencies,—even although we disguise the word "slave" under the high-sounding phrase, "wards of the nation." But the way of the transgressor is hard; and the situation will react upon us more and more fatally every moment that we keep on denying to the Filipinos the rights we long since secured for ourselves, and have always claimed for other people,—the right to decide our own affairs according to our own judgment, good or bad, be the issue what it may.

We cannot undo the past. We cannot bring the dead to life, or erase from the pages of history those pages of our deep dishonor; but we can give to the people of the islands our friendship and protec-

tion and *their freedom*, not grudgingly and at a date generations hence (which would mean never), but at once and forever. Against this miserable bastard imperialism the party of progress should fight to the end.

And there is one other thing on which the party of progress should place its mark of disapproval. It is nothing against the American people that they crave leadership: true leaders are even more necessary in a democracy than in any other form of government; but we are too prone to idolize our leaders, — not merely to overlook their faults, but to be absolutely blind to them. There is something inspiring, but pathetic as well, in the American people's devotion to the ideal. But is it quite wise to fool ourselves into believing that any living man is a god? Especially when we remember how often we have thrown our broken idols aside, when we have become tired of playing with them! What is the moral of this? That such indiscriminating adulation will sooner or later have a violent recoil. We must restrain ourselves from undue devotion to our heroes lest we find ourselves deceived. There is something better than a splendid theory, — and that is the Truth. The party of progress should revere its heroes, cherish its statesmen, and respect its leaders, — and the more it has of these the better; but it should not tie up to any one man, no matter how good or how great he may be, — or how well he talks. In a multitude of counselors, there is safety.

The Democratic party has often shown

wonderful powers of recuperation, and can again. Many times it has suffered disastrous defeat only to turn defeat into victory. Progress can be made with much less waste of energy and expenditure of labor under an old organization than under a new; but will the party rise to the occasion? That is the question which will soon be answered. If the leaders of the party would forget their quarrels and unite in strong and vigorous protest against resisting abuses, if they would put aside their personal ambitions and act only for the best interests of the party, does any Democrat doubt of the result?

Or if we grant that while such action would be magnificent it would not be politics, as it is played nowadays, let us come back to the people. For everything in a democracy does come back sooner or later to the people. If Democrats remain indifferent and discouraged how can they hope to succeed? But if they will arouse themselves to the struggle; realize their responsibilities; forget former defeats and divisions and think only of the future — of the chance to make their party once more what it was formed to be, has been, and can be made, the great party of progress, the party of democracy; if they will do this, not only can they again place their President in the White House, to occupy the chair of Jefferson, Jackson, and Cleveland, but they can start a new wave of genuine and orderly progress which will uplift the people of this democratic republic to a higher place than has ever yet been reached.

THE STATESMANSHIP OF STEIN

I

BY ANDREW D. WHITE

MANY events in history show the inherent weakness of absolutism, but none in modern times more vividly than the eclipse of Prussia and the destruction of the old German Empire by Napoleon.

Frederick the Great had taken his father's army (all save "The Tall Grenadiers"), his father's treasury, his father's principles of administration, — had developed and used all these with genius; but there was in his whole work just one fully developed man, — himself. He thought out the problems, laid the plans, pushed on work, baffled adversaries; and, despite sundry errors and absurdities, he did all this with genius.

At his command, the nobility marched to death or glory; the middle class manufactured and merchandized to fill his treasury; the peasantry laid down their lives as his soldiers or as serfs in ill-requited toil, — the individual was nothing; the state, everything.

In the upper stratum of the population stood the army officers, high civil officials, clergy, and men of letters. The army officers had inherited stern ideas of duty, honor, and discipline from the days of the Great Elector and his still greater grandson, but their system and training were outworn; during the last years of the eighteenth and first years of the nineteenth century, they had "learned nothing and forgotten nothing." Many of them were valuable, some of them admirable, but very few were of use in great affairs; their power to originate, to direct, to take responsibility, had been gradually superseded by unreasoning obedience. The clergy had some exceptional men, but in general had become dull, heavy, stupefied by the Pro-

testant orthodoxy and intolerance which set in after the death of Luther. The great German thinkers of the modern epoch were already at work, and powerfully; but as yet they had not taken full hold upon the German mind and heart; Kant and Schiller had spoken, but their full strength was yet to be revealed.

In the towns remained the mediæval medley of corporations, guilds, classes more or less privileged, but with the old Teutonic spirit of independence long since taken out of them.

Beneath absolutism and various intermediate strata, there remained the lowest and largest stratum of all, — two-thirds of the whole population, and virtually the whole rural population, subject to mediæval exactions and restrictions, — and including a widespread body of serfs.

Even during the lifetime of the great Frederick there had come warnings of approaching European trouble. The French philosophers had begun their work. Voltaire had set in motion currents of thought sure to bring storms; Rousseau had spread new ideas of right very dangerous to despotism, not merely in France, but in all countries; yet Frederick steered his ship of state steadily in spite of these ideas; sometimes, indeed, by means of them.

But in 1786 he died, and the times demanded that his successor be as great as he, or greater. To adjust the old state to the new ideas, there was needed not only a great ruler, but a great reformer, a genius hardly less than miraculous; and, at this time, of all times, Frederick the Great was succeeded by Frederick William the *Fat*.

He was the most worthless of the

Hohenzollerns. Herein is seen the fatal vice of absolutism, — it demands a constant succession of men of genius on the throne, and such a succession never has been and never will be seen. A Frederick the Great has generally been soon followed by a Frederick William the Fat; a Charlemagne by a Charles the Simple; a Charles V by a Philip II; an Elizabeth by a line of Stuarts; a Henry IV by a Louis XIII; a Napoleon I by a Napoleon III; a Joseph II by a Francis I; a Peter the Great by an Alexis; a Catherine by a Paul; a Nicholas I by a Nicholas II.

The new Prussian king, in essentials, was much like Louis XV of France, — perhaps a better-hearted man, but, as a monarch, worse than worthless. Each of these two sovereigns received in early years the title of “well beloved,” — the French king being called “*Le Bien-Aimé*,” and the Prussian “*Der viel Geliebte*.” Both were good-natured; both lazily wished their subjects well; both firmly believed that their subjects existed for them, and not they for their subjects; both were hopelessly licentious, and at the same time excessively orthodox; both were consequently brought to grief by the wiles of women and priests; each was very anxious, while pampering his body, to save his soul, and to save the souls of his people; each had an instinctive dread of the new philosophy, and both resorted to the same futile means of checking it.

Decay in Prussia, and indeed, throughout Germany, now became rapid. Most effective of all disintegrating influences were two, and both mainly from France: the influence of the old French corruption and of the new French freedom; it was like applying to granite, first fire, then water.

For the only time in its history, Prussia was now largely influenced by courtesans and favorites, after the Louis XV manner. Frederick I, seventy years before, had shown some tendency toward Bourbon methods, but his good sense, inherited from his father, the Great Elec-

tor, prevented their becoming dominant; Frederick William I had kept them out by brutality; Frederick the Great, by common sense; and if either of these committed sins, they were not flaunted before his people.

The internal administration of the new King, Frederick William II, soon became, in its essential features, like that which had impoverished France and almost all the lesser courts and governments of Germany. For favorites and mistresses he carved estates from the public domain, and lavished treasure, patents of nobility, and orders of chivalry. His example spread his own view of life, first through the court and Berlin society, then through the higher classes of the whole country. Corruption came, then extravagance, then debts and dishonesty. Wöllner, called into the cabinet, distinguished himself by edicts thoroughly in the interest of the old Protestant orthodoxy, though expressly allowing the clergy to disbelieve, if they would keep their disbelief to themselves. He strengthened the censorship of the press, instituted doctrinal test examinations, and gave special instructions to prevent any new views filtering down among the people. Kant, at Königsberg, the future glory of Prussia and of Germany, was, indeed, elaborating a new and better philosophy; his work in establishing new foundations for morality was perhaps the greatest single force in human thought during the nineteenth century; but he showed some tendency toward freedom of opinion, and this brought from Berlin stern reproofs; he was told to hold his peace, lest worse befall him.

The external policy of the new King differed no less widely from that of his predecessor. The great Frederick had concentrated his efforts upon the safety and welfare of his own country; but Frederick William the Fat scattered his forces in efforts, more or less vague, to accomplish something noteworthy in other countries. It was a policy of meddling and muddling which brought neither

strength nor glory. The Prussian army was sent into the Netterlands to aid one of the parties there, and gained some trifling victories; but the efforts of the Prussian Foreign Office to continue the work of Frederick the Great within the limits of Germany resulted mainly in a series of farces, the dupe being sometimes Prussia and sometimes Austria.¹

While this was going on, the flood of French liberty, equality, and fraternity seemed about to break over all barriers raised by German officialism. Three years after the accession of Frederick William the Fat, the French Revolution burst forth, showing as yet little of its evil side, but warming and stirring all Europe by its enunciation of new truths. The resistance of the States-General to king and court, the establishment of the National Assembly in apparent harmony with the monarch, the renunciation of privileges by the nobility, the pamphlets of Sieyès, the speeches of Bailly and Mirabeau, leavened German thought.

What was done in Prussia to meet this tide? Worse than nothing. A few concessions as to military service were flung to the privileged classes; a few concessions of milder discipline to the army; a few shiftings of burdens from the upper classes, who made themselves heard, upon the lower classes, who were dumb; but the main mass of abuses in Prussia and in every other German state remained.

The political action of the Prussian Kingdom, both internal and external, at this period was profoundly immoral. In spite of pledges to protect the integrity of Poland, the partitioning of that wretched country went on. No doubt Poland had shown herself unfit to exist as a nation; no doubt her government had been the most preposterous in Christendom; her nobles anarchic; her laboring classes priest-ridden, and consequently ignorant

and hopeless; no doubt the whole Polish people who came under the power of Austria, Prussia, and even Russia, were material gainers; but seizing and appropriating an independent nation in time of peace was setting a precedent which the partitioning powers had, and still have, reason to lament — bitterly.

Meantime, the French Revolution was passing into its more threatening phase, and Prussia made new blunders. The crowned heads of Europe took counsel together, among them, especially, the German Emperor Leopold and King Frederick William the Fat; and there was issued the Declaration of Pillnitz, which simply drew upon Germany the French fury of 1792. In one of his admirable essays, Von Sybel declares the idea that the allied monarchs made war against France a popular fallacy. This assertion seems unworthy of so great a historian. Technically speaking, the war was made by France; really, it was made by the powers allied against her; the French, indeed, declared war, but the declaration by the allied monarchs had made war inevitable; the Republicans at Paris had the wit to see this; the Royalists at Berlin and Vienna had not.

The armies of Prussia and Austria were now pushed against France, and at first the French troops gave way; in some cases panic seized them: they threw down their arms and fled for their lives, strikingly like the Union troops invading the South at the beginning of our own Civil War. Essentially, their great panic near Saint-Menehould was amazingly like our great panic at Bull Run. But soon all was changed. Prussians and Austrians wore out their strength in intrigues regarding their shares in the plunder of Poland, and in wretched squabbles for precedence; worst of all, they issued the famous Brunswick Manifesto, which, by its threats, infused into every Frenchman the courage of desperation. The Germans now began to be pushed back; better commanders arose among the

¹ For a brief statement of some other differences between Frederick the Great and Frederick William the Fat, see Gneist: *Denkschrift-en des Freiherrn von Stein*, page 3.

French, who beat the allies, first at Valmy and Jemappes, and later all along the Rhine, until at last, in 1795, Prussia escaped from the whole complication by making the Peace of Basle, — thereby deserting her ally, Austria, allowing France to take all the left bank of the Rhine, including Belgium and Holland, and receiving, as a bribe, permission to deal with the lesser North German States as she chose, to annex and oppress them to her heart's content.

While Prussia was thus rapidly losing the strength and prestige given her by Frederick the Great, Frederick William, "the well beloved," went on with his pleasures. Our Gouverneur Morris, who was presented to him at court in 1797, wrote home that, robust as the King seemed to be, it was evident that his time was to be short. This prophecy of the shrewd American was realized even more rapidly than he expected, for Frederick William II died that same year, and there came to the throne his son, Frederick William III.

The new King seemed more unpromising than his father in every respect save in morals. He was diffident, awkward, undecided, slow. He had been wretchedly educated, partly under bigots, partly under debauchees; his spirit had been crushed by the favorites of his father; he was at first, to all appearance, the most forlorn and hopeless Hohenzollern who ever existed; and yet, deep in his heart and mind was a spark of that genius which has given to the Hohenzollerns the German Empire. At his accession this showed itself in some spasmodic attempts at reform; the Countess of Lichtenau, who, through his father, had ruled the court, he banished, and Wöllner he drove from the service; but soon, though he kept clean, and clear from his father's evil surroundings, he subsided into the hands of the old politicians of his father's time: tricksters like Haugwitz, Lucchesini, and the like.

Meantime, history went on in France, also, and a very different history. The

French Revolution had raised vast armies and developed great generals, and among these, Bonaparte. France had thrown off her old shackles, distributed her church lands and the estates of refractory nobles, transformed her serfs into free citizens, and developed the courage of desperation.

Germany and Prussia clung to the old system; even the people refused to accept reforms; Joseph II of Austria, for his efforts to better his country, had gained from the people, apparently, nothing but curses, and died of a broken heart. The game of the French, especially after Bonaparte had arrived as "the man on horseback," — the natural result of liberty gone mad, — was easy; they played the continental governments against one another, bribing some, crushing others; and to prevent the larger states from becoming too powerful, they grouped the smaller states and tied them, by their ambitions, to France, — thus, in due time, creating the kingdoms of Bavaria, Würtemberg, Westphalia, the Confederation of the Rhine, and various petty satrapies, in which hopes of gain from France were substituted for loyalty to Germany. In 1803 large parts of Germany, outside of these greater divisions, were divided up to make bribes, — for such use among German rulers as the conqueror might think best; fifty thousand square miles, with three millions of inhabitants, were thus appropriated, and in this process over two hundred small German states were deprived of their sovereignty and extinguished. As in the time of Bismarck, sixty years later, princes who had steadily refused to make any concessions to patriotism or right reason were crushed and ground out of existence by men of "blood and iron."

Austria, not being supported by Prussia, was stripped by successive conquests, humiliated at Ulm by one of the most ignominious capitulations in history, and finally, in 1805, crushed at the battle

of Austerlitz, and forced to submit to the terrible Peace of Pressburg, which deprived her of her most important outlying territories on all sides.

Now began a new series of humiliations for Prussia. Had she joined heartily with Austria and Russia against Napoleon, the result might have been widely different; but she dallied and delayed until the treaty of Pressburg had ruined her natural allies, apparently forever. As usual in the early days of Frederick William III, before he had been schooled by disaster, he delayed until too late. Before the battle of Austerlitz he had sent Haugwitz to meet Napoleon, with an ultimatum threatening war; but the interview was put off until the battle had been fought, and that changed everything; Napoleon having utterly crushed Austria and driven off Russia, Haugwitz was obliged to put the ultimatum in his pocket and pretend that he had been sent to propose mediation for the benefit of Europe and to congratulate the conqueror on his victory. Napoleon knew that Haugwitz was lying, and Haugwitz knew that Napoleon knew that he was lying; but they now made the Treaty of Schönbrunn, a private letter from the Prussian King allowing Haugwitz to take the responsibility — a treaty apparently most favorable to Prussia, but really the greatest humiliation in her history.¹ For Napoleon, knowing the Prussian need of peace, promised that if Prussia would separate herself

¹ For a scathing summary of Haugwitz's evil deeds and qualities, see Pertz: *Leben Stein's*, vol. i, pp. 137, 138; but the bitter diatribes of German and English historians against the man who played such an important part in Prussia's early struggle against Napoleon should be read in the light of the statement made by Thiers's *Le Consulat et l'Empire*, Livre 23, that the proposal to take Hanover was first made by Napoleon and not by Haugwitz. For the good and evil in Haugwitz see Von Sybel's *Life of him in the Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie*. For a brief statement of the real responsibility of Frederick William in the light of documents recently discovered, see Henderson: *Short History of Germany*, vol. ii, pp. 255, 256.

wholly from the allies, he would give her Hanover. This was a master stroke of rascality. If any new territory was coveted by Prussia, it was Hanover; but Hanover belonged to the ruling house of Great Britain; for Prussia to take it was to make Great Britain her bitter enemy, and to make all right-thinking Europeans despise her.

The Prussian government was very reluctant to make itself an accomplice in Napoleon's system of robbery; but as he grew stronger every day, and showed decided signs of offering less favorable terms, the treaty was at last ratified. Napoleon seemed to delight in making it as humiliating as possible, utterly refusing to grant what the King of Prussia tried to claim as essential, and, while giving Hanover, insisting on taking, in return, so much other territory that the advantage given Prussia by this dishonor was, after all, next to nothing.

But this was merely a beginning. Napoleon's genius in scoundrelism was as wonderful as his genius in war; having made the Prussian King his accomplice, he treated him like a lackey, forced him to send away his capable and patriotic foreign minister, Hardenberg, to take back Haugwitz, and to allow Prussian territory to be treated as virtually French.

Worse still, Prussia was openly made a dupe. While carving out of the states on the western side of Germany the Confederation of the Rhine and allying it, with its sixteen millions of Germans, to France, Napoleon soothed Prussia by graciously giving her permission to create a federation of North German States, and to put herself at its head; but when Prussia attempted this she soon found delays, objections, resistance on all sides, and ere long discovered that Napoleon, while allowing her to establish a federation, had virtually forbidden the German states to enter it. But a dupery even more vile followed. Prussia had accepted Hanover, thus breaking with her natural ally, England, and uniting with her

natural enemy, Napoleon. She had done so with shame. Judge of the abyss of disgust into which every thinking Prussian was plunged, when, after the treaty was fully made,—after England had punished Prussia severely for it on the high seas; after Napoleon, on account of it, had demanded from Prussia great concessions of territory and enormous sacrifices of national respect,—it was discovered that Napoleon was secretly treating with England, and offering, on sundry conditions, to restore Hanover to her. Clearly there was no longer honor among thieves.

To cap the climax of degradation, Napoleon, in time of peace, contemptuously marched his troops through Prussian territory, utterly disregarding the simplest principles of international law, and allowed his generals to talk of an approaching war with Prussia.

There was also talk, loud and loose, on the Prussian side. It was reported that a high official at Berlin had openly declared that the King had several generals each as good as “*M. de Buona-parté*.” Prussia now entered secretly into arrangements with Russia against France, and finally, in the autumn of 1806, the Prussian army was set in motion; in a few weeks Napoleon had met it, had beaten it utterly and easily at Jena, at Auerstadt, at Saalfeld, and the edifice erected by ages of care and sacrifice—from the old Electors of Brandenburg to the death of Frederick the Great—was beneath the conqueror’s feet.

Napoleon now rises from glory to glory; enters Berlin amid the applause of its citizens, and from the old palace of the Prussian King dictates the hardest of conditions; then presses on toward Russia, holds his own at the fearful struggle of Eylau, wins the great victory of Friedland, and, having thus triumphed completely over Russia and Prussia, meets the Russian Emperor in the summer of 1807 on the Niemen raft and makes the renowned Treaty of Tilsit. By this the two emperors became ac-

complices in a scheme, more or less definite, for subjugating Great Britain and the European continent, thus depriving Prussia of her former devoted ally, the Russian Emperor, and leaving Napoleon free to deal with her as he would,—to reduce her one-half in territory and population, to take away her most necessary fortresses, to quarter a vast army upon her, and to use her army, her territory, her finances, as his own. Frederick William III now became a sort of discredited hermit prince in the remote north-east corner of his kingdom,—a kingdom reduced from five thousand German square miles to a little over two thousand, and from about ten millions of inhabitants to about six millions, and with prospects of even more serious reductions.

Worse than these reductions was the manner of them. Poland was taken from the conquered kingdom, thus making Prussia defenseless on the east; everything between the Elbe and the Rhine was taken from her, and thus she became defenseless on the west; the most important fortresses upon her other frontiers were filled with French troops, so that finally she was left defenseless on all sides. Thus the Prussian realm lay shattered, impoverished, open at any time to the armies of any neighboring states that Napoleon might choose to set upon it; indemnities to enormous amounts were levied upon the Prussian people, and enforced by every sort of extortion. There were also petty frauds especially exasperating. Typical is the fact that the French authorities at Berlin, within a year after their arrival, had struck counterfeit coin to the amount of nearly three millions of Prussian dollars.¹

Hard upon all this spoliation followed galling insults. The great triumphal chariot, with its horses and Winged Victory of bronze, the main ornament of Berlin, was taken from the Brandenburg Gate and sent to Paris. The ingenuity of Napoleon in degrading the Prussian

¹ See Pertz: *Leben Stein's*, vol. ii, p. 110.

King and people before Europe was only equaled by his folly. He dragged the Prussian Queen Louise into his bulletins and letters; hinted at vileness in her character; set afloat monstrous calumnies regarding her; when he met her, was brutal, — her only offense being a patriotic devotion to Prussia. She seems to have had an artistic side which afterward reappeared in her eldest son, the next king, Frederick William IV; but she also had that sense of duty, steadfastness, and devotion to country which was destined to develop so beneficially in her second son, then a child at Königsberg, later the conqueror of France and ruler of restored Germany, — the Emperor William I.

Napoleon was fond, at times, of cruelty to women. Next to his colossal, ingenious, and persistent lying,¹ this was perhaps the worst trait in his character; and as regarded Queen Louise, he gave this characteristic full play; she at last died of a broken heart, and was thereby made a sort of tutelar saint by the Prussian people. Her statues and portraits have become objects of popular worship; the peasants of Prussia have given her, from that day to this, much the same place in their hearts which the same class in another part of Germany gave in the Middle Ages to St. Elizabeth; more than once remembrance of the wrong done the martyred Queen has moved myriads of German households to pour forth stalwart peasant soldiers to take vengeance upon France.

But there was a still deeper humiliation. Upon entering the Prussian capital in triumph, as on entering other towns, Napoleon was received by the assembled crowds with applause: German misgovernment had, to all appearance, rooted out patriotism.

¹ For this propensity of Napoleon to lying, and even to forgery, see examples in Lanfrey: *Histoire de Napoléon*. There is a quiet but weighty reference to his persistence in this habit of lying, even until his death, in Emerson's *Representative Men*.

Yet from the darkness of the time light began to appear. The hard rule of Frederick the Great had not lasted long enough to crush out all manly vigor; the sensualism of Frederick William the Fat had not lasted long enough to destroy all morality; men who had been known hitherto only as routine officials now began to show the characteristics of statesmen; men who had been known simply as martinets now began to show military genius; in this terrible emergency genius and talent and a deep feeling of duty began to appear in every quarter, but above all in Prussia. A galaxy of great men arose who remind an American of the "war governors," — the great soldiers, the strong counselors, who, during our Civil War, arose in our own country from what seemed to be a great foul mass of politicians hopelessly corrupted by subservience to slavery.

Foremost of all these great Germans in that fearful crisis was Frederick Henry Charles, Baron vom Stein. Born in 1757, near the old castle where his ancestors had lived as barons of the empire, — the Castle of Stein, on the river Lahn, above Ems, in Nassau, — he was the youngest but one of ten children. His family, having lived on the rock from which they took their name for seven hundred years, — until it was laid waste in the Thirty Years' War, — had then built a house in the little village below, and there their representatives live to this day. Under the old "Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation," they ruled over two villages near them, with various attributes of sovereignty. Most of Stein's brothers showed talent, but he was early recognized as possessing both character and genius, and so, by a family compact, he became the representative of the family name, — the family head. He was well brought up. After the old German fashion, he was taught to speak the truth, and was especially made to understand that his position not only gave rights, but imposed duties. The ability of the rest of the family seems to have

been often alloyed with something of wildness or sensuality, but *the* Stein continued a steady course, — manly, stainless, independent, self-controlled, straightforward, energetic, — a power to be reckoned with.

The study which he most enjoyed was history, — ancient and modern, and especially English history. From 1773 to 1777 he studied at the University of Göttingen, in the department of jurisprudence; but for this he made preparation, not by scraps of metaphysics or by mere dalliance with literature, but by thorough work in constitutional law and history; chiefly in the law and history of his own country and of England. He revered great men, above all Charlemagne and Luther. His classical scholarship was passable, but his knowledge of French and English he made thorough and practical. Uniting to his historical reading close study of political economy, social science, statistics, and the like, he was deeply impressed by the study of Adam Smith's new work, *The Wealth of Nations*; and as we note this and its result in the reforms which Stein instituted in Prussia, we obtain new light on the contention of Burke and Buckle that Adam Smith's book was the greatest benefaction ever given the world by any man.

After remaining in Göttingen for four years, he traveled extensively through Germany, not merely for pleasure, but to study men and realities. For a considerable time he settled down at Ratisbon, in order to learn the manner of doing legislative business in the Imperial Diet; at Wetzlar, in order to know the mode of doing judicial business in the chief imperial courts; and at Vienna, in order to understand executive methods at the centre of the empire. All this actual contact with life prevented his becoming pedantic, — a man of mere formulas; during all this period he kept his eyes open to realities which a man who hoped to be of service to his country ought to know; he also went outside his country;

visited Hungary, Styria, and finally England, looking closely into mining and manufactures, — everywhere studying the sources of national strength.

It had been understood from the first that he was to take office, as men of his standing with small means and large ambitions usually did, in some one of the German states. Many places were open to him. In almost any of the petty states under the empire, each with its own civil service demanding men of ability, there seemed some chance for him. His ancestral allegiance was to the house of Austria; but he knew its past well enough and could look far enough into its future to see that there was no hope for Germany from that source, and so, deliberately breaking away from his family traditions and from South German prejudices against North German methods and manners, he chose the service of Frederick the Great and Prussia. Deeper in his thoughts was a desire for German unity; he saw that this unity could never be accomplished under Austrian guidance, but might be accomplished under that of Prussia; and it was this feeling that caused him to go to Berlin, where, in 1780, he became an under official in that branch of the administration which had to do with mining, more especially, in Westphalia. His duty was to inspect the mines, to study and report upon the best means of production, and he at once went at this duty in a manner most thorough; made new studies in chemistry, mineralogy, and metallurgy, with the best professors, but prevented such studies from becoming pedantic by close observation of actual conditions and processes. His promotion was rapid, and, in 1784, he was made director in the administration of the mines and manufactures of Westphalia, — from that day to this one of the leading mining and manufacturing districts of Europe.

He now showed great vigor. The Westphalian functionaries in general had become sleepy; but he labored, pulled, pushed, to advance the public interest,

and his skill, energy, and public spirit were at last recognized.

A year later he was suddenly called to a very different field. Frederick the Great, in closing his renewed struggle against Austria, wished to gain over to his League of German Princes sundry leading personages of the old empire, — especially the Elector of Mayence; and, breaking away from old traditions, he sent Stein to Mayence as his ambassador. The young man, unaccustomed though he was to this sort of work, cut through the tangled mass of petty lying and cheatery which had so long existed there in such matters, impressed the Archbishop-Elector by his honesty, and gained his points by his common sense. This, for a man of his years, was counted a great victory.¹

But he had accepted this diplomatic position with the greatest reluctance, — indeed, had at first utterly refused it, and was only led to take it by his sense of loyalty and honor; and now that his duty was discharged, he determined to have no more of it. One statement of his throws a bright light into his motives, for he speaks with dislike of the “alternation of idleness and crafty, calculating activity,” — a sentence in which the whole diplomacy of that period is perfectly summarized.

In 1786, Frederick the Great having died, Frederick William the Fat began his meddlesome policy, and sought to send Stein as ambassador, first to Holland, and then to Russia. These positions were most brilliant, and Stein’s career at Mayence gave every promise of success: all to no purpose; his aversion to this kind of service was unalterable, and he kept on with his work in Westphalia. There are many evidences that in taking this course he was influenced by the example of Turgot, whose life had

shown, not only to the province which Turgot ruled and to France, but to all Europe, how much greater is constructive work, even provincial, than the sort of service which merely or mainly enforces the whims of courts and cabinets.

Stein’s duties in Westphalia were now rapidly extended, and he was soon devoting himself especially to promoting manufactures and to opening communications by land and water on a great scale. Here came an innovation as startling in his day as, in some parts of our country, in our own; for he did this work in opening roads of the best construction, not by forcing peasants to contribute unskilled labor, after the feudal fashion, but by labor scientifically directed and adequately rewarded. Thus it was that Stein, in 1786, as Turgot had done a few years before, arrived at the same conclusions and adopted the same methods which the State of New York and other great commonwealths of the American Republic have reached, more than a hundred years later.

He also improved the internal tax system, and thus, during twenty years, wrought, not merely for the Prussian treasury, but for the well-being of the people at large.

During the first war of Prussia with the French Republic, which ended with the Treaty of Basle, he had reason to feel deeply the errors of Berlin statesmen, but steadily attended to his own business; more and more clearly he saw that by developing the resources of the country he could do more for it than by dabbling in foreign affairs. He constantly laid hold on new work, extending important lines of communication, improving roads and waterways, strengthening manufactures, dismissing useless functionaries, stopping speculation; but, what was even better than this, he developed public instruction, and began planning various reforms in the country at large, especially the abolition of the caste system and of serfdom.

His success led to the imposition of

¹ For curious details regarding the difficulties which Stein had to surmount during this mission, see Pertz: *Leben Stein’s*, vol. i., pp. 44 *et seq.* The courts of the ecclesiastical electors seem to have been anything but saintly.

more and more duties upon him: he was called upon to superintend the work of incorporating into Prussia the new acquisitions made under her Basle treaty with the French Republic, and especially to curb the severity of underlings seeking to carry from the capital into these new territories the stiff, stern Prussian system.

His continued success led now to the highest provincial promotion. In 1796 he was made Supreme President of the Provincial Chambers and head of the entire administration in Westphalia. His duties after this promotion can best be understood by an American if we imagine the governor of one of our greatest states called upon to discharge duties, not only executive, but legislative, judicial, and diplomatic, and adding to them various functions of important cabinet officers at Washington. The system was undoubtedly bad, but his genius made it work well. His strength rose with his tasks; it was soon felt that his was a force to be obeyed, and that behind it all was a determined zeal, not for pelf or place, but for the good of the kingdom.

In 1804 he was transferred to a far greater sphere. He was made Minister of State of Prussia, the departments of finance, manufactures, and trade being placed in his hands, — his career as minister thus beginning a few weeks before Napoleon's career as Emperor. In this new position, the feeling which inspired all his main efforts was an intense devotion to German unity under the lead of Prussia: both he and the French Emperor, whose most effective enemy in Germany he was destined to become, had the same instinct, — Napoleon seeking to prevent German unity by crushing Prussia, Stein seeking to promote this unity by strengthening her.

This feeling in Stein was wedded to an idea then new in political economy. Prussia, like the old French monarchy, was divided into provinces, each, as a rule, with its own historic frontiers and its own manifold vexations and discouragements to manufactures and trade.

Against this system Turgot had fought the good fight in France and lost it; the world now sees that the system was absurd, but then it was generally regarded as natural, and, indeed, essential; the government favored it as giving increased revenue; the people favored it as giving protection to their provincial industries. Most of its absurdities Stein swept away, and all of them he undermined. The old complicated ways of collecting the revenues he made simple; and, despite most serious opposition, he developed a new system which proved not only less costly but more fruitful; and at the same time he steadily unearthed frauds, stopped abuses, and changed various modes of financiering which tended to scoundrelism.

But the war against Napoleon was now in sight, and Stein, as finance minister, was called upon to furnish money for it. In previous wars, Prussia had adopted the policy of having a standing war fund, and this system remains to this day; so that when she mobilizes her army she can immediately have ready means to tide over monetary disturbance, until adequate financial provision is made. This system, which in these days is a subordinate convenience, was then a main reliance. It prevented sudden pressure upon the people. Prussia thus, at the beginning of a war, made business more easy by making money more plentiful. But the unwisdom of Frederick William the Fat had exhausted all such treasure, and more. Various projects were considered. Frederick the Great had accomplished much for a time, though at fearful ultimate cost, by issuing debased coin; this Stein refused to do, and expressed himself to the King regarding his Majesty's great predecessor in terms more honest than complimentary. Though the decision was in favor of paper money, it was paper money carefully controlled; no "fiat money," such as not long since won such wide support in our own country, was thought of; the amount of currency was compar-

atively small, — smaller, indeed, than the King and many of his counselors thought permissible; but Stein utterly refused to go farther than he could go in perfect safety; the fool's paradise of paper money, in which various ministers in France had disported themselves, only to be tormented by it afterward, Stein refused to enter.

The labor henceforth thrown upon him was overwhelming. With the most inadequate machinery, he must provide funds for fighting France; but finance was the smallest part of his cares, for he saw swift destruction coming unless the system of government was greatly changed, even in some of its foundations.

Still influential in foreign policy was Haugwitz, a poor creature at best, and now absolutely dazzled and dazed by the Napoleonic glory; him Stein opposed bitterly. Close about the King, standing between him and the ministers of state, was a sort of "kitchen cabinet," its main members being Lombard, a mere trickster belonging to the school which had brought ruin upon France; Beyme, a good sort of man at times, but wrong-headed; Haugwitz, and others like him. On these Stein waged war without ceasing.

Studying the general administration, he finds a medley of favorites, ministers, directors, commissions, boards, bureaus, functionaries, with all sorts of titles and attributes, working largely at cross purposes. Studying the country at large, he finds the population divided into castes: nobles, burghers, serfs; each tied up by every sort of rusty restriction; all prevented from using their persons or their property according to their needs or the needs of their country. For all this he thinks out reforms.

The Battle of Jena, terrible as were its consequences, did not shake his purpose. Though various other magnates hastened to declare allegiance to Napoleon, Stein was uncompromising; others gave up national property to the conqueror and took office under him; but Stein seized

and sent everything possible beyond the conqueror's reach, refused to submit himself to an enemy of his country, and followed his sovereign into his last refuge, — the most woebegone corner of the kingdom.

The King now urged Stein to take the Department of Foreign Affairs, but this he steadily declined, resisting all flattering promises; partly from a belief that his fellow statesman, Hardenberg, was more fit, and partly from an unwillingness to serve before the "kitchen cabinet" had been abolished forever. After various attempts to secure him, and at the same time to hold fast to the old system, his Majesty lost his temper, wrote Stein a bitter letter, referred to one of his remonstrances as a "bombastic essay," called him a "refractory, insolent and disobedient official, proud of his own genius and talents, inattentive to the good of the state, guided purely by caprice, acting from passion, personal hatred and rancor;" and ended by saying, "If you are not disposed to alter your disrespectful and indecorous behavior, the state will not be able to reckon much upon your future services."

At this, on the 3d of January, 1807, the sturdy patriot resigned his place in the cabinet, returned to his ancestral home in Nassau, and settled there, but not in sloth, for he at once began drawing up plans for various reforms which he saw must come before Germany could throw off the tyranny which had settled down upon her more and more fearfully since the defeat of Austria at Austerlitz, of Prussia at Jena, and of Russia at Friedland, — among these plans being one for a better council of ministers, which should forever replace "kitchen cabinets" by known and competent advisers, not only to the King but to the country.

Opportunity to carry out this and other good ideas came sooner than Stein had expected: Hardenberg, driven from office at the command of Napoleon, patriotically besought the King to make Stein his successor, and to this idea sup-

port came from another quarter, at first sight surprising, — from Napoleon himself. The great conqueror, planning to draw heavily upon Prussian finances, favored Stein as a man who could develop them. Thus it was that, less than ten months after his ignominious dismissal, Stein was requested by the King to resume his old place, and, in addition, to become Minister-President of the kingdom, with full charge of the civil administration, and with great powers in military and foreign affairs, — thus becoming a legislator for Prussia, with the duty of meeting the terrible exigencies of the present and of promoting a better system for the future.

There were then in being two great commissions, with which he had long been in touch, one on civil, the other on military matters; his ideas had taken possession of their members, and had wrought on them to good purpose. Stein now became the great man in the first of these bodies, and in the second he had by his side another great man, his friend, General Scharnhorst.

When these men now resumed their work, the half of the Prussian kingdom which had been left by Napoleon to its former government was a wreck, — its resources mortgaged to France, its defenders under the command of the conqueror, its people impoverished and benumbed. The spirit of Stein during this period is best described in his own reminiscences: —

“We started,” he says, “from the fundamental idea of rousing a moral, religious, patriotic spirit in the nation; of inspiring it anew with courage, self-confidence, readiness for every sacrifice in the cause of independence and national honor; and of seizing the first favorable opportunity to begin the bloody and hazardous struggle for both.”

His greatness in character, in thought, and in work, was recognized by his friends from the beginning. But as his task grew upon him and his plans unfolded more and more, his brain was recognized

throughout Prussia — nay, throughout Europe — as the real centre of German activity against the Napoleonic tyranny. Towering thus above all contemporary growths of Prussian statesmanship, he did not seek to overshadow or wither them. There have been great statesmen dissatisfied until they have received all royal and popular favor; unhappy until all their colleagues have drooped beneath their shadow. Stein was not of these: determined as he always was, and irritable as he frequently was, his activity called into being other activities, and these he favored and fostered; under his influence other strong and independent men grew and strengthened; and of them were such men as Hardenberg, Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, and Schön.

While taking care of the complicated and vexatious affairs pressing upon him from all sides, Stein and his compeers promoted a twofold revolution. The first was peaceable, favoring the creation of new institutions from which might grow a better spirit in the German people; the second was warlike, and, for a considerable time, secret and insurrectionary, — a revolution against the Napoleonic tyranny, and as truly an effort for rational liberty as had been the American, and, at its beginning, the French Revolution.

The peaceful revolution naturally comes first in our thoughts, for it was the necessary preliminary of the second. Faithfully Stein and the great men who stood by him thought and wrought; not spasmodically, not by orations to applauding galleries, but quietly and steadily, in the council chamber; and on the 9th of October, 1807, appeared the first of the great edicts of emancipation. These had three main purposes: first, to abolish the serf system; secondly, to sweep away restrictions in buying and selling land; thirdly, to prevent the great proprietors from using their position and capital to buy up small farms, after the English fashion, and thus rooting out the yeomanry. Underlying, overarching, and permeating all these objects was one

great thought and purpose, — the intent to create a new people.

First, as to the serf system. It was essentially the same mass of evil which had done so much to bring on the revolution in France. De Tocqueville has shown how the wrongs which grew out of outworn feudalism had separated the French nation into distinct peoples, hating each other more and more, and at last ready to spring at each other's throats. This process had not gone so far in Germany as in France. The French mind, with its clearness and its proneness to carry ideas to their logical results, had moved faster and farther than had the thoughts of the lower classes in Germany; but the German peasantry, and, indeed, the whole German people beneath the nobility, had become more and more indifferent to the ties which guaranteed national unity. When we read Arthur Young's indignant accounts of the French peasantry as he saw them just on the eve of the Revolution, we naturally think that France, as regarded her rural population, had reached a lower point than had any of her sister nations; but there is ample evidence that rural Germany was at that time certainly as wretched as rural France, and possibly more so. Goethe, who went over the French frontier with the German army in 1792, tells us that he found in the cabins of the French peasantry white bread and wine, whereas in those of the German peasantry he had found only black bread and no wine. As to galling oppression, had Arthur Young gone into the Prussian dominions, he would doubtless have given us pictures quite as harrowing as those he brought from France. Take a few of the leading Prussian regions. In Brandenburg, — largely an agricultural region, — out of ninety thousand inhabitants, there were hardly three hundred and fifty who owned land; these held sway in courts, churches, schools, enjoyed police and hunting privileges, and down to 1799 were mainly exempt from tolls, taxes, and service as soldiers. About one-sixth of the Branden-

burg peasantry had, under feudal tenure, the use of a little land, but the great body of peasants were virtually day-laborers. In Silesia the peasant was, as a rule, held under strict serfdom: compelled to remain on the land; could only marry by consent of his lord; and his children were obliged to remain on the soil as farm laborers unless graciously permitted by the lord of the land to take up some other occupation. In the principality of Minden, at the death of every peasant one-half of his little movable property went to his lord. In Polish Prussia, the serf, as a rule, could own absolutely nothing. He and all that was his belonged to his lord; the land owners had managed to evade even the simplest feudal obligation, and could throw out their tenants as they chose.

Various Prussian rulers had striven to diminish the pressure of all this wrong. Frederick the Great, cynical as he appeared, sought to mitigate the brutalizing influences of this debased feudalism, and Frederick William III had shown a wish to make some beginning of better things; but the adverse influences were too strong. Nobles and clergy were then in Protestant Prussia what they had been in the days of Turgot in Catholic France, and their orators struck their keynote in declaring this existing order of things "a system ordained by God;" that thereby alone virtue, honor, and property could be secured; that to change it was to give up their beautiful, patriarchal heritage. Hearing this utterance, one would suppose that under this system the rule was kind treatment from the upper, and love from the lower classes; but the fact was that while the feudal lord's idea of his right had become grossly magnified his idea of his duty had mainly disappeared; the system had become fearfully oppressive and was enveloped in a cloud of distrust, faultfinding, and hate.¹

¹ For a very clear detailed statement regarding the condition of the Prussian and German peasantry generally, see Häusser: *Deutsche Geschichte*, vol. iii, pp. 123 and following.

And not only were the people who cultivated the land thus bound, but the very soil itself was in fetters — tied up by feudal restrictions as to sale and cultivation which had become absurd. Under the old system, the three castes — the nobility, the burghers, the peasants — had been carefully kept each to itself. The rule, resulting from the theory underlying the whole, was that the nobility must not engage in the occupations of the burgher class; that burghers must be kept well separated from the peasant class; and that to this end, all three classes should be hampered by a network of restrictions upon their power to hold land. Barriers of every sort had been built between these three classes. Broad tracts of land were lying waste because their noble proprietors had not the capital with which to till them, and yet were forbidden to sell them; great amounts of capital were lying idle because burghers who had accumulated it were by the laws and customs hindered in various ways from applying it to land owned by nobles; trade was stagnant and multitudes of young nobles idle because they must not engage in trade. All this, with many kindred masses of evil which had been developed in the same spirit, were now largely swept away, yet not without opposition; political philosophers and declaimers filled the air with arguments to prove these reforms wicked and perilous; nobles of the court, high officers of the army, and landed proprietors, in great numbers, caballed against the reformer; General Yorck, one of the best and strongest men of the time, declared the new measures monstrous; but Stein persevered and forced through the edict which, three years later, on St. Martin's Day, 1810, struck feudal fetters from two-thirds of the Prussian people, and extinguished serfdom under Prussian rule forever.¹

It is only just to say that for this great edict of 1807 and for the later legislation

¹ See Treitschke: *Deutsche Geschichte*, vol. i, p. 281.

which supplemented it, — transforming serfs into freemen throughout Prussia, — various colleagues and assistants of Stein, and especially Hardenberg, Altenstein, and Schön, deserve also to be forever held in remembrance. They too had given long and trying labor to it all; they had taken the better thought of their time and brought it into effective form; but the credit of giving life to what they thus produced, and of forcing their main ideas upon the conservatism of the nation, — beginning with the King himself, — belongs, first of all, to Stein. Others saw, as he did, the causes of the Prussian downfall; others contributed precious thought in devising this great restoration; but his was the eye which saw most clearly the goal which must be reached; his the courage which withstood all threats and broke through all obstacles; his the mental strength which, out of vague beliefs and aspirations, developed fundamental, constitutional laws; his the moral strength which, more than that of any other German statesman, uplifted three-fourths of the whole population, gave them a new interest in the kingdom, and a feeling for its welfare such as had never before been known in Prussia, and thus did most to create that national spirit which was destined to sweep everything before it in the Freedom War of 1813, in the War for German Unity in 1866, and in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870.

It may be objected to these claims for Stein that the fundamental thought in his reforms was derived from Adam Smith. That statement is true. It cannot be denied that Adam Smith,² penetrating thinker that he was, set in motion the trains of thought which largely resulted in Prussian emancipation; yet

² For a very full discussion of Adam Smith's influence, see Roscher in the *Berichte der Königlich Sächsischen Gesellschaft der Wissenschaften*, 1867; and for a careful statement as to the influence of Smith on Stein, see pp. 5, 6. Roscher's concession is all the more convincing since he is clearly inclined to minimize Smith's influence on German thought in general.

this detracts not at all from the glory of Stein and the statesmen who wrought with him. All the more glory to them for recognizing, developing, and, finally, for enforcing the great Englishman's thought, in a way which has proved a blessing, not merely to Germany, but to humanity.

Another great work now begun by Stein was the reform of the city governments. The enfranchisement of the serfs had been due, largely, to the spirit of reform aroused in general thought by Voltaire, Rousseau, and their compeers, and in economic science by Adam Smith; but this city reform was peculiarly his own; the need of it had doubtless been felt by many; good methods of promoting it had been seen by few; the practical measure for carrying it into effect was the work of Stein alone.

This system, which has been fruitful in blessings ever since his time, though in principle somewhat like that of England, differed from it widely. It was the very opposite of the system fastened upon France by the French Revolution and by Napoleon. As Seeley very justly says, "The French Revolution began at the top, creating a central national legislature and giving all the power to that, leaving town and local organizations generally deprived of all life, making the prefects of departments and the mayors of communities mere functionaries appointed from the central government at Paris and representing the ideas of the capital." The reform of Stein began at the base, giving self-government to the towns, schooling them in managing their own affairs, in checking their own functionaries, in taking their own responsibilities. While keeping the central monarchy strong, his great exertion was to restore fitness for public life in the country at large: by his first reform he had converted the rural serfs into beings who could feel that they had an interest in the country; by this new reform he sought to exercise the city populations in public affairs.

The old city system of Europe had, many centuries before, been a main agency in developing civilization: Guizot declares it the main legacy from Rome to the Middle Ages; Maurer asserts that it saved the Reformation. The Roman Empire was made up of cities. When all else save the Church was swept away and the country districts desolated, these cities remained, and in them was a continuity of much that was best in the old civilization, and a potency of vast good in the new. During the Middle Ages their vigor increased. The cities wrested from the feudal lords right after right; the city magnates leagued with the distant emperor or king against the petty feudal oppressors immediately above them; when the feudal lords wanted money to join the Crusades the cities brought it, and bought with it rights and immunities. The commerce of the Middle Ages developed many of these towns nobly, especially throughout Italy and Germany; but Vasco da Gama's passage around the Cape of Good Hope having largely withdrawn trade with the East Indies from the Mediterranean, the commercial cities, not only in Italy, but even in Germany, lost for a time a very large share of their prosperity.

During the Reformation period, many of the German cities having recovered strength and shown hospitality to the new thought, various leading reformers in Northern and Middle Germany took refuge in them, and there found protection against Pope and Emperor. In the League of Schmalkald, sturdily defying all efforts to crush out civil and religious liberty, we find territorial princes associated in a widespread confederation with warlike cities; but in the seventeenth century the Thirty Years' War ruined many of these city centres, and diminished the power of them all; so that after the Treaty of Westphalia the sway of the princes was greatly extended, and only a few of the greater cities could withstand them.

Especially did political liberty, that is, the right of citizens to take part in public affairs, die out in Prussia. The strong race of the Hohenzollerns might at times make use of a local self-government, but as a rule they overrode it, and everything tended more and more to centralization; until finally the genius and absolute power of Frederick the Great seemed to remove from men's minds the last remaining ideas essential to city independence. The individual citizen was comparatively of no account; he became essentially a parasite, living upon a state whose real life was centred in the brain of the monarch. As a result of all this, whatever authorities there were in the German towns wrought at cross purposes: there was a medley of various sorts of municipalities, and in them, royal tax administrators, municipal figureheads, guilds, privileges, customs, usages, exemptions, ceremonies, benumbing the whole organization, save when some genius like the Great Elector or Frederick the Great broke through them. The mass of dwellers in cities came more and more to consider public affairs as no concern of theirs.¹

So far had this obliteration of city activities gone in Prussian towns that although various guilds, corporations, and privileged persons were the nominal authorities, the paid offices were filled largely with old invalids of the army. And what, in a general national emergency, was to be expected from a nation made up of a city class like this, and of a rural class like the serfs in the fields? No wonder that Prussians seemed to look on the downfall of Prussia and Germany with stupid indifference, and applauded Napoleon at the Brandenburg Gate.

On this mass of unreason in the city organizations Stein had thought for years. Other patriotic public servants

had also thought upon it, and at last, at Königsberg, afar off in the northeast corner of the Prussian state, in this its time of dire trouble, some of them prepared a tentative plan of self-government for their own city. This plan, largely under the influence of Stein, now grew into a provisional system covering sundry neighboring towns, and this, under quiet suggestions from him, was finally sent to the King. His Majesty naturally referred the whole matter back to his great minister, who now began work upon it directly and energetically, and developed out of it a system applicable not only to the cities which had asked for it, but to all the towns in the Prussian kingdom. Thus, mainly under Stein's hands, came into being the great statutes for municipal reform.

By these statutes the municipal medley of Prussia was swept away, and the cities were divided into three classes: "great towns," with ten thousand residents and upward; "middle towns," with thirty-five hundred residents and upward; "small towns," all the others. Every town now took part in the election of its own authorities, and in all towns of above eight hundred inhabitants there was a division into wards, each with its own local powers.

As a rule, all were recognized as burghers who owned real estate or other property which insured a direct, tangible interest in the city; but soldiers, Jews, Mennonites, and criminals were excluded. Magistrates and town representatives were, as a rule, selected by the assembly of citizens, the number of councilors varying from twenty-four in the smaller to a hundred in the larger towns. Every elector must appear at the polls and vote, under penalty of losing his citizenship by continued neglect of this duty. Two-thirds of the town councilors must be resident householders; they received no pay, and, as to the theory of their relations with their constituents, it is well worth noting that each represented, not his guild, not his

¹ For a lucid account of the action of the Great Elector and Frederick the Great in at times breaking through these city privileges, or, as they were called, "rights," see Tuttle: *History of Prussia*.

ward, not any subordinate interest, but the whole city. At the head of the city was a paid burgomaster, and about him a small body of councilors, paid and unpaid; only those officials being paid who were really obliged to devote themselves to their official duties as a profession.

The burgomaster was elected by the representatives of the people and confirmed by an authority representing the nation; but the chief burgomaster in sundry great towns was selected by the king out of three named by the city representatives. Various features in the development of this system are worthy of note. Take as a concrete example the recent history of Berlin. Again and again, when the chief burgomastership of that city, perhaps the best governed in the world, has become vacant, those elected and submitted to the king for approval have been men who have distinguished themselves in the administration of other cities, some of these far from the capital. It has been my good fortune to know two of the chief burgomasters of Berlin thus selected; both were eminent, and one of them, who became and remained a very influential member of the Imperial Parliament, especially so. The tenure of the chief burgomaster is virtually during good behavior, with a good salary, a suitable residence, a high position, and a retiring pension, — the man thus chosen, first by the electors and finally by the emperor, being expected to give himself entirely to the welfare of the city; this is his whole business, into which he is to put the expectations and ambitions of his life. The result of this system is seen to-day in the magnificent development of that great capital: everything carefully thought out; everything managed on business principles; and all the affairs of the city conducted, with the aid of the burgher councils, quietly and with an efficiency and economy such as in American cities is rarely, if ever, seen.

The official terms of citizen functionaries under the legislation of Stein were

generally long, varying from six years to twelve, the rule being continuance in office during good behavior. Generally speaking, every citizen was liable to serve in unpaid offices for six years, though he might, for sufficient reason, secure permission to retire after a service of three years. State officials, ecclesiastics, university professors, schoolmasters, and practicing physicians were largely excused from active state duties; but any other citizens refusing to serve might be punished by loss of citizenship and by fine.

On the 19th of November, 1808, Stein's plan became a law. One feature in it which strikes us in these days as absurd, and which has in the main disappeared, is that by which Jews, Mennonites, and soldiers were classed with criminals as unfit for citizenship; but there is another feature which, while it may seem surprising, is well worth close study, especially by any one taking an interest in American politics.

To be a burgher in Prussia, one must, as a rule, have a definite and tangible interest in the community. Here was a principle running through the whole theory and practice of city government in Europe, ancient, mediæval and modern: a city was considered a corporation, — a corporation which had business to conduct and property to administer. This theory is widespread among civilized nations to-day, a distinction being made between what may be called the civil right to enjoy protection in the natural rights of man and the political right to take part in general public affairs, on one side, and, on the other, what may be called municipal right, — the right to take active part in administering city property and determining city policy. As to the latter right, it was generally felt that the people exercising it should have some evident "stake" in the corporation whose affairs they were called upon to control or administer. We in America have tried the opposite system fully. We have applied universal suffrage to the

whole administration of our city corporations, and the result, in most of our cities, has been, not merely disheartening, but debasing. Least of all can we be satisfied with its results in our large seaport towns, with their great influx of people whose whole life has unfitted them to exercise public duties, and who have had no training or even experience of a kind calculated to fit them. The distinction recognized in Stein's system, between men having a direct tangible interest in the town, and the proletariat, has deep roots in human history; and a better system than that which now exists in the majority of our American cities seems never likely to come in until some account is taken of this distinction, founded in the history of liberty-loving peoples and based on an idea of justice; the idea that while *civil* liberty, which implies protection in natural rights, must be guaranteed to every citizen, and *political* liberty, the right to take part in the general political government, shall be as widely diffused as possible, *municipal* liberty, the right to exercise some effective initiative and control in municipal affairs, which are principally practical business affairs, shall be in the hands of those who have a direct, tangible interest or valuable experience in such affairs. A perfectly just and even liberal compromise between political and civil liberties on the one hand and municipal liberties on the other, would seem to be given by a fundamental law requiring in all our cities above a certain size that a mayor and board of aldermen, each of them representing the whole city, be chosen by universal suffrage, but that a board of control, whose affirmative vote shall be necessary in all financial appropriations, all questions relating to the management of public property, and all grants of franchises, be elected by the direct taxpayers.

The system proposed by Stein was met as we should expect. The nobles and the old school of officials denounced it as radical, and even as savoring of Jacobinism. Moreover, there was considerable disap-

pointment in its first workings. People of the towns showed at first no desire to go into it; they had become listless and indifferent, and preferred to go on in the old way; the new system, also, at first increased expenditure. But Stein carried it through, and, as time went on, it began to produce the effects which he had expected: the town populations began to take an interest in national affairs; began to think upon them; began, a generation later, to take efficient part in a Prussian parliament; and, a generation later still, in a parliament of the German Empire. The municipal system of Prussia and of Germany has, indeed, been largely developed to meet new needs since Stein's time, but its cornerstone, then as now, is the right of the people to think and act upon their own local interests.

It is worthy of note that, while this idea was thus taking shape in reformatory statutes thought out by the great German statesman, one of the greatest of American statesmen was dwelling upon it and urging it in our own country. For it had deeply impressed Thomas Jefferson. In his latter days he often dwelt upon the popular vigor of New England in dealing with questions internal and external as compared with the apparent indifference of the Southern States, and he attributed this vigor to the New England town meetings, declaring that in the struggles between Democrats and Federalists he had felt the ground shake beneath his feet when the town meetings of New England had opposed him, and that the county assemblies of Virginia gave no compensating strength.¹

It has been urged that a part, always large and sometimes controlling, in the great reforms which began the regeneration of Prussia and, indeed, of Germany,

¹ See, especially, Jefferson's reference to this in a letter to John Adams, in his later correspondence. For a clear and thorough account of city government and administration in Prussia and in Germany generally, see Albert Shaw: *Municipal Government in Continental Europe*, chapter v; a book which every dweller in an American city should read.

was taken by Stein's sometime friend, sometime enemy, Hardenberg. This is certainly true. Hardenberg, with his longer service and his diplomatic nature, had opportunities which Stein, with his uncompromising zeal, had not. While Hardenberg had, perhaps, a stronger belief in freedom of trade and manufactures, it was Stein's energy, fearlessness, and skill, and, above all, the weight of his character, which embodied the fundamental reforms in laws and forced them upon an unwilling sovereign and an indifferent people.

While pressing forward these great reforms needed to start Prussia upon a better career, Stein dealt no less thoughtfully with a vast multitude of petty abuses. These were largely feudal survivals, of the sort which had driven the French peasantry mad twenty years before; but instead of proceeding against them with fire and sword, after the Celtic manner, he studied each carefully and dealt with it rationally. There was no wild plunge into chaos and night, but each evil survival was dealt with upon its merits.¹

But Stein and his compeers saw that something vastly more general and powerful was needed than reforms in detail, and hence it was that there now began a better era in Prussian, and indeed in German education. Into the whole system of national instruction a new spirit now entered; slowly, at first, but doubtless all the more powerfully. Occupied though Stein was in a different field, one feels his influence in all this movement. In the great spoliation at Tilsit, the old Prussian University of Halle, founded a hundred years before by Thomasius, which had given so many strong men to the Prussian state, was lost. But this calamity was the harbinger of a great gain. Thoughtful men began to plan a university for Berlin. Strong men began to be secured for its professorships. The rule that a univer-

sity is made, not by bricks and mortar, but by teachers, was fully recognized. Stein had, indeed, the instinct, so strong in America, against sending undergraduates into large cities for their education; but he recognized the importance of a new educational centre to send fresh and vigorous life through the renewed educational system, and his activity did much to inspire this great movement, which was destined to work miracles, not only throughout Prussia, but throughout Europe.²

It will presently be seen that to carry out all these great reformatory efforts Stein had but little more than a year in office. Could he have had more time, he would doubtless have created a national parliament. But, as we shall see, fate was against him; the struggle with Napoleon and the reaction after the Napoleonic downfall caused the creation of representative bodies to be long deferred. Still, when at last they were created, they had a basis of political experience for which they were mainly indebted to him. It has been my fortune to be present during discussions in the principal parliaments now existing: the British, the French, the Italian, the German, as well as our own; and as regards quiet, thorough, sober discussion, free from the trickery of partisans and the oratory of demagogues, the parliaments of the Prussian kingdom and of the German empire have seemed to me among the very foremost; my belief is that they have before them a great future, and all the more so because their roots draw vigorous life from principles of self-government which were called into action by Stein.

² For a very thoughtful comparison of the merits of Stein and Hardenberg, see Zorn: *Im Neuen Reich*, pp. 216 and following. For Stein's relations to the educational movement in Prussia, see Pertz, vol. ii, pp. 162 and following; also Kuno Francke: *Social Forces in German Literature*. For probably the best that has ever been written regarding the relations of university life to patriotism, see Paulsen: *Die Deutschen Universitäten*, book iv.

¹ For the remedies administered to a large number of these abuses, see Pertz, as above, vol. ii., pp. 142 and following.

(To be continued.)

ROSE MACLEOD ¹

BY ALICE BROWN

XXIX

ROSE, uneasy over her useless mission to Electra, sought out Peter where he sat in the sun, his mind swaying in its constant rhythm between his happy work and his charming dreams. He left the garden chair and came forward to her, struck by the pathos of her face, and a little irritated, too, because MacLeod's death was a sorrow past, and it seemed unfortunate, at least, that there should be so much melancholy in bright weather.

"Electra is going abroad, you know," she said.

Peter turned with her and they paced along the grass. Rose went on, —

"She was much impressed by my father."

"I know."

"She belongs to the Brotherhood now."

Peter nodded, his mind still with Osmond, but cheering a little in the consciousness of her graceful presence.

"Peter!" she stopped, and laid a finger on his sleeve. "Say something to her! She is going over there to work, to throw herself into that movement. She might as well jump into the Seine."

"Yes," said Peter musingly. "Yes, of course! I'll go see her. I'll go at once."

She assented eagerly. She seemed to hurry him away; and not knowing quite what he was to do when he got there, he found himself, obedient but unprepared, at the other house, before Electra. She was agreeably welcoming. Peter had ceased even to remind her of young love, chiefly because it was a part of her dignity to put the incomplete dream aside. When she was forced to remember, sometimes by a word of grandmother's, it

gave her an irritated sense of having once been cheek to cheek with something unworthy of her. But this morning Peter meant nothing whatever. A larger bulk had blotted him out. He plunged, at once.

"I am going to Paris, too, Electra. We shall meet there."

She smiled at him with a fine remoteness.

"Perhaps," she said. Then a wave of her old distaste came over her and she asked, with the indifference that veils forbidden feeling, —

"Are you going together?"

"Together?"

"Yes. Are you going with Rose MacLeod?"

Peter frowned.

"We have not mentioned it," he said. Their coming to America together had seemed most natural, but some intonation of her tone made the implication odious. Seeing his look, she said, not giving him time to answer, —

"You will help me with the Brotherhood. I must get in touch with it by every possible means."

The color came into his face. He looked half ashamed, half wondering.

"I can't account for it," he returned, "but — Electra, I shan't have time for those things any more."

"Not have time — for that!"

It was as if she accused him of lacking time to breathe.

"I can't help it," said Peter. "It's all true, Electra, as true as it was; but I've got to paint. That's my business."

"Don't you feel that you owe anything to Markham MacLeod?"

He looked at her with interest, noting the indignation that made a handsome woman of her; but only for that rea-

¹ Copyright, 1907, by ALICE BROWN.

son, not because the indignation stirred him. Peter hardly knew how he felt about Markham MacLeod. He scarcely thought of him at all, save as Rose recalled him. As to the Brotherhood, now that this great persuasive force was gone, Peter could view it dispassionately, and it did not move him. It was like waves heard a long way off, the waves of a sea he once had sailed, but from which he had escaped to this upland meadow where the light was good. Only when Rose, possessed by the remembrance of Ivan Gorof's vision, had gone home and told him about it, had he felt the flare of that old enthusiasm to be in the surge of the general life, — but chiefly then because she had chanced to use the phrase "shining armor," and he saw a knight pricking through a glade, with sunlight dappling between leaves, and knew it would be good to paint. There was nothing to say to Electra, because, as Rose had told him, she could listen to nothing but the Brotherhood, and wakened only to MacLeod. It was not that she refused other challenges; but her face grew mystical and he knew her mind was afar from him. He got up to go.

"In Paris, then, Electra," he said awkwardly.

Her brows contracted. She remembered the other tryst that was to have been, and could not answer.

"You will let me know where you are. I shall find you," Peter said, as he went down the steps, "at once."

But as he walked away, he knew it would have to be some incredible chance to bring them together. There was no room for him.

Electra sat there, her feet together, her hands in her lap, like a carved image, and held herself still in her dream of fantasy. She hardly knew where she was in these days. This was not the world as she had known it. Bound beyond bound of possibility lay over its horizon. There had been her former world, full of disappointments, lacking in opportunities for picturesque morals,

and Markham MacLeod had walked in to it, and turned on a light under which the whole place glittered. He had caused things to be forever different. One such illumination made all things possible. She felt like an adventurer setting sail. There in the room where he had talked to her, she sat and thought of him and even felt him near. The great stories flashed out before her, as if she turned page after page. Dante — how many times did he see Beatrice? She must look it up. But once would be enough, once for souls to recognize each other and then be forever faithful. At a step in the hall she recalled herself. It seemed as if everybody interrupted her in her passionate musings. This was Madam Fulton, and Electra remembered she had something to say to her.

Madam Fulton looked very tired and irked in some way, as if she found the daily burden hard to bear. Electra rose, and waited scrupulously for her to sit.

"Billy Stark comes back to-morrow," said Madam Fulton. She took a chair, and laid her head back wearily.

"When does he sail?"

"Next week. You go Wednesday. He goes Saturday."

Electra dared not remind her of that wild threat of marrying Billy Stark and sailing with him. Her grandmother looked a pathetically old woman, and such fantasy seemed to have withdrawn into its own place.

"Grandmother," she began delicately. She had a fear of disturbing something frail that might fall to pieces of its own weakness.

"Well."

"Shall you stay on here?"

Madam Fulton roused herself.

"No," she said. "I am going to Bessie Grant's. She'll help me pull myself together, and in the fall I shall move back to town."

Electra came awake to her pathetic look.

"You are not feeling well, grandmother," she said solicitously.

"Feeling well!" The old lady repeated it with a fraction of emphasis. "I'm worn out."

"Is it anything particular, grandmother?"

"Billy Stark is going away, isn't he? Isn't that particular enough? He's the only human creature left, except Bessie Grant and that pretty girl."

"Rose MacLeod?"

"Yes, but she's too young. She tires me. You all tire me, all but Billy and Bessie Grant. No, you can close the house, or I will, after you're gone. I shan't be in it."

There was something inevitably foolish to Electra in the regret of an old woman at losing the company of an old man whom she had not married at the proper time. She found herself hoping, with some distaste, that grandmother would forget him as soon as possible, and settle down into the decencies of age. But Madam Fulton seemed to have gathered herself and summoned energy for action. She sat upright now, and composed her face into more cheerful lines. She looked at Electra, and a wicked smile flickered out.

"I believe," said Madam Fulton, "if I have the strength, the day he sails, I believe I'll marry Billy Stark and go along with him."

Electra looked her pain and then her purpose to ignore it.

"I have left everything in complete order, grandmother," she said. "It will be easy to close the house. I have made my will."

"Bless me!"

"I have given you half my property. The other half I leave to the Brotherhood."

"For heaven's sake, Electra! What do you want to act like that for?"

Electra was too enamored of that deed to keep it hidden.

"It is for a monument to Markham MacLeod," she said, from her abiding calm. "But it is to be used by the Brotherhood. He would wish that."

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Madam Fulton was regarding her, not satirically now, but in an honest wonder.

"Electra," she said, "I glory in you."

"Grandmother!"

"I do. I can't help it. You've gone bad, just as I said you would. And you never were so human in your life. Brava! I'm proud of you."

But Electra lifted her head a little and did not answer. Grandmother, she knew, could hardly understand. It made her isolation the more sacred.

"You give me courage," the old lady was saying. "Why, you put some life into me! I don't know but I've got the strength to fly with Billy, after all."

Electra rose. She could not listen. But at the door, she turned, a new thought burning in her.

"Grandmother," she said irrepressibly, "if you would make your will —"

"Bless you, I have n't sixpence," said the old lady gayly, "except the tainted money from the book."

"That's what I mean." Electra came back and stood beside her. She breathed an honest fervor. "That money, grandmother — it is tainted, as you say — if you would leave that to the Brotherhood —"

Madam Fulton was on her feet, with an amazing swiftness.

"My money!" she cried. Then a gleam of humor irradiated her face, and she ended affectionately, "My own tainted money? Why, I'm devoted to it. And I tell you this, Electra: if there's one scrap of it left when you inherit, if you give it to your brotherhoods, I'll haunt you. As I'm a living woman, you shan't have a chance. I'll make my will and Billy Stark shall help me, and I'll leave it to that pretty girl, and she shall buy ribbons with it. And — my heavens! but there's Billy Stark now."

He was coming up the walk, and she flew to meet him in an ingenuous happiness, half dramatic fervor, to plague Electra, who, walking with dignity, went out the other way.

Madam Fulton was laughing, at Electra, at life itself.

"Billy," said she, "I'd rather see you than all the heavenly hosts."

Billy took off his hat and wiped his forehead.

"I found I'd got things pretty well in order," he explained. "I thought you would n't mind my coming sooner."

"Mind! I'm enchanted. Come along in and have cold drinks and things. Bless me, Billy! how it does set me up to see you."

She led the way into the dining-room, and when no one answered the bell, on into the kitchen for exploration in the icebox. She tiptoed about, her pretty skirt caught under one arm, her high heels clicking. The pink came into her cheeks. She had the spirit which is of no age. Then they sat down together at the dining table in the shaded calm, and while Billy drank, she leaned her elbows on the table and, with the ice clinking in her glass, drank and made merry. She might have been sixteen and in a French café. Her spirits were seething, and she feared no morrow.

"I never can let you go in the world, Billy," she said, out of her gay candor.

He was instant with his gallant remedy.

"Come with me, then!"

"Sometimes" — she paused and watched him — "sometimes I almost think I will."

William Stark was a tired man that day. He had been telephoning and besieging men in their offices and talking business; he felt his age. It was one of the days when it seemed to him that sacred business even was less than nothing, — vanity, — and when he wondered, without interest, who would spend the money he might make. He was plainly fagged, and here was a gay creature of his own age, beguiled by the old perennial promises, whom life had not yet convinced of its own insolvency. He wondered at the youth of women, their appetite for pleasure, their inability to realize when the game is done. There was the curtain slowly descending between age and its entertainment, and

Madam Fulton was clapping her unwearied hands as if things could go on forever. Grant her an encore, and she would demand another. As for him, he would fain go home to bed. But Billy was a man of his word. His loyal heart could not allow itself to recognize the waywardness of his sad mind. The one had done with life in all but its outer essences. The other, in human decency, must go on swearing the old vows to the last. His face took on a resolution that made him more the man, and sobered her. He put out his hand.

"Will you come, Florrie?" he asked.

"Yes, Billy," she answered. "I'll come."

"You honor me very much." He sat there holding the frail hand and wondering at himself, wondering at them both. If he had known he was to go back in this guise, he might not have had the courage to come. But it was well. It was a good thing, having missed many ventures, not to let this one pass. Madam Fulton was having one of her moments of a renewed grasp on life, a gay delight in it which was a matter of nerves and quite distinct from memory or hope. She was discoursing gleefully.

"We won't tell Electra."

"Not if you'd rather not."

"She shall sail, and we'll sail after her. We'll send her cards from London. My stars, Billy! do you think we're mad?"

"You may be," said Billy. "As for me, I'm a great hand at a bargain."

And while there were flutterings of wings before sailing, Osmond bent over his ground and delved and thought. His brows were knitted. He hardly saw the earth or his fellow workmen, but answered mechanically when men came for orders, and went on riving up the earth, as if it were his enemy, and then smoothing it in tenderest friendliness.

XXX

Rose and grannie had been living in an atmosphere of calm. Something was

not determined yet, and they had to wait for it. Osmond had not come to the house for his early calls on grannie, and Rose, awake in her room to hear his step, at least, listened for it with a miserable certainty of disappointment. Every morning she gave a quick look of inquiry as she and grannie met, and the old lady would say, —

“No, dear, no!”

She sickened mentally under the delay, and at last her heart began to ask her whether he would ever see her again. On the day she told grannie that she was going to Paris to settle MacLeod's estate, grannie said, —

“That's right. But you'll come back.”

“I must come back. You must let me.” It was a great cry out of a warring heart. “But I must see him before I go. May I send for him to come?”

“You must send for him, my dear, and have your talk,” said grannie.

So it was grannie who gave the message to Peter, and afterwards told him Rose was to see Osmond alone. Peter walked up and down the room. He did not altogether understand.

“What is it now, child?” asked grannie.

“I wondered if Rose needs to see him. This is all so painful for her! Why should she be bothered?”

“She must see him,” said grannie. “It would n't be possible for her to go away without.”

“She demands too much of herself,” said Peter, stopping in his stride.

Grannie was smiling at him in a way that indicated that she was very old and Peter was young. A wave of knowledge swept upon him.

“What is it, grannie?” he demanded. “What is between them?”

“You must let them find out.”

“But what is it? I ought to know. Don't you see what I mean? I'm going to marry her, grannie, when all this is over.”

Grannie looked at him in quick concern.

“Oh, no, Peter,” she said. “No, you can't do that.”

“Why can't I?”

“She does n't love you, Peter.”

“But she will. I can make her happy. I depend on showing her I can.”

“That is n't enough, Peter.”

“What?”

“To make her happy. You might make her miserable, and if she loved you it would be all one to her.”

“Tom Fulton made her miserable. Was that all one to her?”

“She is n't the girl Tom Fulton hurt. She's a woman now.”

“Then what is it between her and Osmond?”

Grannie looked at him a few moments seriously. She seemed to be considering what he should be told. At last she spoke.

“Peter, I believe it's love between them.”

“Love!”

“Yes, dear. She has a very strong feeling for Osmond.”

“Osmond!”

Grannie got up out of her chair. She was trembling. Peter could almost believe it was with indignation against him, her other boy, not so dear as Osmond, but still her boy. Her calm face flushed, and when she spoke her voice also trembled.

“Peter,” she said, “whatever we do, let us never doubt the kindness of God.”

It was a little hard on Peter, he felt, for here was he, too, devoted to Osmond with a full heart; yet nature was nature, and life was life. He could not help seeing himself in the bridegroom's garment.

“Osmond is the greatest thing there is,” he said. “But, grannie —” He stopped.

“I know, I know,” said grannie. She was not accustomed to speaking with authority. The passion of her life had all resolved itself into deeds, into a few simple words like the honey in the flower and the slowly fructifying cells. Now she stood leaning on her staff and thinking back over the course she had run.

Osmond had been the child of her spirit *because he was maimed. She had drawn with him every breath of his horror of life, his acquiescence, his completed calm. What withdrawals there were in him, what wrestlings of the will, what iron obediences, only she knew. There was the sweetness, too, of the little child who, when they were alone, in some sad twilight, used to come and put his arms about her neck and lay his cheek to hers, with a mute plea to her to understand. And now when Osmond had harnessed himself to the earth, God had let a beautiful flower spring up before him, to say, "Behold me." God did everything, grannie knew. He had not merely created, in a space of magnificent idleness, some centuries ago, and then, with the commendation that it was "good," turned away his head and let his work shift for itself. He was about it now, every instant, in the decay of one seed to nourish another, in the blast and in the sunshine. He was ever at hand to hear the half-formed cry of the soul, the whisper it hardly knew it gave. He was the still, small voice. And He had remembered Osmond as He had been remembering him all these years. He had led him by painful steps to the hilltop, and then had painted for him a great sunrise on the sky. The night might lower and obscure it, the rain fall, or the lightning strike. But Osmond would have seen the sunrise. And all grannie could say was, —*

"It may not turn out well, dear, but it's a great thing for him to have."

Peter strode away into the garden. She followed him, in an hour or so, and asked if she should sit for him; and all that afternoon he painted on her portrait, with the dash and absorption of one who knows his task.

"Tired, grannie?" he asked, at length.

"No, Peter."

"You're going to be a sweet thing with your white cap here against the hollyhocks," said Peter. "I must hurry.

When it's done, I'll leave it for exhibition, and then I'll go back to France."

That night he strode away for a walk, and grannie betook herself to her own room. So Rose was alone when Osmond came. She had dressed for him, and she looked the great lady. There was about her that air of proud conquest worn by women when they are willing to let man see how much he may lose in lacking them, or how rich he is in the winning. It says also, perhaps, "This is the wedding garment. It is worn for you."

When Osmond entered, these things were in his mind because it was a part of his bitter thought that he had no clothes to meet her in. For many years he had seen no use for the conventional dress of gentlemen, and grannie had never failed to like him in his clean blue blouse. So he came in, as Rose thought at once, like a peasant of an Old World country. All but the face. What peasant ever wore a mien like that: the clarified look of conquered grief, the wistfulness of the dark eyes, the majestic patience of one who, finding that the things of the world are not for him, has put them softly by? There were new lines in the face, Rose could well believe; in spite of those appealing softnesses of the eyes, it was a face cut in bronze. She held out her hand, and he took it briefly.

"I had to see you," she said, rushing upon the subject of her fears. "I am going away."

They were seated now, and Osmond was looking at her steadily. "But I am coming back," she smiled. "Please be glad to see me."

"I can't seem to talk to you," said Osmond abruptly, also smiling a little, in his whimsical way. "You are such a fine lady."

She glanced down at her dress, and hated it.

"I don't know why I put this on, except, perhaps, that I did n't want you to despise me for what I am going to say."

"Despise you!"

She choked a little and dared it.

"You have n't been to the playhouse lately."

"No."

"Why?"

"Have you been there yourself?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because I could n't."

"Well, I could n't, either."

"Why?" cried the girl passionately.

"Why has everything got to change?"

"Why should you tell me you would be

there always and then never come again?

"Why?"

Osmond regarded her in what seemed a sad well-wishing.

"Youth can't last," he said. "That was youth. We are grown up now."

Tears gathered in her eyes. The finality of his tone seemed to be consigning her to fruitless days without the joy of dreams.

"Well," he added, "it does n't matter. You are going away."

"You said once I should take the key of the playhouse with me."

He smiled humorously, as at a child who must, if it is possible, be allowed some pleasure in the game.

"Take it, playmate," he said.

The color ran over her face. She sparkled at him.

"Oh, now you've said it!" she entreated. "You've called me by my name. Now we can go back."

Osmond still smiled at her. He shook his head.

"You are very willful," he remarked.

"That's right. Abuse me. I like it, playmate."

But he could abuse her no more. Fancy in him was dead or dumb. He was tired of thinking, tired of his own life, with its special problems. A deep gravity came over her own face also. When she spoke, it was with a high dignity and seriousness.

"Osmond," she said, "I sent for you because I want to give you something before I go away. I can't bear to go. I can't

bear to leave this place and grannie — and you. Sometimes I think I shall die of homesickness over there, even in the few weeks I stay, to think what may happen to you before I see you again. So I want to give it to you."

She was under some stress he did not understand, yet speaking with a determined quiet.

"What is it?" he asked gently.

She had no words left, only the two she had thought of for days and days until it had seemed to her he must hear her heart beating them out. She held her hands together in her lap, and spoke clearly, though it frightened her: —

"My love, Osmond, my love."

He had turned his look away from her, and feeling the aloofness of that, she fell to trembling. When he began to speak, she stopped him. It seemed to her that he was bringing rejection of her gift, and she could not bear it.

"No," she said, "don't say it."

But he did speak, in that grave, moved tone: —

"That is dear of you. I shall always keep your present, just as grannie will keep your love for her. It's very precious."

Hope and will went out of her. She put her clasped hands on the chair in front of her, and bent her head upon them, trembling.

"What is it?" she said at last, "what is it that has come between us? Is it what you told me once in the playhouse? that you were going to give your life away when you chose?"

He laughed a little, sadly, to himself.

"How long ago that seems!" he mused. "No, it was a different thing I meant then."

"What was it? Tell me, Osmond."

"I can tell you now, for I shall never do it. It smells of madness to me, now I see what living demands of us. It was only, — well, my body had n't done me much service in the ways I should have liked."

"Tell me, Osmond!"

"I meant to give it, living, to some scientist, to experiment on. To a doctor, if I could find one that would meet me as I wanted to be met, to work on, — with drugs, with germs, — the things they do to dogs, you know."

She forgot how he had held himself aloof from her, or that some grain of pride might well have met his coldness. She was kneeling beside him, her hands about his neck, her head upon his breast.

"No, Osmond, no," she sobbed. "It would kill me."

The man sat still. Then he spoke, and his voice was hard as iron.

"It will never happen, I tell you."

"To have you tortured," she was sobbing. "To have them hurt you — your hands, your dear hands —"

He lifted one of them, in a dazed way, and looked at it, all brown with work and yet a wonder in its virile power. Then a flame passed over him and burned up what kept him from her. His arms were about her and he bent his mouth to hers. For the first time since he could remember, he forgot what he had called his destiny. And after they had kissed, he said, —

"Now, sweetheart, now we can talk. It's better so, even if we say good-by to-morrow."

She drew apart from him and went back to her chair. But there, she stretched out her hands to him and Osmond took them, and so, holding them, they spoke out their true minds. Her eyes were brimming full.

"I was n't sure you would take my present," she said. "It's dear of you to take it, Osmond."

"Your love, your wonderful love!"

"I selected it with great care, dear." She was laughing. "It's very shiny, and nice, and warranted to last. It's the strongest love I could find. I never saw one like it. Shall we live in the playhouse now, dear?"

"You will live in my heart. Rose, I kissed you."

She bent to him.

"Kiss me again. Kisses are little blooms budding out of my love. You are a gardener-man. You know the faster flowers are picked, the sooner they bloom again."

He was regarding her in wonder.

"You must be crazy to think you like me!" he said honestly. Again she laughed.

"I am! stark mad. I feel as if a thousand birds were singing and all the lilies opening. You remember how they smelled that night, Osmond? You would n't go with me to smell them. They've come to us. They're here."

He held her gaze.

"Be serious," he said.

"I can't, I like you so!"

"Only till I ask you this. You said once you had always been in love with love."

"Always. Ought I to be ashamed of it? I am not. I am proud. To find the half of you that you have been lonesome for, and then be faithful to it, — oh, beautiful!"

"Are you in love with love, or are you in love with me?"

"With you, dear Osmond."

The clear eyes answered him in a joyous confidence.

"I must have taken hold of your imagination."

"Yes! You make me see visions and dream dreams. Hear how fast I talk to you! The words can't tumble out quick enough, there are so many more pushing them."

"No, I mean I have taken hold of your imagination because I am so queer."

"You are queer, Osmond. It's queer to be so darling."

"If I were sure!"

He loosed her hands and looked away from her, and his face set gravely.

"What, Osmond?"

"If I were sure it was fair to you — best for you to let you know the truth — then I'd tell you."

"Tell me what?"

He drew her hands back into his. He was looking at her with the first volun-

tary yielding of his whole self. It lighted his face into beauty, the chrism of the adoring spirit laid upon trembling lip and flashing eye. "I have withheld from you," he said in quick, short utterance, "because it had to be. But if you care, too, why deny us both one hour of happiness, if we part to-morrow?"

"Deny me nothing," she was murmuring. "Let me see your heart."

"You should see my soul, if it could be. Dearest, it was so from the first minute. I was afraid of you with the terrible fear of love. Don't you see how different it is with us? You longed for love because you are the angel of it. I was afraid of it because it would have to mean hunger and pain and thirst."

"But not now! not now! We have found each other, and it means the same thing for both of us."

"We have got to part, you know, for a couple of ages or so, or even till we die. Maybe I can get into some sort of trim by that time, if I give my mind to it; but here it's no use, dear, you see."

"No use! Osmond, I have given you my love. What do you mean to do with it?"

He caught his breath miserably.

"I am going to — God! what am I going to do! You are honest," he cried, "you mean it all, but — sweetheart, look at me, and see it is not possible. To-night ends it."

She withdrew her hands from his, and sat upright in her chair.

"Then," she said, "you are a coward."

"Am I?" He looked at her, blanched and sorrowful. "Am I, Rose?"

"You are a coward. You love me —"

"You know it! You do know that!"

"You know you do, and then you refuse to take the simple, sweet, faithful way with me."

"What way, my dear?"

She did not even flush at the words, sprang from a great sincerity.

"Shall I ask you? Shall I ask you to let me take your name and live with you, and be true to you?"

They looked at each other in the terrible recognition that brings souls almost too close.

"You are a great woman, my dear," said Osmond. He rose and stood before her. "Look at me, I hate my body. Could you love it?"

"I do love it," said the woman. "And I love your soul. And I am ashamed to think we can know the things we have known and then think of the bodies we live in. Grannie believes in immortal life. I believe in it too, since I have known you."

"There are a good many hours, my dear, when we forget immortal life. The world goes hard with us. In those times, shall you look at me and hate me?"

She was smiling at him through tears.

"I shall look at you and love you, stupid!" she said. "Oh, how little men know!"

"And then," he was continuing, in his bitter honesty, "I am a laboring man. I told Peter you were a terrible Parisian."

She shook her head.

"You don't quite know what you are, Osmond. There's a good deal of grannie in you. Perhaps that is one of the things I love. You work with your hands. Everything is possible to you, every kind of splendid thing, because you have not been spoiled by artificial life, the ambitions of it, the poor, mean hypocrisies. Strange that I should be talking about labor!"

"Why strange?"

"Because I hated the mention of it while my father lived. But now I seem to have gone back to my old feeling of a kind of pity for them all, — the ones that work blindly out of the light, — I see them as Ivan Gorof saw them, that great sea of the oppressed."

"But not every workingman is oppressed."

"No, no! Not here. But in other countries where they are surging and trying to have their ignorant way. And they are no more to be pitied than the rich. And I keep wishing for them, not money and

power and leisure, such as the rich have, but something better, something I wish the rich had, too."

"The heart that sees God, grannie would say."

"Maybe grannie would pray for it, Osmond. Maybe I could sing it, — I hope to sing now, — maybe you could put it into the land and bring it out in flowers."

"That's poetry!" said Osmond. He was smiling at her unconscious way of showing him how lovely she was and how loving. "I am going now, dear. I am going to take your present home carefully and look at it alone."

She knitted wistful brows a moment. Then she too smiled.

"You will see how valuable it is when you look at it," she said. "It will shine so."

He had risen and stood before her, looking at her.

"Rose," he said, "you're a darling."

"Am I?" She was radiant.

"I am going to think up the things lovers have said, and read Solomon's Song, maybe! But now I'm going back to the plantation, to let the Almighty God and the undergods have a chance to tell me how to give you up."

"Ask them now, Osmond," she breathed. "Ask here, while I am here to answer, too."

"No," said Osmond. He shook his head. "Not while we are together. I can't listen to Him."

In the road he met Peter. They stopped, and Peter said at once, —

"I've got three orders from New York. When they're finished, I'm going back to France."

Osmond could not at once recall himself, even for his boy. Peter seemed only a figure of the night, familiarly dear, and yet unrelated to the great dream that swept across the sky with banners. Peter spoke again bluntly.

"I shall paint again all right. You need n't worry. It's got hold of me."

Then they shook hands.

XXXI

Osmond went back to his little house, not to sleep, but to think. The old habit of his life was changed. Henceforward, whether he took a woman's love or left it, things would not be the same. Say she loved him with the enduring passion of a woman at her best, could he let her undertake the half of his strange lot? Could he cut her off from a thousand sources of happiness to be found in the world she knew, even though he forced her to go out into that world and sing, and lessened his claim on her to a swallow flight now and then back to his waiting heart? If her lot were to be a public one, she would have, in a measure, to make it herself; for here was he, with his plants and trees, almost one of them, and he could not give up his hardy life, lest he dwindle and fail utterly. Besides, this was his business, as music was hers. Whatever communion they had, it could never be a unison of pursuits, but rather an interchange of rich devotion. It looked, he concluded, very bad for her.

As he thought that, the night grew chill, and the stars waned in their shining. These were the dull old ways of a world that had swung so long in one orbit that it could never be otherwise. He was bringing the woman to break bitter bread with him, and though she ate it cheerfully in the morning of her hope, it would seem intolerable in the evening, and at night she might refuse it utterly. What right had he to let her vow herself to such things and swell the list of proven failure? But say she loved him! And after all, what was love? Was it the ever-living germ of desire to create new life, that life might live? Was it the gift shut in the hand when life left the creating source, to be squandered or hoarded, to be used for honor or dishonor, but always ignorantly, to serve the power behind creation itself? Was this beautiful creature the sport of her woman's blood, doing the

will of the earth, and so most innocently walking into the lure of his arms because they longed for her? He wondered.

And his side of it, the man's side, what did it mean for him to know he worshiped the divinity of her beauty, the sun of her good pleasure, the might of her yieldingness? When he thought of her, the body of things became mysteriously transmuted to what he had to call their soul, because it wore no other name. There was the flame of passion and the frost of awe. The mystical call of her spirit to his had become the most natural of all created impulses. Yet, say that he, too, was in the grip of that greatest force, and nature was tricking the woman out with all the colors of the dawn, to blind him into stumbling along nature's ways. Did nature want him to say, "This is Paradise," until she was ready to let him know it was the unchanged earth? If it was all a gigantic phenomenon of a teeming universe — well, it was good. It was to be worshiped as the savage worships the sun, — but not greatly. For clouds hide the sun, and, in spite of it, men die. Better not spill too much blood for a savage god that gives but savage recompense. And, thinking so, he closed his eyes and lapsed into a dull recognition of the things of earth.

How far his mind had rushed upon its track he did not know, but suddenly it came to a stop and jolted him awake. It was as if he had come to a great gulf, the darkness girdling the natural life, and across it were the colors of the dawn. They breathed and wavered in sheer beauty. And at that moment there began in him the fainting recognition of what love might be if men would have it so. First, there was the lure, the voice of the creature calling to its mate. Then there was the unveiling of the soul, the recognition, the sight of the soul as God sees it, so that the two creatures can only breathe, "How beautiful you are!" And that must not continue, because the soul is a delicate though an indestructible thing, and can-

not walk naked through the assaults of time. It would consume the beholder; it would even scorch under the flame of its own being. It withdraws, only to appear again, like the god from the brake, when it is greatly summoned. But always it is there, and the two that hold high fealty remember what they have seen. When the flame sinks, they say "But it is the flame on the altar. It must not die." And they renew it. When the outer habit of life fails in one of them, to grow poor and mean, the other remembers that one glimpse of the soul, and calls upon it tenderly.

"Revive," says his patient love, "I stay you with the flagons of my hope, I comfort you with the apples of my great belief." And always it is an interchange of life, the one feeding the other with eternal succor.

And now, to come back to the old question: Say a woman loved a man like this man? Osmond seemed not to be debating now, but hastening along the thread of a perfect certainty. Something had put a clue in his hand. Wherever it might lead him, he was running fast. It came upon him, like the lighting of a great fire, that this was a call for high emprise. He loved nothing so much as courage. Here was the summons to the world-old battle where all but a few fail and none are said to succeed unless they die for passion and so life drops a curtain on the after-fight. The great lovers — chiefly they are those for whom the fight never was finished, who chose death rather than endure. He had bitten his teeth all his life on the despair of adventure, but now it came upon him that life itself is the great adventure, and love the crown of it. Say he, loving a woman, went out to fight the dragons of the way. He had no armor such as youth delights in. He was not a Prince Charming, who woos the eye even before he speaks. He had only the one treasure — love. Say he crowned the woman with it, and then challenged God to give their hunger food, be the unseen combatant and

fight out the fight beside them? Say he vowed himself like a knight to her service, and their mutual worship scorned the body save as the instrument of life, and glorified the soul? "I am the soul," something cried out in him. "Do not deny me, or you blaspheme the God that also lives. Give me food, the large liberty to be faithful. Lay bonds upon me, patience and loyalty, and I shall rejoice in them and grow strong enough to break them, and delight in perfect liberty."

It all resolved itself, he found, into this question of the soul. Was the marvel true? Did it really exist? For if it did, it must have food and cherishing. Inevitably then he thought of grannie, and his struggling mind seemed to appeal to her clarity, question and answer, and to every question she smiled and told him the dream was true. It did live, this mystery, this imperishable one that came from the bosom of God and would return in safety there.

Osmond rose, in the dewy midnight, and stretched his arms to heaven. He felt what he never had before, in his iron acquiescence, an ecstasy of worship. This was what grannie felt, he knew; it was the daily draught that kept her spirit young. He made no doubt she was praying for him at that moment, and that their buoyant certain ties were meeting in the air of quickened life. Hitherto he had walked. Now he saw the use of wings.

He knew what Rose was doing. She would not be waking. She would be lying in her bed asleep, too secure in her glad confidence to wonder over it. Another thought swept in and awoke his quivering sentience to the marvel of his life. Some recognition of the cherishing maternal seemed to grow in him, and as grannie had saved his body for him, so now Rose seemed to have given birth to his new soul. It was like a shining child. With his bodily eyes he almost saw it through the dark, and he longed to take it in his arms to where she slept and lay it on her breast. He could fancy how

the shining child would lie there and how, sleeping, her sweet soul would cherish it. And whether he began the next day with the resolve to give her up or to relinquish his own doubts, at least he had had the vision. As the dawn broke he seemed to see her coming toward him, the spirit of it, rosy-clad, bearing in her hands, outstretched, a beaker for his lips. It was the water of life, and her face besought him to know finally that they were to drink of it together. He was shaken with the wonder of it. All his past had been preparing him for ignominy and loss. He trembled when he saw what the girl in the vision meant; that the greater quest is farther yet.

XXXII

Madam Fulton and Electra were busy, each in her own track, making ready to go. Electra was truly concerned because grandmother had fallen into this frenzy of setting her belongings in order and would even fly up to town to her little apartment, on mysterious errands. But Madam Fulton was as gayly confident as she was inscrutable, and even when Billy Stark warned her that she was doing too much, she only whispered, —

"Got the tickets, Lochinvar?"

On the last day, when the house was partly closed and the servants lingered only for an hour or two, Electra, ready to her gloves, came to kiss her grandmother good-by. Madam Fulton drew back a pace and looked at her.

"Electra," said she, "you'll be horribly shocked and you'll want to laugh at me. But don't you do it. Don't you do either of those two things."

Electra's brows came together in a perplexity that yet betokened only a tepid interest. Her own affairs were too insistent. They crowded out the pale, dim hopes of age.

"When, grandmother?" she asked. "Why should I want to laugh?"

"Never mind. But you will. And when you do, you say to yourself that,

after all, youth and age are just about the same, only age has tested many things and found they're no good. So if it finds something that seems good—Well, Electra, you're off on your fool's errand. Don't you deny other folks the comfort of theirs."

"I don't understand you, grandmother."

"No, of course you don't. But you will. Once I should n't have cared whether you did or not, but I've taken a kind of a liking to you. I told you I should when you turned human and made a fool of yourself like the rest of us. And now you're going out into the wilderness, to found a city or something of that sort."

"I am going to join the Brotherhood," said Electra, with punctilious truth.

"And build a monument to that handsome scamp that had the bad taste to come over here to die."

"Grandmother, you must not use such words."

"Must not? Don't you suppose I know a scamp when I see one? If I'd been fifty years younger I dare say I should be starting out to build him a monument, too. But I'm glad of it, child, I'm glad of it. He's your preserver. He has roused in you the capacity for being a fool. Make much of it. Prize it. It's God's most blessed gift to man. When you've lost that, you've lost everything."

"There is the carriage, grandmother. I must go."

Madam Fulton presented a kindly cheek.

"Good-by, my dear," she said. "I'm sorry I've harried you. I had to, though. I should again. Now we'll meet in Paris or London—or another world."

Electra, a perfect picture of the well-equipped traveler, in her beautiful suit, her erect pose, was at the door.

"The maids will go in an hour," she said. "Then you've only to turn the key and walk over to Mrs. Grant's. I wish you'd had your trunks taken out before."

"My trunks can wait," chuckled the old lady. "They'll be sent for."

As Electra's carriage turned from the driveway into the road, Madam Fulton laughed again.

Electra had five minutes at the station, and there appeared Peter, wearing the air of haste. He had been painting in the garden when the carriage went by, and he had dropped brush and palette to run. Why, Peter could not have said, only it seemed cold and miserable to have an imperial lady taking the train alone, and then setting sail with no one by.

"You would n't let me go up to town with you?" he ventured, with his eager stammer.

"No," returned Electra, "thank you."

"I'd like to awfully," said Peter. "Maybe I could be of use."

"Everything is done. My luggage is on board. We sail at three."

"It seems an infernally lonesome thing to do!"

Electra smiled. She had gained that smile of late. It was a subtle indication of the secret knowledge she had of the resources of her own future. With a perfect and simple conviction, she believed she should be guided, by Markham MacLeod or some unseen genius of his life. She should follow his star. She should know where to go.

"Rose said you did n't take the letters she offered you. Is that wise, Electra? If you want to know the Brotherhood—"

"I shall know it," said Electra, with entire simplicity. "The way will open."

She did not say that she could not bear to blur her secret by sharing it overmuch with any one. She was going on a mission for the chief. Other voices would confuse the message. The medium must be kept clarified between his soul and hers. Peter stood back, feeling, in another form, Madam Fulton's hopeless admiration of this magnificent futility.

"Well," he said, "I shall be there in the late autumn, and I shall find you."

"I may not," said Electra decisively, "want to be found."

But when he thought of the elements into which she meant to hurl herself, he was of the opinion that she would as gladly long to be found as the maiden in the arena before the beasts walked in. Then the train came, and she bade him a civil and correct good-by and was taken away.

Peter went home wondering, his eyes on the ground. Life seemed to resolve itself, not into the harmonious end of tragedy, but into more tragedy. Human things, when a solution was reached, deliberately began a new act. Peter had the childlike egoism of the very religious or the devotee of art. He never could help feeling that, in a way, the world was created for him. Its fortuitous happenings strengthened that belief. He had come home to lose Electra whom he did not love. Markham MacLeod, who, he now saw, had been too bright a sun, blinding his eyes to his own proper work, had been removed. Perhaps that, too, was done for him. And now he should paint his pictures. The Brotherhood still seemed far off and, if not vain, at least a clamorous sea of discontent, the hope of a palace beautiful beyond the touch of time. But near him were dear and intimate things: the feel of the brush in his fingers, the adorable combination of colors as delirious as the sunsets God could make. And in the future there were men and women who also would go singing along the path to perfect pictures and leafy glades. In them was infinite possibility of more pleasure, more delight. And there was his broken heart! For Peter's heart was truly broken. That he knew. He had lost Rose, for she had gravely told him so, and given the simple reason, if he needed it. There was no man for her but one. And the one was Osmond to whom he would gladly relinquish even the delight of her. So, thinking of his brother who was the best thing born, of his broken heart, of his pictures and the general adorableness of the world, crammed full of things to paint, Peter threw his stick into the air, caught it, and burst into song.

When the maids had left, after their good-by to Madam Fulton, giving the keys into her hand, she sat a while in the silent house, and took a comfortable nap. It was amazing, she thought as she sank off, what a lessening of tension it was to have Electra gone. When she awoke, it was still quiet and Billy Stark had not come. He was to run down from town, his last preparations made; the country minister was to meet them at the Grant house, and there they would be married. Then they would take the late afternoon train, and, in due course, sail for Liverpool. Even Bessie Grant did not guess they were to be married, but she, Madam Fulton knew, was ready for the last trump and welcoming evangels, and that prepared her for all lesser things.

It seemed a little chilly in the house, shut up as it was for the flitting, all except the room where Madam Fulton sat, and she took her chair out of doors, not pausing on the veranda but going on to the garden beds. It would be pleasant, she thought, to sit there in the sun with the bees humming on their way, and take her last look at the place. As well as she knew she was going to leave it, she knew she should return to it no more. It was not only that her age made it improbable, — for she had no doubt of Billy's ability to run over a dozen times yet; it was some inward certainty that told her she was going for good. It pleased her in every way. She liked new peoples and untried lands.

Yet, as she sat there, old faces crowded upon her, and they were pleasant to behold. Her husband was not there. With his death he seemed to have withdrawn into a remote place where no summons could reach him, even if she wished to call. And she had never wished it. But these were faces scarcely remembered in her day-time mood, very clear in the sunlight, and with no possibility of mistake. One was like her own, only where hers sparkled with irony and discontent, this was softer and more sweet. "Why," said Madam Fulton aloud, "mother!" It

gave her no surprise. Nothing seemed disturbing in this calm world, where things were throbbing warmly and, she knew at last, for the general good. Then she reflected that this was probably the effect of happiness because she was going to marry Billy Stark. It must be love, she thought, instead of their gay friendship. Youth and age were perhaps not so unlike after all, when one shut one's eyes and sat in the garden in the sun.

Billy Stark faded out of her musings, and the forgotten faces came the more clearly, all smiling, all bearing a mysterious benediction. She found herself recalling old memories with them, doings that had been once of great importance, but of later years had been packed into the rubbish hole of childish things. There was the summer day when she had lost the stolen prism from the parlor lamp, and mother had looked at her gravely for a moment and then smiled, seeing that tears were coming, and said it was no matter. Mother had never known that the tears were all for the loss of the red and blue lights in the prism, and somehow her kindness had not mattered then, because it could not bring the colors back. But now it seemed to the old lady in the garden that mother had been very kind indeed. "Don't mind it," the sweet face seemed to be saying. "Don't mind anything." And as she listened, she was restored to the pleasant usages of some morning land where one could be reassured in a blest authority that made it so.

It seemed a long time that she sat there in this pleasant company, so far removed from the conditions of her own life that it was actually, at moments, as if she were in another country. But forms began to fade, and, mingled with their going, was the sense that another personality was thrusting itself into their circle, and, being more solid than they, was pushing them out. Billy Stark was calling, in his kindly tone, —

"Florrie! wake up, child."

Her eyes came open.

"Yes," she said, "that's what mother was just calling me." She winked, and rubbed her eyes. "My stars, Billy," said she, "I've been dreaming."

Billy pulled up a garden chair. He looked at her with a tender consideration. Florrie was pretty tired, he thought. She had worn herself out with these forced hurrys. Now he had no doubts about his ability to take care of her, or his wish to do it. Billy was one who, having made up his mind to a thing, cast care behind him, and if it climbed up on the saddle bow, he promptly knocked it off again. That was why he proposed to be hearty for twenty years to come.

"Shall we turn the key in the door, and be poking over to Bessie Grant's?" he asked. "We'll call here for your trunks on the way to the train."

"By and by, Billy." She leaned her head on the chair back, and regarded him with her friendly smile. "I have n't waked up yet. What time is it?"

"Five minutes before three."

"No! Electra'll be sailing in five minutes."

"And in half an hour the reverend parson will be waiting for us at Bessie Grant's."

"Yes, I know. But let me sit a minute, Billy. I had the most extraordinary dream."

"Last night?"

"No, no. Sitting here in the sun. And yet I did n't think I'd slept a wink. Billy, do you remember the day mother stood me in the corner for going fishing with you, and then, when she found you'd stood yourself in the other corner, she laughed and gave us cookies?"

"Seems to me I do. I'd forgotten, though."

"So had I. I had n't thought of it for years. Then there was the time Jeanie Lake was married and they found out he'd deceived that girl over in the next township, and Jeanie died of a broken heart."

"What makes you think of it now, Florrie?"

"I remember so well how Jeanie looked through the weeks she was fading out, before she died. I remember I thought I should n't have taken it so. I'd have struck him on his lying mouth and lived to love another man. But Jeanie looks exactly like herself now."

"You've been dreaming, Florrie," said the old man anxiously.

"Did n't I tell you I'd been dreaming? I saw them in crowds. Don't you hurry me, Billy. Let's sit here a minute and talk about old times." She blinked her eyes awake again and looked at him reassuringly. "You must n't think I don't want to go, Billy. I do. I'm a little tired, but I'm all keyed up to go. I'm perfectly sure we shall have a lovely time, — the loveliest time that ever was."

"The voyage will do you good," he said, in the same affectionate concern. "The maid will meet us on the pier. And once in London, you'll be the centre of the crowd."

"Fancy! And Electra shall come over from Paris, and you'll make love to me, to shock her. Billy, is n't it queer I did n't dream of Charlie Grant this morning?"

"Why, Florrie? Why should you?"

"Because they were all there, crowds of them I have n't told you about. But not he. I suppose he was with Bessie Grant. Billy, it was when I gave him up, my life went wrong."

"Yes, dear, you told me so."

"It was n't that I could n't bear to lose him. I never broke my heart. It was because I made a bad choice, — a bad choice. I said deliberately I wanted the world and the things the world can give. Everything began when I gave him up."

"Time's going, Florrie. The parson will be there."

"Yes. Don't hurry me. Do you suppose we find things because we believe in them?"

"What things, dear?"

"Will Bessie Grant have heaven because she believes in it? Will she find him because she thinks he's there?"

"Come, dear, wake up."

"Well!" The old lady roused herself. The light came back to her eyes, the old smile to her lips.

"I'll tell you what, Billy," said she. "there's one thing I swear I never will forget. Living or dying I never will."

"What is it?"

"I never'll forget you saw me an old woman and treated me like a young one. I never'll forget you did your best to bring back my lost youth. And if there is a heaven and I set foot in it, and they bring up their archangels. I'll say, 'Away with you and your fine company. Where's Billy Stark?'"

But the light faded as she spoke and her face changed mysteriously, in a way he did not like. A clever thought came to him.

"Florrie," said he, "have you had your luncheon?"

"I guess not."

"Have you been sitting here ever since Electra went, dreaming and starving?"

"I guess so."

"Well, that's it. Now you get on your two feet and take my arm and come over to Bessie Grant's. And she'll give you food and coffee. Bless us, Florrie, we're not going to own we miss Electra's patent foods as early in the game as this!"

She smiled at him. "I believe I am hungry, Billy," she owned. "That's why I had my dream. They always have visions fasting. But it was a beautiful dream. I wish I could have it again."

"You wait a minute. I'm going to get you a nip of brandy." She was rising, and he put her back into her chair. "I know where it is." He hurried down the path, but her voice recalled him sharply.

"Billy, come back. Don't leave me."

He returned to her, where she had risen and was standing tremulously. That same dire change was on her face, as if old age had passed a sponge over it. Her eyes regarded him, in a keen questioning.

"What is it, Billy?" she whispered. "What's coming?" He put her into her

chair, and she said again, "Don't leave me."

"I must." There were tears in his kind eyes. "Let me go one minute, dear. I'll get you something."

But her frail hand detained him.

"Sit down, Billy," she was whispering. "No, kneel — there — where I can see you. Keep hold of me."

He knelt at her feet, and she bowed her head upon his shoulder. He put her back gently into her chair, again with the determination to get the brandy; but her face forbade him.

"Florrie!" he called loudly.

No one answered. With the keenness of the shocked intelligence, summoned to record the smallest things with the same faithfulness as the large, he noted how the bees were humming in the garden. He and the bees were alive, but his old friend was dead.

XXXIII

In the hushed interval after Madam Fulton had died and Billy Stark had gone away sadly, knowing he should return to America no more, Osmond went to find Rose. He had seen her briefly, in the common ways of life, but it was evident to her that they were not to meet alone. Perhaps his mind had fixed itself inexorably against her, she thought, and he meant to see her only to say good-by. But even that contented her, if it must be. The splendor of their understanding abode with her and made his will seem easy. When the tide of new love went down, it would be another thing; but now it was at the flood, and the light of heaven shone in it.

He came walking through the garden, and she saw him come. Grannie sat out there among the hollyhocks, waiting for Peter. He had left his painting to bring her a glass of water from the house, and she rested in a somnolent calm. Grannie liked the sunshine, and to-day it was opulent and flooding. To Osmond, looking at her as he came, her serenity

seemed even majestic. She had forgotten the world, he saw, and a smile brooded upon her face, that face where no evil passions had ever dwelt, and where peace had lain like a visible sign for many years. As he passed her portrait, he glanced at it in proud wonder because Peter had done it. To Osmond, it looked complete as it was, and he found it another and only less beautiful grannie in the garden, with an added touch of life upon the face, something that did not lie there every day. It was a shade of sadness in the midst of the tranquillity, as if grannie also, in spite of her calm, had known great hungers. It tempered her childlike quality and made what might be called her character as enduring as time that had wrought it. She opened her eyes, when he neared her, and her smile came, the one that was for him alone and never failed him.

"What were you thinking about, grannie?" he asked her.

"A good many things," she said. "Florrie and poor Billy Stark."

"You'll miss her, grannie!"

"Not long, son. And I'm very glad she's gone. Florrie never was one to bear old age. She'd have had to meet it soon!"

Osmond smiled tenderly at the ingenuous implication, but then he thought him it was true. Madam Fulton never had been old. Grannie put out her hand to his.

"I've been thinking of you, son, all the morning. I hoped you'd come."

"Yes, grannie. I could n't come before."

"No. You look like a new man."

"I am a new man, grannie."

He gave the kind hand a little tight grasp, and left her. Peter was coming with the glass of water, and Peter, too, had a morning light on his face, only his was the look of the maker who sees the vision of fulfillment.

"Good picture, Pete," said Osmond.

Peter nodded in entire acquiescence.

"I don't know what grannie looks

like," he said. He was gazing into the glass of water, as if it were a crystal and he could find the answer there. "I've been trying to think. Like a baby, — with a sort of innocence, — like a fate, a kind one, — like the earth-goddess. If I've put in all I see, it's a corker."

"It's the mother look," said Osmond. "But it is a corker, safe enough."

They parted with a nod, but Peter stopped.

"Hear that!" he said.

Rose was singing. The song began so triumphantly, with such dash and splendor, that it was almost like improvising. Osmond felt it like a call. He went on to the house, and Peter, after that moment of listening, also kept on the way that took him to his work. He, too, walked with quickened step, and there was light in his eyes. All the vibrations of his being quickened to the song; but he was thinking what a stunning world it was to have such things in it: paint and canvas and disturbing songs and broken hearts. The song ceased suddenly. He knew why. Osmond had gone into the room and Rose had met him. Peter sighed. Then he laughed, took grannie's empty glass from her, and sat down to work.

"It's a funny world, grannie," he remarked.

Grannie smiled at him. She understood him also, though he was not in her heart as Osmond was.

"You like your work, don't you, Peter?" she remarked. "It's just the right thing for you."

Peter plunged at it.

"It's the best thing out," he affirmed. "It's the top bubble on the biggest wave." Then he too, because the song had ceased, began one on his own account, with an inward rueful apology to his broken heart. For the song should have been a sad one, but Peter could not paint when the vibrations lagged, and so he made it gay.

Osmond followed the voice, and met Rose in the sitting-room, where she stood

waiting for him. She wore a morning gown of demure dimity, with a little ruffle about her singing throat. When she saw him, she laughed, for no reason. Then she blushed. For Osmond was not the same. He came up to her and took her hands.

"You don't look like a goddess," he said.

They were smiling at each other out of an equal hope.

"I'm not a goddess. I'm just girl."

"Not a terrible Parisian?"

She looked down at her dress, that had wrought the simplicity.

"I put it on for you," she said. "You did n't like my chiffons that other night."

"How did you know I should come?"

"You knew it. Why should n't I know it? Are the wires down?"

Then, by one impulse, they began to walk back and forth through the room, hand in hand, like children.

"You go next week," he said, although he knew she did.

"Yes."

"When do you come back?"

"As soon as I can race through all the business there. In a month, I hope — perhaps less."

"Shall you come straight here?"

"I may stay a day or two in New York. I shall bring letters. I shall try to get a footing there."

"I will meet you in New York. Grannie has folks there. I'll take you to them."

It was a different man that spoke, decisive, dominating. She flushed in keen delight. They stopped at the window and looked out on the garden-beds, in that tranquil summer hush, all growth and bloom. He drew her hand to his lips and spoke intemperately.

"What a fool I was to come by day!"

"Why, Osmond?"

"I wanted it to be by day, with no glamour round us, to make you judge, accept, reject things as they are. But now I need the night to help me." She was a picture of breathing happiness.

He forgot his part. "Rose," he cried, "it's love between us!"

"It's love," she answered.

"I came to tell you the past is past. It's not to be remembered. Not a doubt! not a fear! not even a fear for you. You're not to love a coward. I won't have that. Will you take me, make what you can of me?"

The light on their faces spoke without their will.

"I'm not going to mark it down," he said. "I'm not going to say it is n't worthy of you. It's going to be, the sort the big lovers died for. I have looked the thing in the face. I adore it. I'm going where it leads me."

She calmed as he grew fervid.

"Sit down, Osmond," she said. "We must talk. There are n't many days to talk in."

But as he sat, he kept her hand.

"Shall I tell you why I've been staying away from you?" he asked.

"If you want to. But I know."

"You don't know the half. I have had to conquer all sorts of fears, chiefly for you. For me it's nothing. I'd rather have one minute of you and lose you to-morrow than not to have had you. But for you!" A wistful shade fell upon his face. "My own dear child!" he

mused. "It must be well for you."

"It will be well."

"It shall. It's a great adventure, Rose. It's a big challenge — the biggest. I promise you —"

"No! no!"

"Yes. I promise you my undying faith. And I won't be a coward."

She was looking at him, smiling.

"You're a darling lover," she said.

"Such pretty words!"

Then they laughed.

"This is nothing to what I can do," said Osmond. "I shall read the poets."

He leaned to her and they kissed, like children. Tears came into his eyes. He foresaw strange beauties he had never dreamed of. There would be the sweet, slumbrous valleys and the sharp lightnings of fierce love, but there would be also the homely intimacies, the foolishness of children who, hand in hand, can smile at everything.

"Do you suppose you could tell what I am thinking?" he wondered.

The air of the playhouse seemed to be about her, and she knew.

"You are playing we are on a ship," she said.

"Yes, we two alone —"

"We're just starting on the great adventure —"

(The End.)

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL

BY JOHN ERSKINE

We traveled thro' the soundless night
And breathed the fragrant June,
Tumultuous fragrance, flooded bright
With an unwaning moon;
Till from the whitened field the wood
Rose dark along the hill, —
And there with sudden joy we stood
To hear thee, whip-poor-will!

O Bird, O Wonder! Long and high
Thy measured question calls!
I marvel, till thy perfect cry
Almost too perfect falls.

What art thou singing, voice divine,
Heart of the poignant night?
What utter loveliness is thine,
Of suffering or delight?
Delight too lovely, all but pain,
Would thy frail spirit pour?
Would sorrow, in thy perfect strain,
Be joy forevermore?

Thou hadst no answer but thy song —
Clear as the soft June light,
Sweet as the fragrant earth, and long
As that immortal night.

PROHIBITION IN THE SOUTH

BY FRANK FOXCROFT

PRIOR to last July, there were only three Prohibition states in the Union, — Maine, Kansas, and North Dakota. Since that date, four states have been added to the Prohibition group: Oklahoma, by a provision in the constitution under which she entered the Union, and Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, by legislative enactment.

Prohibitory legislation in the South — for Oklahoma is virtually a southern state — is not a bolt from the blue. It is the culmination of forces which have been for a long time at work. Careful study of existing conditions justifies the conclusion that these forces have by no means spent themselves, but that other southern states are likely to follow the example of Georgia, Alabama, Oklahoma, and Mississippi.

The people of the southern states have become accustomed to local prohibition through the working of local-option laws. In Massachusetts and elsewhere in the North the city or town is usually the element in the application of local option. But in the South the county is the unit. Naturally, when the opportunity was given for an expression of local sentiment against the saloon, the rural counties were the first to go "dry." There the crossroads "doggeries" were doing their most destructive work, and the idea of driving the liquor traffic out of the country districts into the towns was a captivating one. The movement spread rapidly to counties which were partly rural and partly urban in their population. The overwhelming majority against the saloons in the rural districts, coupled with a minority of the city voters, sufficed to make more and more of these counties "dry."

So it came to pass that, when the legis-

lature of Georgia met in June, 1907, out of the 145 counties in the state, 125 were "dry," and most of them had been so for years. Repeatedly the attempt had been made in previous legislatures to enact a general prohibitory law. Bills to this end had passed the House only to be blocked by the Senate. The liquor interests were so strongly entrenched in the Senate that they entertained a serene and not unreasonable confidence in their ability to defeat there any extreme temperance legislation. But they forgot to take into account the peculiar system upon which representation is distributed in the Georgia legislature, — a system only a shade less complicated than the Prussian suffrage laws.

The apportionment is not primarily by population, but by counties. In the House each of the six counties having the largest population has three members; each of the twenty-five counties ranging next in population has two members; and each of the remaining counties has one. In the Senate, representation is by districts, and usually three counties, but sometimes four, constitute a district. The legislature is elected biennially. A system of rotation among the counties prevails in the selection of senators. A senator from a certain county is elected to represent his district this year; the turn of that county to be directly represented in the Senate does not come round again for four years. In the instances in which four counties are bunched together to make a district, the turn of that county will not come round again for six years. An exception is made in favor of Fulton County, in which Atlanta, the largest city of the state, is situated. That county is allowed

direct representation in the Senate at every other election.

Under such a system, there will be legislatures, of course, in which the cities will have the minimum of representation in the Senate. This is what happened in the legislature which met in June, 1907. Of the fifteen largest cities in the state, only four were directly represented in the Senate. Atlanta, Augusta, Americus, Albany, Rome, and Athens were among the cities left without senators by this rotation system. The prohibitionists were not slow to seize the opportunity. The first bill introduced was the prohibition bill. With an assurance born of the favoring circumstances, the bill was introduced, not in the House, as formerly, but in the Senate. The fight was pushed, and within thirty days the bill was passed and signed by the governor, to take effect January 1, 1908. The vote in the Senate was 34 to 7, and in the House 139 to 39.

The law thus swiftly enacted is one of the most drastic in the history of prohibitory legislation. It forbids absolutely the "manufacture, sale, barter, giving away to induce trade, or keeping or furnishing at public places, or keeping on hand at places of business, of any alcoholic, spirituous, malt or intoxicating liquors, or intoxicating bitters or other drinks which, if drunk to excess, will produce intoxication." It would seem that the framers of this law had made a thorough study of prohibitory legislation in other states, with the intention of stopping up every loophole which experience elsewhere had disclosed. The usual leniency toward druggists, and toward the use of liquors for supposed medicinal purposes, is absent. Druggists are allowed to keep plain alcohol, but that is all. A physician may not prescribe stimulants, except alcohol, and then only under stringent restrictions. He must fill out a blank stating the exact nature of the ailment and certifying that in his opinion the alcohol is absolutely necessary to relieve or cure the illness. He cannot fill his

own prescription, nor can he send it to a drug-store in which he has a financial interest. The prescription must be filled not later than the day after it is dated: it must not call for more than a pint, and it cannot be refilled; and every prescription filled must be recorded at the expense of the druggist filling it, the record being at all times open to public inspection. The alcohol must be delivered directly, either to the person for whom it is prescribed or to the physician writing the prescription.

Severe as this law is, it places no impediment in the way of ordering liquors from outside the state for use in the home. Many of the larger dealers, driven from their saloons in Georgia cities, have established themselves in Chattanooga or Jacksonville or elsewhere, and expect to retain a large part of their trade. Liquors ordered of them may be sent by express and delivered at the residence of the purchaser. A possible loophole in the law, also, is the absence of any specific mention of clubs. After the law was enacted, an effort was made to supply this omission by imposing a tax of ten thousand dollars, upon clubs which maintained "lockers." This went too far, but a compromise was reached by making the tax five hundred dollars. It is not yet clear, and cannot be until test cases are decided by the courts, whether clubs which pay this tax can venture to dispense liquors to their members. If the courts should rule that a club is either "a public place" or "a place of business," it would be impossible either to sell or to give away or to keep on hand in them any intoxicating liquors without being subject to the penalties of the law. In view of this harrowing uncertainty, it is not surprising that most of the club lockers remain locked.

In Alabama, the enactment of a prohibitory law was a greater surprise than in Georgia. The first step toward the restraint of the liquor traffic in that state was the passage by the legislature, years

ago, of special acts prohibiting saloons within five miles of certain churches and schoolhouses. Then came a modified form of town local option, under which towns of 5000 or more inhabitants were allowed to choose between saloons run for private profit and dispensaries run by the community, the profits going to public uses. Up to the 1st of January, 1907, of the 67 counties in the state, 22 were "dry" under special acts; 15 had dispensaries; 21 had licensed saloons; and 9 had both dispensaries and saloons. When the legislature met in January, 1907, a county local-option bill was introduced. The opponents of this measure urged as a substitute a bill which would have permitted towns and cities to vote separately, each for itself. The liquor interests, perceiving the futility of opposing all forms of local option, favored the substitute, hoping to prevent the prohibition of the sale of liquor in the cities and larger towns. But the county local-option bill went through the House with only two opposing votes, and was passed by the Senate with only a single dissenter. Encouraged by this overwhelming victory, the temperance elements introduced at once an "anti-shiping bill." This bill, which was enacted with only three opposing votes in the Senate and two in the House, forbids any person, firm, or corporation to accept any liquors for shipment, transportation, or delivery into any prohibition district. The soliciting of orders in "dry" districts by liquor drummers is forbidden, and violation of the law carries a penalty of five hundred dollars fine and six months' imprisonment at hard labor. After this heavy blow, the liquor interests may well have thought that the worst had happened. But the same legislature was re-convened in November, in special session, to consider railway legislation; and it took the bits between its teeth, and enacted a state prohibitory law, to take effect January 1, 1909.

In Alabama, as hitherto in Georgia, a part of the revenue from the liquor

traffic is turned over to the school fund; and there was presented at Montgomery, when the prohibition bill was under discussion, the unusual spectacle of a large body of women from Mobile, protesting against its enactment on the ground that the public-school system would be crippled. But the legislature did not heed the protest: and it may be that Alabama, as Georgia already is doing, may find new and more suitable sources of revenue for its schools, to take the place of that lost through prohibitory legislation.

In Oklahoma and in Mississippi, the transition to state prohibition was made easy by the continual extension of the "dry" area under local option. Of the two former territories which constitute the new State of Oklahoma, Indian Territory was wholly "dry" under federal laws aiming at the protection of the Indians, and the Territory of Oklahoma was three-fourths "dry" under the operation of local option. Constitutional prohibition in Oklahoma is as drastic as statutory prohibition in Georgia, in that it prohibits absolutely the manufacture, sale, barter, or giving away of liquors, except under rigid restrictions for medicinal use; and it imposes a jail sentence upon a physician who prescribes liquor for a person not entitled to it. In Mississippi, out of 76 counties in the state, 69 were "dry" under county option, and the sale of liquor was forbidden in about nine-tenths of the area of the state. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that the legislature, which assembled in January of this year, took up the question of prohibition as the most urgent matter before it, and by the middle of February enacted a rigid prohibitory law by an overwhelming majority in both houses.

The Mississippi statute resembles that of Georgia, with some points of difference. For one thing, it reduces to a half-pint the amount of alcohol which a physician may prescribe. It makes it unlawful "to manufacture, to sell or bar-

ter, or give away to induce trade, or keep for sale or barter, or to be given away to induce trade, any vinous, alcoholic, malt, intoxicating or spirituous liquors or intoxicating bitters or other drinks which, if drunk to excess, will produce intoxication." But it exempts wine for sacramental purposes, as the Georgia statute does not, and it also permits the making of home-made wine, for domestic or household uses. The law cancels all existing licenses with the end of the present year, and forbids the issue of licenses thereafter. A companion statute, approved by the Governor on the same day, February 19, regulates the disposition of liquors shipped into the state C. O. D., or with a bill of lading attached. The provisions of this statute are unique and ingenious. After such liquors have been delivered to the person addressed, it is made unlawful for any person to remove them more than one hundred feet from the place where the delivery was made. The consumption of the liquors is made a lonely joy, for the receiver is forbidden to sell or to give away any part of them. Nor is it safe for any one to lay in a large store of liquor for his own consumption; for the law makes the mere possession of so much as half a gallon of liquor *prima facie* evidence of guilt. With its range of influence limited within a radius of one hundred feet, its amount limited to less than a half-gallon, and its consumption restricted to the solitary individual who orders it, the havoc which may be wrought by a consignment of C. O. D. liquor is reduced to its lowest terms.

The liquor interests have taken alarm at the outlook, and are starting tardy movements of reform in the hope of averting further disaster. One of their organs candidly remarks that "various forms of viciousness seem to fasten to the liquor traffic with the tenacity of barnacles." Why have these various forms of viciousness escaped attention hitherto? Why has the liquor trade as a whole presented a solid front to every

movement for their elimination? It is the old story:—

When the devil was sick,
The devil a monk would be;
When the devil got well
The devil a monk was he.

Just now, the devil is sick; and the remedy which suggests itself to him is the reform of some of his evil ways. The organ already quoted makes this quite clear when it goes on to say: "The reform of the saloon and the elimination of the dive and such like efforts may not head off the wave of prohibition now spreading over this republic, but these steps can certainly help some." The Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association of New York has adopted a resolution urging changes in the laws, "to the end that the retail business may be ultimately conducted by men of recognized character and standing in the community."

The most significant step is the formation of a "Model License League" by a recent convention of distillers and wholesale dealers at Louisville. This league adopted an address "To the People of the United States and to the Members of the Legislatures of our various States." This curious document opens with an extenuation of the offenses of the retail dealer, on the ground that the force of competition or the law of self-preservation often persuades him to "do things he condemns at heart, and which do hurt to the opinions, and perchance to the rights of others." "Why do so many saloon-keepers violate law?" the address proceeds to inquire; and it answers, "Because they find it profitable, or else because their competitors practically force them to violate law." The remedy, it appears, is to make the saloon-keepers easy in their minds by giving them a permanent grip upon their licenses. The first suggestion which this Model License League puts forth to American legislatures is that every outstanding license should be made permanent unless canceled by the vote of a majority of the citizens of a state,

county, precinct, or municipality. It is to be transferable, or left as a part of an estate, like any other property. Licenses should be "clear, unambiguous contracts between the state and the individual," and the utmost penalty for their violation should be cancellation. Finally, legislation is suggested against the sale of liquor to minors, but the penalty is not to fall upon the dealer but upon "any minor over eighteen who represents himself to be of age in order to procure intoxicants." The address goes on to argue that, with such legislation as this, the saloon-keepers will enforce the provisions, because it will pay them better to obey law than to violate it; and to preserve so valuable a license from cancellation "the saloon-keeper will be of all men most anxious to run an orderly place, to refuse to sell to minors or inebriates, and to close at the hour named by society." Elsewhere in the address is the sententious declaration, "If society imposes upon the saloon-keeper, the saloon-keeper will certainly impose upon society." Perhaps; but to a dispassionate judgment, a time when, in nearly every state in the Union, an increasing disposition is manifest to hit the saloon and to hit it hard, does not seem the best for the making of such a threat.

There is good reason for the panic of the liquor interests. A map of the United States, with prohibition states white, license states black, and states partly "dry" and partly "wet" under local option indicated by shading, discloses a belt of states — a new "black belt" — extending from Montana on the north to the Mexican border, in which temperance legislation has made no headway. In this belt are included Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico. Outside of this belt, there is no state in the Union in which some form of restrictive legislation is not operative. The patches of white territory, marking areas which are "dry" under local option, are especially numerous in the South;

and the prohibition area is growing so fast that a map of 1907, thus marked, is already antiquated. Kentucky is no longer a "Bourbon" state, in this matter of the sale of liquor. Of its 119 counties 94 are entirely "dry," 21 allow the sale of liquor only in cities, and only four put no restrictions on the traffic. In Tennessee there are only three cities and three towns in which the sale is licensed. In West Virginia, out of 55 counties 33 are "dry;" in Virginia, 46 out of 100, and 26 more are "dry" outside of the cities; in North Carolina, 62 out of 97; in South Carolina, 17 out of 41; in Florida, 34 out of 47; in Arkansas, 58 out of 75; in Texas, 145 out of 243, with 51 others partly "dry;" and in Louisiana, 23 "dry" parishes out of 59.

Nothing can be plainer than that most of these states are headed toward state prohibition. Their movement in that direction is accelerated by the advantage which all accessible statistics prove that "dry" counties have over "wet" as regards the prevalence of crime. Thus in Virginia, the "dry" counties furnish one prisoner in the penitentiary to every 5122 of the population, while the "wet" counties furnish one prisoner to every 2913. In West Virginia, the five wettest counties have 415 convicts; the other 50 counties have only 413. The comparison might be extended indefinitely with similar results.

This year is the "off" year in the meeting of state legislatures, but next year, when the legislatures of most of the states will be in session, a large amount of restrictive legislation may be looked for. If prohibition is even fairly well enforced in the states which have adopted it, other states will be inclined to follow their example. It is, of course, too early to judge of results; but the first reports from Oklahoma are of a marked falling off in the business of the police courts, and from Georgia of increased steadiness of negro laborers. At Atlanta, last January, there were but 64 cases of drunkenness before the court,

as compared with 341 in January, 1907. In January and February, 1907, there were 3074 arrests for all causes; in the corresponding months of the present year only 1538. The first sentence for illegal selling was to twelve months on the chain-gang. There have been several days this year when no prisoner was before the court at Atlanta charged with drunkenness; and on one memorable day, the city jail, for the first time since it was built, was wholly empty. These are facts that will bother the bureau of publicity which the National Brewers' Association has just established, to prove to the people of the South that "prohibition does not prohibit."

As was to have been expected, there are some checks to the advance of prohibition. In West Virginia, in February, a prohibition amendment to the constitution, which had passed one branch of the legislature, was defeated in the other. The South Carolina legislature has rejected a prohibitory bill, but by a vote close enough to warrant the hope of different action later. The Mississippi legislature, which adopted statutory prohibition in February, rejected constitutional prohibition, by a close vote, in March. This, however, is not a check. It merely points to a purpose to test the efficacy of the system before embedding it in the fundamental law. The legislature of North Carolina was not quite ready to enact prohibition, but it has submitted the question to a referendum, to be taken April 29.

What is the cause of this drift toward prohibition in the South? The obvious cause, and the one most often given in explanation, is the presence of the negro. It is said that the vote for prohibition in the South represents exactly the same reasoning which excludes liquor from Indian reservations, shuts it out by international agreement from the islands of the Pacific, and excludes it from great areas in Africa under the British flag; and that, wherever there is an undeveloped race, the reasons for restrictions

upon the liquor traffic become convincing. The South, we are told, faces two imperative needs, better labor and less crime, and the closing of the saloon opens the way to meeting these needs. There is force in these statements. Drunkenness unquestionably demoralizes labor and incites to crime. The frightful race riots at Atlanta, which sprang from the dives and were carried to such excesses of unreasoning ferocity by men who were inflamed by drink, may well enough have been in the minds of the Georgia legislators when they enacted state prohibition.

But the presence of the negro furnishes only a partial explanation of the prohibition movement in the South. It is a noticeable fact that, during the debate in the Georgia legislature upon the pending prohibitory bill, the negro was not once mentioned as a reason for the enactment of prohibition. The fact is that the curse of the drink evil rests upon white as well as black. It retards the highest development of the individual, and the prosperity of the community. The ablest and most far-sighted leaders of Southern opinion have come to the realization of this truth. Habits of personal temperance are more widely diffused than they once were. The South needs for its development capital, and intelligent and diversified labor. It cannot attract either if industry is made irregular and life and property insecure through the multiplication of doggeries and dives. In the South, moreover, as elsewhere in the United States, the saloon interests themselves are largely responsible for the revolt against them, which leads up to these drastic laws. Rapacious, lawless, and cruel, unmindful of the public welfare and of private rights, defiant of restraint and impudently insistent upon their right to do as they please, they have worn out the patience of the public. They have elected and have controlled sheriffs, mayors, aldermen, and legislatures, until the people have awakened to the fact that the short

and simple, not to say the only way, to get rid of the saloon in politics is to get rid of the saloon. No explanation of the southern situation is complete that does not recognize this fact.

Does the spread of anti-saloon sentiment all over the country, and of state prohibition in the South, point to a considerable increase of the Prohibition party vote in national politics? Naturally the party leaders hope for this result, and predict that the prohibition sentiment will grow till by its own momentum Prohibition is established in the Constitution of the United States. But they overlook the fact that there is a great difference between the appeal made to the average man by local or even by state prohibition and that made by national prohibition. The nearer a saloon gets to a voter, the easier it is to arouse him to active efforts for its displacement. A canvass recently made of Boston residential districts in the interest of ward option disclosed men who themselves kept saloons in other parts of the city, who were prepared to vote against saloons in the ward of their residence, for the sake of their children. In towns and cities in which the question of License or No-license comes up under local-option laws, a large part of the No-license vote is cast by men who have no extreme temperance views and are not total abstainers. But they perceive that the local saloon injures neighboring property, increases crime, tempts workingmen to indulgence, makes the streets insecure, and menaces the growing boy. So they vote to be rid of it; but they would not vote for state prohibition. Still less would they vote with the Prohibition party at a national election.

Massachusetts furnishes a striking illustration of this principle. It is a state quite as easily moved as most states by moral enthusiasms. Yet, at the presidential election in 1888, the state gave only 8701 votes for the Prohibition candidate. In April, 1889, a prohibition amendment to the state constitution was submitted to the people. The amend-

ment was defeated by a majority of 45,820. Yet the vote cast in favor of state prohibition was 85,242, or almost ten times as large as that given for the third-party ticket at the national election a few months before. In the local-option elections in Massachusetts in 1889, the total No-license vote was 114,550, and there was an actual majority for no-license of 5656, as contrasted with an anti-prohibition majority of 45,820 in April of the same year.

The same conditions, it may be assumed, prevail in the South. As county after county has gone "dry" until a large part of a state is under county prohibition, the annoyance occasioned by contiguous "wet" counties has increased until the voters are prepared for state prohibition. But the members of southern legislatures who have enacted prohibition are not therefore Prohibitionists, so far as national politics are concerned. They are still, practically all of them, Democrats. About a quarter of a million voters, more or less, North and South, will go on voting in presidential years with the National Prohibition party, whose remedy for the evils of the liquor traffic is the extreme, and, as it appears to most minds, the impracticable one, of prohibiting by an amendment of the Federal Constitution, as public crimes, "the manufacture, importation, transportation and sale of intoxicating liquors;" but they will not be very largely recruited from the men who have brought about state prohibition in the South.

There are, however, two points at which national legislation will be sought to reinforce the execution of state prohibitory laws. Congress will be asked so to legislate as to prevent the shipment of liquors from "wet" states into "dry" ones. It will be demanded that liquor, in whatever form and in whatever packages, shall become subject to the laws of a state as soon as it crosses its boundaries. Bills to this effect are now pending in Congress. The demand is not unreasonable.

and it is, incidentally, in full accord with the state-rights sentiment of the South.

In this connection it may be remarked that it was to the vigilance of Senator Clay of Georgia that prohibition states and communities owe the recent discovery of an attempt to open the mails to the shipment of liquors. On the 13th of February, as the Senate reading-clerk was droning through the bill for the revision and codification of the laws of the United States, and section 218, which forbids the transmission of certain articles through the mails, was reached, Senator Clay jumped to his feet and directed the attention of the Senate to the fact that nowhere in the amendment was there any mention of liquor or glass. He protested against the amendment on the ground that it would nullify prohibition laws by allowing liquor dealers to send liquor of all kinds through the mails, and he demanded of the Senator in charge of the bill by whom and for what reason the change had been made. No very definite explanation was given of the origin of the mysterious amendment, but the Senate, by a unanimous vote, struck it out, and the provisions of the original law were restored.

The second demand which is likely to be made upon Congress is for legislation to prevent the issue of "licenses" by the federal government for the sale of intoxicating liquors in counties or states where it is forbidden by law. But this demand, although sincere, is based on a misapprehension. The national government does not "license" any one to sell liquor. But it exacts an internal-revenue tax from all persons who do sell liquor, and it collects this tax without reference to state license or prohibition laws. The truth is that this system is far from being an unmixed evil in prohibition communities or states. It puts the liquor dealer between the devil and the deep sea. If he attempts to sell without paying the internal-revenue tax, he is liable to prosecution and heavy penalty in the federal courts. But if he pays the tax, the fact that he has done so may be disclosed, and the very possession of the tax receipt which he is required to have in order to stand off the federal authorities may be, and in some states is, made *prima facie* evidence that he is violating the state law. Level-headed prohibition and anti-saloon leaders will reflect seriously before they agitate for a change in this particular.

THE LITTLE FADED FLAG

BY EDWARD L. WHITE

"ANY objection to graveyards?" the American inquired.

"I should object to taking up my permanent abode in one unnecessarily soon," the Frenchman replied, his black eyes twinkling, his thin lips smiling between his jetty mustache and his pointed sable beard.

"Monseer Daypurtwice," said his host, "I'm not joking, you understand. I've showed you most of this neighborhood, and I rather like to drive through our cemetery, myself. I'm trying to find out how the idea strikes you."

"I should be charmed, I am sure," Des Pertuis answered in his unexceptionable English.

"Some people don't like to go to a graveyard," Wade resumed, "any oftener or any sooner than they have to. Sure you're not just being polite?"

"Quite sure." René replied, smiling again.

"Honor bright, no reservations?" Wade queried anxiously, half turning, and glancing into his guest's eyes.

"None whatever," René answered him smilingly.

"Then we'll drive through the cemetery," Wade informed him, settling back comfortably, not a muscle showing effort, except his outstretched arms, tense against the taut reins.

"I shall be charmed, I am sure," René repeated.

"You may think it queer," Wade remarked, "my taking you to the cemetery, but I'll explain afterwards, you understand, or perhaps you'll find out for yourself before we leave it, why I took you there. I want to try an experiment, want to see whether something is going to strike you the way it strikes me, you understand."

"You are very kind, I am sure," said Des Pertuis. "I shall be interested to learn the result of your experiment."

"Ferris wrote me," Wade went on, "that what you wanted was real American atmosphere, and he thought I could let you into some at Middleville. I believe you've found some, have n't you?"

"Yes," the Frenchman agreed, "I have been in what I am sure is a genuinely American atmosphere."

"I've watched you absorbing it, you understand," Wade chuckled. "You've had to take in quite an amount of hot air with your American atmosphere."

Des Pertuis smiled deprecatingly.

"Oh yes," his host continued. "You've been polite about it. I could appreciate that, you understand. You've smiled and looked interested while Uncle George talked bushels-to-the-acre and all that, while Tupper talked tons of tomatoes and the rest of it, while Bowe talked reapers and thrashers and iron fences and cutlery, while Parks talked tonnage-per-mile and tonnage-per-landing; you've taken it all in: farm-brag, trade-brag, railroad-brag, and steamboat-brag; you've appeared charmed, but you've got everlastingly tired of the brag all the same."

"I have not heard you brag, Mr. Wade," René reminded him quietly, his twinkling black eyes fixed on his host's plump, smooth-shaven visage.

"Perhaps I'm going to brag," Wade replied. "Brag is part of what you came after, part of the American atmosphere, you understand, and I brag myself, but not about the same things, nor in just the same way. I love the Eastern Shore, I like to hear it called 'God's Footstool,' or 'The Garden Spot of the World.' But I've quit using those terms myself, — to

foreigners, anyhow. I never run down my home state or my home country, you understand, but when I meet a man like you, who has seen Holland and Belgium and Luxembourg and Saxony and Provence and Lombardy, let alone other places I have n't seen, I let others do the bragging about density of population and fertility and productivity and all that. I don't call them down, I sit and smoke and look on. But I'm not saying much, you understand."

"I quite comprehend," René assured him. "Enthusiasm for one's own is not by any means unpleasant."

"Not unless you get too much of it," his host commented, "or unless the enthusiasm is for the wrong things, you understand. Enthusiasm for the wrong thing makes me mad. We Americans have plenty to brag of; things really worth boasting of. But it makes me hot to hear these half-baked countrymen blab about the area of the United States, which is an accident; or our coal and iron and copper and petroleum and what not, which are quite as accidental; or our population, which is the result of the other accidents; or the volume of immigration, which is a menace. I want them to distinguish what we really ought to be proud of from what we have no call to boast of. And I bet you feel that way, too. I've been watching you, you understand."

"Boasting about one's own country is an amiable foible," René remarked. "I do not object to such chauvinism, as we call it."

"But you are a trifle uneasy," Wade put in, "when they begin to draw comparisons, — especially if they are undeserved, you understand, — and to run down France and French things. Is that what you mean?"

"Precisely," Des Pertuis replied. "You have penetrated my meaning; and I may remind you that you yourself have done nothing of the kind, nor Madame Wade."

"It's good of you to notice it," his

host said. "Naturally she would n't any more than I. We've been in France, you understand. But perhaps I'm going to do that, too, as well as brag. No offense, you understand. But I'm commercial. I take a commercial view of things. I fail to see through a great many things other people seem to comprehend, you understand, and one thing they told me in France surprised me. I thought I heard Mary asking you about it last night. But I was n't sure, what with Humphreys and all the other fellows talking at once, you understand. Anyhow, I want to ask you about it."

"What is it?" his guest queried civilly.

"What was the name of that part of France, over toward England, where there was no end of a civil war during your revolution?"

"You mean La Vendée?" René asked.

"That's it," his host replied. "I never can remember that sort of a name. I'm commercial, you understand. Well, somebody told us while we were in Paris (I think it was the Rogerses, who live there, but I'm not sure), that the descendants of the people who fought on opposite sides in that war won't sit down to table together this minute, nor be under the same roof. Is that true?"

"Not wholly," René responded; "two might be in the same theatre or in the same public building, and neither think it necessary to leave after recognizing the other. But certainly it is true of not dining together. No one would invite a Charette to meet a Hoche; neither would remain in any house a moment after learning the presence of the other. Still less would a Cathelineau or Rochejaquelein consent to spend an instant in a drawing-room with a Turreau or a Carrier; no, nor in a restaurant or hotel."

"Don't you think that is carrying personal hostility pretty far?" Wade asked.

Des Pertuis stroked his short spike of a beard.

"You do not comprehend," he said,

"how fierce, how implacable, how ferocious was the fighting in that war. You have never heard of the devastations and counter-devastations, of the massacres and retaliatory massacres, of the savageries, the tortures, the insults, the ingenious horrors inflicted on the vanquished by the victors on both sides; of the brutal ruthlessness and refined cruelties."

"Perhaps not," Wade rejoined. "But when did all that happen?"

"From sometime in 1793," René replied, "to sometime in 1796."

"All over a hundred and ten years ago," his host commented. "No offense, you understand, but speaking as between friends, don't you think that is a long time to hold a grudge?"

"The families concerned," Des Per-tuis made answer, "do not take that view of it. They still smart under the reciprocal wrongs inflicted, they still recall the gloating fiendishness of their foes, and apart from any recollections of outrage, they rather make a point of honor of their inflexibility. Why, not only the families involved on one side or the other of the war in La Vendée, but the old legitimist nobility generally and the descendants of the revolutionists at large, stand upon the same punctilio. No son of a noble house which never bowed to Bonapartism or to the Orleanist ascendancy, or to the party of the Citizen King, no member of any such noble family would ever meet socially any descendant of a Bonapartist, still less of a regicide, were he Montagnard, Jacobin, or Girondist. No La Rochefoucauld or Château-Reynaud would unbend to any Murat or Carnot."

"Don't you think yourself, — no offense, you understand," Wade suggested, "that that is rather a peevish and childish way to behave?"

René again stroked his beard, even more slowly.

"They do not so look upon it," he said; "they take pride in their tenacity."

"What's that national motto of yours

on your coins," Wade asked argumentatively. "What does it mean in English?"

"Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity is the translation of that motto," Des Per-tuis answered, a trifle stiffly.

"Do you call that fraternity?" Wade queried triumphantly.

"You do not comprehend," the Frenchman began ardently.

"I allow that," his host cut in. "I'm commercial, you know, and miss the fine points. No offense, Daypurtwee, go on."

"Indeed, you do not comprehend," René declared. "Our national motto is for us as the — what do you call it? — Golden Rule for all Christians; the ideal which is aimed at rather than an injunction which all live up to. The Golden Rule has not made all Christians always treat others as they wish themselves to be treated. We strive for fraternity. But a motto cannot make human nature otherwise than it is."

"Human nature," Wade remarked, "varies with the race and country, you understand. Some kinds don't need to be made over."

"I see," said his guest shortly.

"No offense, I hope, Daypurtwee;" his host spoke anxiously. "No offense meant, you understand."

"Yes, I understand," René replied, smiling again.

"Here's the cemetery," Wade proclaimed. "We've driven miles around. I wanted to talk before we reached it."

He pointed with his whip to one grave-stone after another, telling of the families, their characteristics, and their relationships to one another and to his own. The horse walked slowly. René, his hat in his hand, listened affably.

Wade halted his team under four big wide-spreading maples.

"That's my father's grave," he said, pointing.

René bowed in silence.

"And that's my uncle's," Wade went on, "my mother's brother, Colonel William Spence."

"He was a soldier in the Federal

armies during your late war," René remarked.

"What makes you think that?" Wade inquired.

"I have visited many of your cemeteries," René answered, "at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other cities. I have learned your customs in respect to the graves of all such soldiers."

"So you think he fought for the Union?" Wade queried.

"I am sure of it," René replied confidently.

"Well," said his host, "you never were more mistaken in your life. My father's brothers both fought for the Union, but my mother's kin were all fire-eating rebels. Colonel William Spence fought under Lee."

"What!" the Frenchman cried. "the Union flag on a Confederate soldier's grave!"

"You'll find," Wade told him, "that this is not the only part of the country where they put the Stars and Stripes on the graves of ex-Confederates."

The Frenchman said nothing. They sat silent, side by side, the stout, blond, jolly-faced, red-cheeked, smooth-shaven American, his gray felt hat on the back of his head, looking sideways with quizzical blue eyes at his guest; the compact, black-haired, black-bearded Frenchman gazing steadily down at the white headstone, the narrow grass-mound, the month-old withered flowers, the draggled, mud-streaked, rain-bleached muslin flag, no bigger than a handkerchief. One of the geldings tossed his head and champed at his bit, and the reins tinkled and clanked softly.

"Who put it there?" René queried at last.

"The veterans," Wade answered lightly.

"When?" René inquired.

"The thirtieth of last May," his host replied.

"Why," Des Pertuis exclaimed, "that is your national Decoration Day. I was

told that the Confederates had a different decoration day of their own; in June, I think."

"Yes," Wade responded. "They observe it all over the South, you understand. But here and in many of the border districts, in small towns, where there are not many veterans, they all walk out here, blue and gray together, and put Old Glory on every grave indifferently."

"I had been led to think," René ruminated, "that there was much rancor after your civil war; but I fancy from what you tell me that there was less animosity than I had conceived."

"There was much rancor," his host declared. "The animosity at the time of the war cannot be exaggerated, could not be conveyed to you by any description, you understand. There is rancor yet, mostly among the Southern women, particularly those born since the war, or those whose families really suffered least or whose men did not fight at all, — a sort of artificial cult of rancor. But the families who lost everything, whose estates were trampled by the armies, whose homes were burned, whose best men died in battle, who were left beggars when it was all over, — well, they and theirs talk now as they acted then, like the thoroughbreds they are. Not a complaint then, not a recrimination now. And the Northern families who gave most lives on the field are as mute on their side. As for the men who did the fighting, their animosity has all faded away. They forgive and forget."

"If the bitterness of feeling has so soon effaced itself," the Frenchman argued, "the war must have been waged without any exasperating atrocities on either side."

"If you mean by atrocities," Wade replied, "such massacres of prisoners by the regular authorities as you spoke of a while ago, or such butchery of surrendered adversaries as goes on in the South American revolutions, nothing of the kind occurred. But the bush-

whackers and jayhawkers who hung about the armies and infested the border were often worse than Apache Indians. The Confederate raiders burned some buildings, the devastation of the Shenandoah Valley caused much suffering and venom. But that is about the list of what you might call atrocities. Yet without any unnecessary ferocity, the mere inevitable horrors of fair, honorable, open warfare roused enough exasperation and bitterness and animosity and rancor, you understand. The hatred on both sides was at white heat while it lasted."

"I can scarcely credit," René said, "that what has cooled so soon could have been so fierce."

"You are comparing our forty years," Wade conjectured, "with your hundred and ten after the war in what's-its-name?"

"Just so," his guest replied. "It seems the hatred can scarcely have been so intense as you claim, nor the provocations so frightful."

"You ought to have heard the veterans last Decoration Day," Wade told him. "They had a sort of reunion of both sides here. Several of them stayed at my house and they made my porch their headquarters. You ought to have heard the stories they told."

"For instance," the Frenchman suggested.

"Oh, I can't begin to tell them," Wade disclaimed. "I'm commercial, you understand. I never can remember the names of the battles and generals and colonels, nor the number of the regiments, nor the dates either, for that matter; any more than I can remember the names of all those high-and-mighty families you were telling me about, you understand. But I took in the gist of their talk, you bet. I just sat there and smoked and listened, and when they ran dry I'd take 'em out in the pantry for a little ammunition. One evening in particular, I think it was the 29th of May, they got going.

"There were two of them staying with me, my uncle, General Tom Wade of Milwaukee, and Colonel Melrose of Boston, an uncle of my wife's. They were both born in Middleville, you understand, but one went west and one went north, and they live there yet. They were back in Middleville for a visit. Then there was Captain Tupper, cousin of the farmer you met, and Captain Bowe, uncle of the storekeeper. They both live here, came back after they made their pile, but they were out west when the war broke out. They were Union men too, you understand.

"We had five Confeds. Captain John Spence, my mother's youngest brother, Colonel Parks, father of the Parks you met, and old General Humphreys, Dick Humphreys's father. They live here, and with them were Colonel Janney, Henry Tupper's father-in-law, and Colonel Rhett, my sister-in-law's uncle.

"They were all right there on my porch, where you and I were sitting this morning. It was a beautiful night, hot for May and still. They had had a snifter or two all around and had rather limbered up to each other and warmed up to their talk. They talked war, of course, talked it good-naturedly. They had all been in it, had all lost near relatives in battle: Colonel Rhett had lost most, — never heard of such a connection as the Rhetts. But Colonel Janney had lost nearly as many. The five Confeds had all come out of the war beggars, lost every cent they ever had. Yet they all talked good-naturedly, you understand. They got to talking about a cornfield; not the cornfield at Gettysburg, but one famous in some small battle, early in the war, soon after Bull Run, I think. Anyhow they called it Rumbold's cornfield. I can't remember the name of the battle or of the locality, but they remembered it all right, you understand. They talked about the first charge and the second charge, and the second day's fighting, and the third charge across that same cornfield.

"Colonel Melrose said nothing.

"Uncle Wade asked, 'Were n't you there, Melrose?'

"Melrose tugged at his curly gray beard.

" 'Yes, I was there,' he said. 'The most fearful moment of my life was in Rumbold's cornfield.'

"We expected him to tell a story, but he said no more.

"General Humphreys launched into an account of the difficulties the Confederates labored under, their shortness of supplies, and all that. He told how they got five field-guns in position to cover that cornfield, and he made a good story of it too. You could just feel what an exploit it was merely to plant those guns after all they had to overcome. Then, when they were in position, they found they had just three shells. Only three shells, you understand. And before they could get more the first charge across the cornfield began.

"You ought to have heard Humphreys describe just how they felt, how they could not see the men charging, but could see the movement in the corn, how they made each one of those shells tell, and at short range too. How the shells failed to stop the charge, how the rifle-fire failed to stop the charge, how they barely saved their guns, how they lost one and recaptured it next day. He made you feel the fierceness, the hurry, the sweat of it all, you understand. He had sighted one of the guns himself for the second shot.

"When he stopped every cigar was out. They all started to light up. After they settled down again, Colonel Melrose began:—

" 'So you sighted the gun that fired that second shell, Humphreys! I was a private then. It was my third fight. When we scrambled over the rail-fence Nathan Adams was next me. We were on one end of the line. I was a strong runner then and must have drawn ahead of him farther than I thought as we forced ourselves through the tall corn.

The second shell burst midway of the company a little toward the rear. The force of the explosion knocked me flat on my face, though I was not hit. When I scrambled to my feet I glanced behind me, could not see Nathan, and ran back to look for him. I had heard of the horrors of war, but then I first realized them.

" 'A fragment of shell had torn him open from hip to hip. His heart could scarcely have ceased beating, his flesh must still have been quivering. But what I saw was already a loathsome carcass, not a man.

" 'I turned away. Gentlemen, there was nothing there for me to help. Nothing but carrion, what an instant before had been my dearest friend, the man I most admired, the most promising youth I ever knew. I bore my part in that charge, did my utmost in the fight. But I was a mere maniac with the riot of my feelings, the turmoil of my thoughts. I was surprised at the clearness of those same thoughts. The rush of the charge, the fury of the fight, the confusion of the retreat were enough to occupy the whole of any man's faculties. The mere physical horror of what I had seen was sufficient to benumb any conceivable intellect. Yet I went through everything like a wound-up automaton, not needing any faculties seemingly, for what I did, thinking independently of what I was doing, and observing my own sensations as one does in the double-consciousness of a dream. I remember what I thought, for I went over it a hundred times, a thousand times in the next year.

" 'First of all there was a sort of incredulous amazement at the intensity of the internal, physical sensation of overwhelming grief. It amazed me that it could hurt so atrociously, and I was more amazed that a spiritual smart could feel so entirely corporeal, like a scald or burn. It was as if I had swallowed hell-fire and it blazed in me without consuming me, a suffocating agony.

" 'Then there was the bewilderment at my loneliness, the inability to realize

that he would never speak to me again, that we should never again exchange confidences. I had gone to college very unformed. There was not much to form a lad on the Eastern Shore in those days. And at Harvard my mind and soul had developed rapidly. But my intellectual growth had been less the effect of Harvard than of Nathan Adams. He had been not so much my guiding star as the sun of my existence from the moment I first saw him. My other interests had been swallowed up in the fascination he exercised over me, and always for good. He was the prophet, preacher, and poet of my college days. My devotion to him was the first passion of my life, its only passion up to his death. To please him, to strive after the ideals he held before himself, to aspire with his aspirations, had been the sum of my aims. Behold, the idol had vanished from my heart's shrine. Life was empty.

"Also I was dazed with a sense of the loss to the commonwealth. Not only I but all who knew him had regarded Nathan as a natural leader of men, as possessed of transcendent powers, capacities and abilities, as born to a high destiny, as a precious possession of his state, his nation, of the world. I quailed at the irretrievable annihilation of his potentialities for good, of all he was certain to have done had he lived.

"Likewise I was overwhelmed with the sense of the waste of life the war entailed, of its frightful cost to humanity, and with that sense a crushing weight of my part of the duty to win for the country all his blood had been spilled for, all that was to be bought at the price of such lives as his. I had an access of partisan patriotism.

"And yet I felt not only that flare of ardor, but the lofty intellectual exaltation of devotion to the cause which had led us to enlist, swamped utterly by a torrent of personal animosity, of revengefulness, throughout that charge. I felt that life's most precious prize would be to have the man who fired that shell

helpless before me, to feel my bayonet pierce his breast. That feeling haunted me for months. After I was an officer, after I had my sword and had used my sword, after I knew that gritty, friable, yielding grind of bone under my sabre-point, no other desire so consumed me as to meet in fair fight the man who fired that shell and feel tingle all up my arm the crunching, clinging drag of my sabre-edge cleaving his skull. I was astonished at the elemental fury of my inward savagery. I was as primitive as Agamemnon praying to Jupiter to let him feel his spear-point rend Hector's corselet and pierce his breast-bone. I was as primitive as a Sioux brave at a war-dance.'

"When Melrose stopped, nobody thought of cigars. They sat so still you could hear the breath whistle in Colonel Park's asthmatic wind-pipe. And they were still for some time.

"At last Humphreys asked:—

"'And now?'

"'And now,' Melrose took him up, 'there is not even the ghost of that acrimony left. We meet and you tell of it and I hear of it and know that you are the man. But all that volcano of hatred is burned out in me. I tell of how I felt, but the telling does not revive the feeling it recalls. I have no more animus against you than if those horrors had happened in some past lifetime, or to other men altogether.'

Wade paused.

"And then?" René queried.

"And then," Wade enlightened him, "they shook hands and we all went out and took a drink."

"Do you know," René remarked, "for a man who calls himself commercial, you tell a story very well?"

"So my wife says," Wade replied shortly.

"Also," René went on, "for a man who disclaims a memory for names you have some rather pat. Agamemnon is not a commercial word."

"Oh," Wade laughed, "I remember names I learned at school. But I get so lost among names of battles, commanders and numbers of regiments, you understand, that I give up altogether. I can repeat a conversation pretty well, though. My wife says it's a wonder that a man who can remember another man's language so exactly can find so few words to express his own ideas. But that's the way I'm built. I remember what impresses itself on me, you understand.

"After we got out on the porch again they were all a little uncomfortable. Melrose's story had been too real. Captain Tupper started in to create a diversion; you could hear that in his tone.

"Speaking of sighting a shell,' he said, 'the best shot I ever saw was fired from a battery I commanded on the march to the sea. It was just before we reached Columbia. There was really no force in front of us, but they behaved as if they had a substantial body of men, and fooled us for some hours. We got our guns well within range and well-masked. Through my binoculars I could see the enemy's staff as pompous as if they had an army of a hundred thousand men intrenched.

"There was an officer with a gray goatee seated at a little table, two younger officers, with black goatees, standing on his left, and five or six men on his right, one in front with a long dark beard. They were as cool as if they controlled the situation, orderlies galloping up and galloping off and all that.

"We had a German named Krebs, a barrel of a man, but a wonderful artilleryman: I called him and he sighted our best gun through the scrub pines.

"He plunked the shell square on that table, I saw the table smash, and the shell exploded as it struck the ground. That was the best cannon-shot I ever saw or heard of.'

"The instant Tupper ceased Colonel Rhett cleared his throat. He spoke in a muffled, choked voice.

"Strange,' he said, 'a second recog-

nition the same evening. I was one of the half-dozen men on that general's right hand. I was the only one not killed of the nine by the table. The general was my father, and the man with the long black beard my brother-in-law. Two of the others were my cousins.'

"You may be sure we were all uncomfortable after that. And it did not seem to me another drink was in order, just then, either.

"Colonel Tupper spoke like a man.

"It was all in the course of duty, Rhett,' he said. 'I would not hold a personal grudge for it against you, if our places were changed, not if the shell had killed all my family and friends.'

"That sort of relieved the tension and we all felt less nervous when Rhett answered, —

"I hold no grudge, Tupper. We're all friends together, now. And since you mention it, it would have taken an almighty big shell to kill all my kin at one shot.'

"We laughed at that and felt better.

"Captain Bowe cut in. He thought he could change the line of thought.

"Duty led to some pretty unpalatable acts being forced on a fellow in wartime,' he said. 'Sometimes I think some of the duties that resulted in no bloodshed at all were worse to have to do than any kind of killing. I was in the Shenandoah Valley, and I can tell you turning ladies and children out of doors and burning their homes before their eyes took all a man's resolution and devotion to duty. It took all a man's resolve not to bolt and desert rather than carry out orders. I had some horrible days then.

"The worst of all was near Red Post, at an estate named Tower Hill, belonging to some people named Archibald. Of course there were women at home, only the women. Mrs. Archibald was not over twenty-six. She had four children, a beautiful little girl of about five years, twin boys, not any too sure on their feet, and a baby not six weeks old. She had two sisters, handsome dark

girls, about seventeen and nineteen; Rannie their name was, or something like it. Her mother was an exquisite old lady, all quiet dignity. They were not hard and cold and scornful like some of the women I had had to leave houseless; they acquiesced without protests. Mrs. Archibald said she realized how distasteful my task must be to me. Indeed, I had tears in my eyes when I talked to her, I know. They huddled together just beyond the heat of the fire, and watched the barn and quarters burn and the house catch. They clung to each other, and the girls cried softly. By the Lord, gentlemen, that hurt more than any loss by death, and death took some of my dear ones during the war. That tried my soul more than danger or privations. It was bitter hard to have to do, and it is not agreeable to recall, even now.'

"Janney swore out loud.

" 'This seems to be a day of recognitions,' he said. 'Their name was not Rannie, it was Janney. They were my sisters and my mother. I was not two miles away, and I saw the house go. I vowed to kill the man that burned it, if I ever met him, and I meant it too.'

" 'Does that vow hold good?' Bowe asked quietly, never stirring in his chair.

" 'Time has canceled all the rash vows of those years,' Melrose put in before Janney could speak. 'All the rash vows and all the old hatreds.'

" 'Yes,' Janney agreed, 'that is my view too. I consider that vow as completely annulled as if I had never taken it. But if we had captured you, Bowe, among the prisoners we made out of the stragglers then, and if I had known you for the man who burnt Tower Hill, I'd have shot you like a dog, sir; murdered you in cold blood without a qualm, sir!'

Wade sat silent. The near horse pawed at the turf-grown carriage track and turned his head toward the buggy, wickering softly.

"And what followed?" Des Pertuis queried.

"I don't remember any more that evening," Wade replied. "But next day the nine of them walked down here, arm in arm, Humphreys with Melrose, Rhett with Tupper, Janney with Bowe, and Captain Spence and Parks and Uncle Wade, with seven or eight more veterans. Colonel Melrose stuck that flag on Colonel Spence's grave, himself."

René looked at the flag as if he had never seen it before.

"I perceive the point," he said. "Your experiment is entirely successful. I agree with you. I have seen nothing in America as wonderful as that little faded flag. I understand what it is of which you especially boast. You conceive that here in the United States exists a kind of fraternity more genuine than anything anywhere else in the world. It is this of which you brag."

"Exactly so," Wade affirmed. "That's what I brag of, that's worth bragging of, you understand. What do area and population and wealth and manufactures and trade-balances and prosperity and all that sort of thing amount to, after all? Other nations have had them, and have them, and will have them. But what other nation ever had what that flag stands for? I don't know much history, you understand, but my wife spends her life reading, and I listen when she talks. I'm dead sure no nation ever produced anything to compare with the spirit in which our differences have resulted. I'm sure no nation has it to-day. And if it ever overspreads the world in the future, we made it, we started it, we had it first. That's something worth being proud of."

"I comprehend indeed," René told him. "And I do not wonder at your pride in it."

"Bully for you," Wade cried. "It's some satisfaction talking to somebody who is appreciative, you understand. Now I don't mean to run down the old countries. I acknowledge their culture

and manners, their music and poetry and literature, their painting and sculpture and architecture. They've all that and we haven't; we can't compete with them in any of those things. Let them brag of their cathedrals, and art-galleries, and court-balls, and all the rest of it. They are wonderful. But that flag stands for the most wonderful thing in all the world, for the finest thing the world has ever produced yet. Not for talk about brotherhood, but for the real thing. That's my view, you understand."

"I comprehend indeed," René repeated. "And how long will that flag stay there?"

"Till the 30th of next May," his host replied.

"What will they do with it then?" Des Pertuis queried.

"Throw it away, I suppose," Wade answered easily. "It will be pretty well used up by then, you see, and they'll stick down a fresh one."

"Shall you be here then?" the Frenchman inquired.

"Sure," said the American. "Why?"

"Could you get it for me?" René queried. "If you could I should like to put it up over the fireplace at Pertuis."

"With what's-his-name's stirrup and thing-em-a-bob's glove?" Wade asked.

"Yes," René answered, "with the gauntlet left by du Guesclin with that hostess who had nursed him back to life; with the stirrup-iron from the saddle which Gaston de Foix gave his boyhood crony, my ancestor; with the other like relics, not a few."

"My wife went wild over that chimney-piece," Wade affirmed. "She said it was the finest she had seen in France and the most wonderful collection of mementos she ever saw in a private house."

"Madame Wade is very kind," René replied. "If you will be so good I should like to place among them this very flag."

THE NEW ART OF HEALING

BY MAX EASTMAN

This is the great error of our day in the treatment of the human body, that physicians separate the soul from the body. — PLATO.

SOME innovator in natural science — I think it was Galvani — said that the two classes who impeded him most were the scientists and the know-nothings. It appears also in our own day that the learned and the ignorant are the chief foes of progress. The former, having acquired their learning with some labor, are naturally loath to see it outdated, and the latter, having been perhaps at considerable pains to preserve their ignorance, are not to be startled out of it by any means. But we should not condemn two such valuable things as learning and ignorance because of the resistance they offer

to a reformer who happens to be right. Reformers are as rarely right as the wind. We need both resistance and guidance against them, if we are to arrive at any port. The learned and the ignorant are helm and ballast in a somewhat precarious progress.

Wherefore, ranking this paper bravely among the deliverances of the learned, we find that its mission is to offer guidance in a matter about which a great quantity of the general public is very much at sea. In this question of "mind-over-matter," the reformers have done their work. They have stirred things up. They have bestowed upon the world about a hundred and fifty little religions and a confused idea that there must be

some truth in the matter somewhere. The ignorant have done their work. They have persecuted the believers, jeered at them, or damned them with a vacuous smile. This world will never lack ballast. It is only the scientists that have failed of their duty. They have stalked through a routine of elevated lectures, written a few incomprehensible books, and kept the science of Psychology, so far as the hungry world goes, sealed up in their own proud bosoms. In all this uproar of faith-cures, and miracles, and shouting prophets, we have heard few illuminating words from the universities. The consequence is that we are without a helm, and the reform blows now one way and now another.

The religion of mental power has nearly as many formulations as there are individual believers. Christian Science is numerically in the lead, and we may sum up its contribution in these words from Mrs. Eddy's Book:—

"Become conscious for a single moment that life and intelligence are purely spiritual—neither in nor of matter—and the body will then utter no complaints. If suffering from a belief in sickness you will find yourself suddenly well."

Next in importance stands "Mental Healing," which one of its advocates in a moment of unfortunate complacency called "The New Thought." It can best be summed up, however, in the old words of Plato:—

"For it is not by the body, methinks, that they cure the body—but they cure the body by the soul, which, while in a diseased state, or becoming so, is incapable of performing any cure whatever."

There are a thousand varieties of each doctrine, but, generally speaking, the "New Thought Movement" represents, besides much simple wisdom, the belief that one powerful mind can, by "concentration" in presence or absence, help another mind to overcome its wrong ways of thinking. When these are con-

quered, the cause of the bodily trouble is removed, and health ensues. The companion belief that one can secure the Presidency by going into the silence, and holding the thought with sufficient tenacity, we can afford to neglect, because it has nothing to do with therapeutics.

There are, however, a number of Oriental philosophers, Yogi Healers, dark-eyed Hindus, and Theosophists, who swim in the wake of the New Thought, and whose business is to treat the sick. They would be called "fakirs" in India, I think, without disparagement; and it is characteristic of our western view of things that we have identified that word with deceit. They are in their own eyes mysterious priests and servants of mankind, and we cannot but recognize an uncommon power in their tradition, arising out of the dark bosom of Asia and the past.

Other forms of this faith, too, are fresh in our minds. The miraculous cures of Alexander Dowie, in the person of Elijah, are reported to have been genuine and of some durability. Then there are the *séances*, the work of physicians returned from the "spirit-land," the laying on of hands in the dark, and cures wrought by this hope of immortality. Magicians of all kinds are to be found, if one searches, casting out demons and calling on the name of the Lord. There are sudden healings of paralysis by the ancient method of prayer and faith; there are the miraculous relics of the saints, the shrines, and fountains; there are mesmerists, evangelists, and crowing little prophets on all sides. Charlatans or genuine believers—who can tell that does not preside at their thinking? The world is full of tradition and hope.

By the side of, or in the wake of, these more or less mystical practices, a school of physicians has appeared, who combine with their medical treatments a serious attention to the mental condition of their patients. They treat nervous disorders by suggestion, they consider a great many disorders nervous which

were not formerly considered so, and use suggestion as a help in the treatment of other troubles. These physicians proceed humbly in the path which a strict science points out. They have found that one truth which underlies the various visions of the enthusiasts. We may safely aver that the whole movement will resolve itself into a momentous reform in the practice of medicine. And the purpose of this paper is to show upon what psychological law this reform is based, how these physicians operate, and how they differ from the wizards of Christian Science and the wielders of "thought-vibrations" and "magnetic fluid."

The Law of Suggestion, which is one of the great discoveries of modern science, was first formulated by Dr. Liebault at Paris, in a book published in 1866. Since his day the number of physicians who practice "suggestive therapeutics" has steadily increased, until to-day no thorough clinical hospital is without a professional suggestionist. This practice does not involve any metaphysical theories, the passage of any hidden force from one brain to another, any "planes of existence," or any religious upset, or any poetic physiology, or the swallowing of any occult doctrines whatever. It is one of the simplest and coolest of scientific theories. It is a question of the relation between the brain and the bodily organs. It seems never to have been clearly stated that healing disease by suggestion depends not in the least degree upon any theory of the relation of mind and matter.

Suppose that you knew nothing about politics, but lived in a community of a thousand persons, each of whom believed, and frequently asserted, that "the Republican party is the greatest party in the country." It would be only by an effort of will that you could resist believing that yourself. And this would be true, if not one of those thousand persons ever gave a reason for the greatness of the

Republican party, and if you knew that a thousand persons in the next county believed with equal vigor in the greatness of the Democratic party. An idea tends to become fixed in your mind by vigorous repetition from another person — without appeal to your reason. Education should make us resist, and submit such ideas to the judgment of reason. Character consists largely in such resistance.

But if we purposely relax our judgment, put ourselves in a passive attitude toward these Republicans, we will find our own politics fixed in less than a month by the politics of the community in which we live. This happens all the time with persons who have not the character to demand reasons. They become possessed without reason of an "unalterable conviction." We will say that it might happen to us, if we voluntarily relaxed our customary firmness.

The attempt to fix an idea in the mind without reason is suggestion. It is accomplished usually in medical practice by asking a patient to lie down and relax his body and his mind, and then vigorously stating to him the desired idea. It may be accomplished in a number of ways. The patient may be told that the operator is a wizard and is about to transfer an idea from his own mind to that of the patient. If the patient believes him he will very likely accept the idea. It may be accomplished by gestures or incantations which the patient regards with superstitious awe, provided it is explained beforehand what these gestures are meant to produce. It may be accomplished by telling the patient he has no body, and sitting with him for a while in a spiritual silence, provided he knows what he is to expect. All these methods, if one believes in them, are good, and they prove by their success the law of suggestion. But the method that is based on a sure truth is the method of the scientist. He reasons with his patient, he stirs in him what moral and religious enthusiasm he can, and to these means

he adds tactfully the subtle suggestive power of his own presence and eloquence. This force, together with the power which is revealed in a man of correcting his own mental habits, is the greatest practical discovery of modern psychology.

It is clear that, if for a good reason I decide to relax my critical faculty toward a person whom I trust, and make myself open to his suggestion, I have not "weakened my will," or lost any moral dignity. This is a childish and unthinking superstition. My relinquishment is an act of will. Persons of strong will when they coöperate with a physician are the best patients. Not only is such a voluntary subjection of one's self to a chosen master an act of will, but it is a high and difficult discipline. It is seen in all the history of religion and morals to be a victory. And, confining ourselves to therapeutics, it is difficult to see why it is any more a suspension of judgment to let a physician you have decided to trust lodge a helpful idea in your mind, than to let him lodge an ominous-looking capsule in your body.

Suggestive therapeutics is the use of suggestion to fix in the mind ideas of health, or healthy mental habits. And we are now in a position to inquire what is the value of a fixed idea of health. My discussion here divides itself into two parts, according to the varieties of human infirmity.

A great deal of alleged physical suffering is primarily mental. A great many people have "fixed ideas" of disease, pain, debility, fatigue, dread, inefficiency, and unexpressible woes. Much oftener than we realize, these can be transplanted without surgery or medication. I do not mean that they are not real sufferings. They are as real as the grave. But they are not grounded in physical infirmity, and they are not to be cured with physic. The mind becomes possessed of a conviction that a certain part of the body is infirm, and imputes pain to that part in spite of all the medicine in

the world. Hundreds of people refuse to get well after the physician has cured them. It is not his fault, and it is not their fault; but they have simply had disease suggested to them until they cannot think at all except upon that assumption. It is an "auto-suggestion," or it is a family-suggestion, and the only way to remove it is by the vigorous counter-suggestion of another person. The value of a "fixed idea" of health, as being only the removal of a fixed idea of disease where there was no organic reason for it, will hardly be disputed. Yet one cannot overestimate the multitudes that there are of these invalids, sitting in padded chairs and making ready for the hearse, whose trouble is primarily mental; and how many there are again who have a slight organic infirmity, and have increased its effects a thousandfold by what we may call "household suggestion."

One is particularly reminded of those victims of so-called nervous depletion, who are denied even the last resort of a chronic invalid — the enjoyment of cultivating a virtue. Patience is too absorbing for these sufferers, and unselfishness a desperate indiscretion. Day in and day out they are taught that they must foster vacuity, which is the one thing the human heart unconditionally rejects. Most of us have sat shuddering at one time or another under the incubus of an idea, and these most pitiable persons are often in a dire extremity of the same plight. This remark sounds, at the first blush, like a personal affront to a self-respecting and properly smothered invalid. But upon reflection we will realize that the mind is no more incriminated than the body by the fortuitous admission of toxic matter. If we respected a psychic ailment more we would cure it more, and we would avoid it oftener. To quote Mrs. Eddy's best sentence, —

"When this mental contagion is understood . . . we shall avoid loquacious tattling about disease, as we should avoid advocating crime."

What we are to avoid is a thousand house-grown maladies of the imagination — a crew of impalpable lemures and blood-sucking ghosts, such as no man can afford to have about his hearth. Many of them now occupy recognized seats in the infernal hierarchy of the Pathologist, and their number has been amply exhibited by Dr. Dubois in his recent book.¹ This has been tacitly understood by the less chemical and dogmatic of doctors for a long time. The chief value of many pills lies in the satisfaction of taking them.

Apropos of which subject I am reminded of the silver-haired Dr. Grimesbeckle, a good friend of my youth, and a physician of the old Garden School that is now nearly extinct. For him a few grassy herbs and a pair of shrewd compassionate hands were the main items in *Materia Medica*. Yet I have seen him load up a cantankerous patient with doses of such portentous-looking pellets — having about the size of a sea-going torpedo — as made my own inwards to quake. And that too, when the diagnosis, as announced by him in the helpful tones of a cheerful auctioneer, was nothing of nobler nature than an “old-fashioned stomach-ache.” If you ventured to remonstrate with him outside the door upon the abandon with which he had served out physic to your relative, he would look you up and down with a kind of anatomical disdain, and he would grumble this out at you: “Some people, my boy, never believe anything until they get it stuck in their throat.” Which mysterious formula meant, as I afterward learned, that all he had given the patient was a dose of corn-starch and a slap on the back.

Suggestion is indispensable in curing ailments which are primarily mental. But whether a fixed idea of health or a healthy fixed idea can cure or help to cure a bodily disease, seems to be a dif-

ferent question. There were crutches enough left at the holy shrines, but there were no wooden legs. And many people who believe in the use of suggestion do not believe that any palpable ailments were ever helped by it. They think that such a belief would involve theories of “mind-over-matter,” and they do not care for these theories.

But there is no difference in kind between a so-called mental and a physical trouble, because every mental condition is paralleled by a brain condition. That brain condition must be removed if the trouble is to be cured. So if we grant that suggestion can affect a physical condition of the brain, we have only this question left — to what degree can it affect the whole nervous system and thereby the body? I remember seven theories of the relation of mind and matter, and not one of these has more than an incidental bearing upon this subject. At the expense of the reader's patience I shall try to make this important point clear before I stop.

Psychology and physiology agree that every mental change or condition is paralleled by a physical change or condition within the brain or nervous system. When I say “is paralleled by” I mean that they happen together in time, and that is all I mean. No question here of inter-relation, of cause or effect, soul or body — simply that the occurrence of every idea in the mind is accompanied by some physical occurrence in the brain. Physiology has to do with the physical occurrence, not with the idea.

An idea of a healthy stomach is accompanied by a certain brain-condition; an idea of a diseased stomach is accompanied by a different brain-condition. Those are physical conditions. And we may now cease to consider the ideas at all. Our question is: Can those physical conditions of the brain affect the physical condition of the stomach? We know that the brain-condition which accompanies the idea of raising our hand can affect the condition of the muscles of our

¹ *The Psychic Treatment of Nervous Disorders*. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. 1905.

arm — and we call that a voluntary function. Now the question is whether the brain condition which accompanies the idea of enlivening our stomach can have any effect upon that involuntary function.

Experiments with suggestion have proved that in some cases it can, if it continues long enough. Persons of a very suggestible nature can, for instance, by concentrating their mind upon a certain part of the body, increase the flow of blood to that part, although the regulation of blood-flow is supposed to be entirely involuntary. The action of the heart also, the movements of the digestive organs particularly, and of the organs of elimination, are almost directly affected in suggestible persons by that change in their brains which accompanies certain ideas. Individuals differ very much in the degree of control which can be established: they differ as much as they do in their ability to move their ears. And this difference in individuals — the so-called psychic and non-psychic types — does not seem to connect itself uniformly with any other characteristics. So it is hard to tell one from the other except by the actual experiment.

Science has established, then, that suggestion can affect to some extent the so-called involuntary functions of the body; but the extent or limitation of these effects is by no means determined. It could not be determined scientifically without years of diligent experiment and tabulation. Any dogmatic statement upon one side or the other of that question is therefore premature and against the spirit of science.

Rev. Samuel McComb, Dr. Worcester's associate in the church in Boston which has recently inaugurated the use of suggestive treatment, together with religious and moral discipline, writes as follows: "With our present light it must be maintained that suggestion is available only within certain limits. There is not the slightest evidence that when an organic change has taken place in the body,

such a change can be affected by mental means."

The first sentence is unquestionable; the second is highly unscientific and untrue. Those words "organic change" and "organic lesion" are used very bravely by many persons who have small apprehension of the difficulty they would have in explaining them. An "organic" trouble is one in which there is an abnormal condition of the tissues of an organ; a "functional" trouble is one in which there is a failure in the action of an organ, without any discoverable change in its tissues. "Nervous dyspepsia" is a functional disorder, ulcer of the stomach an organic disorder. All persons who have been much in the mercy of our physicians are acquainted with this general distinction.

But it is only a distinction of practical language, and must not be overworked, for here again we are unable to draw the line. The brain and nervous system is an organ. The functioning of the stomach is largely controlled by the brain and nervous system. A functional disorder in the stomach therefore often represents an organic disorder in the brain or nervous system. And few things would be more likely to "affect" an "organic change" in the nervous tissue than the permanent fixation of certain thought-habits in the brain. If the most delicate investigations were possible, we believe we should find that every trouble has its organic manifestation. Even those miseries which I called "primarily mental," are probably accompanied by abnormalities of cerebral structure somewhere, though they are too fine for us to discover. But if these slight organic changes can be affected by suggestion, we have no authority for the assertion that greater ones cannot be affected. It is a question merely of the degree of the effect, and not of the kind. If suggestion can affect those abnormalities of the nerves which accompany fixed ideas of fatigue, perhaps it can affect those abnormalities of the nerves which we call neurasthenia — neurasthenia be-

ing the name a doctor gives to his own ignorance. But perhaps it can also affect those greater abnormalities which are called neuritis. What I want to show is that there is no difference in kind between the disorders we can see, and those we cannot see. There is no reason to suppose that suggestion can affect changes which are invisible through the microscope, but that as soon as a change becomes visible, suggestion can no longer affect it. There is a limit to the effect of suggestion even in the most susceptible person, but we have at present no idea what that limit is. That is one reason for objecting to the statement which I quoted.

Another reason is that, given a change in an organ, it is a part of the *function* of other organs to remove it. Even so small a thing as the increase of blood-supply in the disturbed region can have its curative effect upon an "organic change." Therefore if suggestion can increase the blood-supply, it can affect an organic change. So that if we grant that suggestion can affect the functioning of parts of the system, we have granted that it can indirectly affect the structure of other parts. It is of value in the removal of, or adjustment to, organic disorders. The next sentence in Mr. McComb's article is an admission of this: "Yet even here the suggestive principle is not without value. It creates the most hopeful atmosphere within which the material remedies may work." If this is to be interpreted as science and not as fancy, it means that when an organic change has taken place in the body, such a change may be affected by mental means.

Issuing from the sweat of these technical arguments, we shall be better convinced by an example. Let me cite therefore the repeated experiments of those physicians who have produced in suggest-

ible persons a structural alteration of the skin by suggesting in hypnosis the application of a blister. This may be explained as a high control of the circulation, but it is an organic change produced thereby, and as such is of immense significance.

We have the comfort of knowing that no truly scientific person will for many years attempt to describe the limits of application of the suggestive principle. Each will adopt a general attitude which satisfies his temperament and explains his experience. There is ample support in the brilliant experiments of certain French physicians for those who are quite radical, and there is a mountain of traditional wisdom for those who are conservative.

If I have shown that the new practice of medicine, which takes account of psychology and cerebral physiology, is not dependent upon any doctrine of mind and matter, I have accomplished my reason's purpose. If in the by-going it has been suggested to some person that his woes can be alleviated by mental means, or, at least, that he can learn from some new prophet the best of the art of being an invalid, so much reasoning will not seem vain. Every sick man can afford to make this venture.

Finally, be it urged that those who believe in suggestion, and have perhaps been helped by it, shall quit their ignominious reticence and say so. It is wrath to the hopeful to see those who have sufficient breadth to go and put themselves under suggestive treatment, not having sufficient ardor of personal honesty and altruism to say they have done so, but hugging their secret like the insane. So long as the unprejudiced are cowards we are wholly damned by prejudice.

EARTH'S ARTISTS

BY CHARLOTTE PORTER

A PAINTER Autumn is, whose brush
Shows earth's hot heart in each cool rush,
Each bush flames underfoot, each tree —
A tossing torch — flares high and free,
Each plant would all a flower be.

A Sculptor Winter is: his hand
With icy chisel carves the land;
He bares earth's pureness to the light,
His keen strokes shape with rigor right
The sudden goddess, hushed and white.

Earth listens: her Musician, Spring,
Afar, and timid, thrills his string:
The goddess melts, — a girl descends;
Those stars, her eyes, on his she bends,
And deathless hope his luting lends.

But when the girl a woman turns
Within her soul all music burns;
Her Poet, Summer, sings the word
Her spirit had but inly heard,
And life to know Life's joy is stirred.

“POOH! A MOTOR-BOAT!”

BY WILLIAM DAVENPORT HULBERT

I HAVE been reading a magazine article on “The Joys of Small-Boat Sailing,” and it has appealed to me as few magazine articles do. I, too, have owned a small boat. I, too, have been instructed in the art of fastening a “sheet-rope” so that it will stay as long as it is wanted and can be let go in a hurry. I, too, have felt the stout little hull leaping and plunging beneath me like a living thing. I, too, have known the thrill that comes in what my father used to call “a gale of wind,” when, with the canvas pulling with all its strength, and the tiller tugging like a frightened horse, she heels till the white foam hisses and flashes right over the leeward gun’l’. I am not quite sure that I have ever had a balloon jibe, but I have been hit by a squall and have held on till the mast broke. Yes, and I, too, have listened to a sweet soprano voice, singing the sweet, old-fashioned songs, while the sails rounded gently in the soft night-breeze, and all about us the water shimmered like a sea of molten silver.

By moonlight and starlight we’ll bound o’er the billow.

If that enthusiastic magazine writer had been perfectly frank, and had told the whole truth as well as nothing but the truth, I think I should probably have to add that I, too, have toiled slowly homeward through a long, hot summer afternoon with the help of a white-ash breeze, while the sun blazed down from a cloudless sky and up from the mirroring water, and the perspiration trickled, and the oars grew heavier and heavier, and the canvas flapped, flapped, flapped, maddeningly, from side to side, and the wind blew steadily up and down the mast. But if I felt called upon to mention these things at all I should certainly say that they were all in the game, and that I have

many memories that are more disagreeable than those of the days when the wind flatted out.

I thank you, brother, you have brought it all back to me.

And yet, in spite of my gratitude, I have somewhat against you because you have spoken slightly of one of the best friends I have ever had, and have implied that she is hardly worthy to be mentioned on the same page with sailing craft.

“Poooh! a motor-boat! . . . A sea-going trolley-car. . . . We feel the same contempt that —” etc., etc., etc.

You hurt my feelings, brother. Really, you do. Come now, and let us reason together, and perchance I shall convince you of the error of your views.

In the first place, you admit that a motor-boat is all right if one wants to go somewhere, but you hint that no one who really loves and appreciates the water ever does want to go anywhere in particular. Well, I do. I want to go somewhere.

Seventy miles away, down the great river that flows past my town, and out on the broad North Channel of Lake Huron, a full league from any other land, there lies a horseshoe-shaped island, with rocky reefs guarding the portal of its harbor, but with fifty feet of water under your keel if you enter in by the strait gate. Once upon a time it was a fishing-station. The fishermen are gone now, but you can still lay your launch alongside their rotting wharf; and if you come in after dark, and it is too late to gather balsam for a bed, you can spread your blankets on the planks and lie there till morning. The stars will watch over you, and now and then through the long, quiet hours you will hear the lonely night-call of the

waterfowl. Perhaps a rabbit will come to look for bread-crusts, or the splash of a leaping fish will break the stillness. And by and by, sooner than you expected, you will look across the glassy harbor and see the eastern sky brightening ever so little, while against it the pointed firs and the tall pine trees stand up blacker than ever. Another day is coming round the world. Presently, out of the inky silhouette of the land, and its inkier reflection in the water, faint details begin to appear — the long, straight line of the beach; the white stems of the birches; dim, shadowy forms of big round rocks; and, last of all, the leaves. And all the time, in the sky above and the water below, that first soft, faint glow is deepening into splendor, till the whole earth is filled with the wonder and the glory of it, and at last the great sun himself comes over the treetops and bids you "Good-morning."

I've been there and seen it all, and I want to go again. I want to hear the gulls scream as they rise in angry clouds from their nests on those rocky reefs, vexed beyond measure at the coming of a stranger, and I want to lie on the old brown wharf again and watch the sunrise.

And fifty miles away in another direction there is another island, where every June a family of young loons is reared. I want to go and see how they are getting along this year. There are people who say that a loon's laugh has a wild and lonesome, and even maniacal, sound. I don't think so. Not always, at any rate. That particular loon mother has a laugh that seems to me to tell of happy domesticity. I want to make sure that no one is disturbing her housekeeping.

And in still other directions there are the North Shore, and Whitefish Bay, and the Munuskong. I have seen them all, but I want to see them again, and when I am ready to go I shall not want to wait for the wind. And I shall not have to. Instead, I shall go down to the boat-house where the Sudden Sinker is waiting for me, and I shall say, "Fill up the

tank, Elmo, and give me ten gallons extra, and a gallon of cylinder oil, and a can of dope."

The dope and the oil and the gasoline will be forthcoming. The tents, and the blankets, and the axe, and the kettles, and the frying-pan, and the dishes, and the grub will be tossed aboard, or perhaps stowed in the rowboat that we sometimes take along as a tender. The crew and the passengers — if there are any passengers — will take their places. And now a twist of the switch, a three-quarter turn of the needle valve, a quick throw of the crank,

And we go, go, go away from here;

On the other side the world we're overdue.

Or perhaps it is a shorter run. We, too, like our friend of the sailboat, are somewhat given to leaving town for an afternoon and evening; and although we do not carry a chafing-dish, as he does, we often take a frying-pan and porterhouse steak, and find them a pretty good substitute. Somewhere down the Old Channel we go ashore, build our fire, open the lunch-basket, eat our supper, and watch the sun go down, the stars come out, and the river turn to glass. For, almost without fail, the breeze that has ruffled the water all day dies out with the coming of the night, and leaves it still as a mirror. It is the way with the winds of the Great Lakes. And when the time comes to start for home we should be in a bad fix if we had to depend on sails. Even a white-ash breeze could not help us now, for the current of St. Mary's is swift and strong, and home is up-stream, not down. But the Sudden Sinker is ready whenever we are, and by and by we touch a match to the headlight and give the crank another throw. It is pretty dark by this time, and the Old Channel is crooked and none too wide, but we hug the Canada shore, preferring to hit a mud-bank rather than a pile of rocks, till presently a pair of red range-lights, glowing like two live coals, come out from behind a point to show us the road.

And let me say right here that we are

not only going somewhere, but we are having the right sort of a time on the way — such a time as one ought to have when out in a boat at night. Perhaps we sing, and, if we do, the engine never tries to drown us out, but only to play an accompaniment. The Sudden Sinker, by the way, is not as loud as some. Perhaps we talk — a little. Or perhaps we only sit and watch the pageant round us. The summer night is soft and warm, yet often the northern lights come out and play tag along the Canadian hill-tops. The moon rises over Sugar Island, big and round and mellow. Strange shadows steal along the shores, and the water itself is lovelier than a dream. And all the time we are borne swiftly onward up the great river. Strong and sweet and steady comes the "beat, beat, beat" of the engine. The white foam flashes out on either side, and the wake boils and swirls away behind. And by and by — sooner, it may be, than we really wish — we round a bend and see the arc-lamps of the city mirrored in the quiet water, the glow of the steel-works against the sky, the lighthouse flashing and fading, and the red, green, and white lights of the steamers passing up and down on their way to Duluth or Buffalo. We are home again.

But at this point I think I hear the voice of him that sitteth in the seat of the scornful, and it says, "Go to! That's all a bluff! There's nothing else in all this world that's quite as uncertain as whether or not a gasoline boat will come home when you want it to."

Gently, gently, my friend. In the seven years that the Sudden Sinker and I have cruised together we have been towed in twice. Can your sailboat show a cleaner record? Or, if she can, is it not because you have stayed at home — or have lain motionless in a dead calm, miles and miles away from home — when the Sudden Sinker and I were traveling right along?

Let us, for a moment, consider the gasoline engine, not merely as a piece of machinery, but in its relation to the development of its owner's character.

The first season that you live with that engine you never cease to wonder why in Sam Hill you were fool enough to throw away your good money on such a diabolical invention. You realize that the language you sometimes use in addressing the thing is not at all what it should be, and you cannot help but feel that the whole connection is having a distinctly bad effect on your morals. And, of course, it is the engine's fault. But later, with the growth of knowledge, experience, and understanding, you learn to paraphrase Mr. Kipling's celebrated piece of advice to the raw recruit of the rifle corps: —

When 'arf of your bullets fly wide in the ditch,
Don't call your Martini a cross-eyed old bitch;
She's human as you are — you treat her as
sich,

And she'll fight for the young British soldier.

Among all the creatures of steam and iron and brass ever devised by the mind of man, there is none more human — I had almost said none more feminine — than the gasoline engine. Surely there is none more responsive. You treat her as sich, and she'll work for the young Yankee yachtsman.

Does she run heavy and logy and slow, now and then missing an explosion altogether? Very likely you are giving her too much gasoline. If a man can't do his work properly when he over-eats or over-drinks, what can you expect of an engine? Shut down a trifle on the needle valve, and see if she does n't do better. Indigestion is bad for anybody.

Or does she run very fast for a minute or two, and then backfire with a loud report, spitting blue smoke out of the main bearings, and perhaps coming to a dead stop? That, also, is probably a very simple matter. She's getting too little gasoline now, and she's trying, in the only way she knows, to call your attention to her needs. You can't be dead sure that that's the trouble till you've tried to remedy it, for I've known a weak or defective spark to manifest itself in almost

exactly the same way; but the chances are that if you open the needle valve a little farther she'll settle down and behave herself.

Does the cylinder over-heat? Look to the cold-water pump. Perhaps it needs repacking. She must have her cooling drink, and plenty of it, or there'll be trouble. Or perhaps the oil-cup is n't feeding properly.

Are the main bearings sticking? Screw down the grease-cups, quick!

Does she stop, for absolutely no apparent reason? Perhaps there is water in the gasoline feed-pipe. Take it apart and see. It is even possible that the tank is empty, in which case the proper thing to do is to look sheepish.

There is another affliction which is most likely to come upon you when you are a long, long way from home. She stops again, and this time, as you crank her, it strikes you that the induction coil is ominously silent. Slowly and carefully you turn her over till the commutator makes its contact, and let her stand there, but the shrill answering note that you are longing for does not come. You overhaul the battery connections, but find nothing wrong with them. Hoping against hope, you take out the spark plug and examine it, but it is apparently in perfect order. Your heart sinks, for you are pretty sure, now, that you know where the trouble is.

You try to coax the buzzer, but the spark of life is fled;

For the whole dodgasted battery, in a foreign land, is dead.

But cheer up. The worst is yet to come, and perhaps we can still stave it off. If you let her rest a little while it is possible that the cells will revive sufficiently to take you into the nearest port. If they don't, then, like the crew of the Clamperdown, you must go back to first principles. Get out the oars and row. The white-ash breeze is still the stand-by when everything else fails,

As it was in the days of old,

And as it still shall be.

Somehow or other you get ashore, and

making a bee-line for the blue sign-board of the Western Union Telegraph Company, you wire home for a new battery, to be sent by the first train or steamer. And the next time you go cruising you see that there is an extra set of cells stowed away in the forward locker.

These are but a few of the things that may, and probably will, happen to you. You will never see the end of them, never really get to the bottom of your engine, for she is unfathomable. Time cannot wither, nor custom stale, her infinite variety. No matter how long you live with her, there will always be something more for you to learn. But if you are faithful the day will come, sooner or later, when you will know most of her moods, and when the fact that you do not know quite all of them will only give her an added charm.

For by this time, if you are one of the elect, your engine is neither your tyrant nor your servant, but your friend. Perhaps you do not know just what it means to be friends with an engine. Have you ever gone into a great machine-shop, one where only the best of work is turned out and the best of workmen employed, and noticed the bearing of those men? Nothing ever hurries or worries or bothers them, and they go about their business with all the unconcern of their biggest lathe or heaviest punch. Not that they are haughty or overbearing. On the contrary, they are very pleasant and hospitable, and if the President of the United States comes to visit the shop they will treat him as if he were just as good as they. But nothing can disturb them, for there is something in the companionship of powerful machinery, with its calm, irresistible strength, that is good for a man's soul, and by the time he has learned to make one of those huge lathes or punches a part of himself, and with its terrible fingers to tear a block of steel to pieces, something of that strength has become his own. He is a bigger man than he ever was before, and the ordinary

difficulties of life are smaller and of less importance. And when you can have the company of a machine which, though a pigmy among engines, is still a giant in power, and which works for you all day and all night and carries you where you will, and at the same time can have the wind and the water and the sky to take not only the cobwebs out of your brain, but the sorrow out of your heart and the meanness and littleness out of your soul — then, what more can a man want ?

Seamanship ? Don't worry, brother. There are times when it takes a sailor man to run even a gasoline launch, and if you are not content with mill-ponds and inner harbors, but occasionally put out on blue water, the day will surely come when all the seamanship you can muster will be tested to the uttermost.

But I think I hear one more protest. A gasoline engine, you say, is dirty, and noisy, and it smells bad.

Dirty ? Engine-grease is n't dirt, and though it may now and then get on to one's fingers, or possibly on to the sand-wiches, there are some of us who think it is n't even misplaced matter.

Smells bad ? Well, as Mr. Pickwick's manservant would say, that depends on the taste and fancy of the smeller. One day last April I was down on Michigan Avenue, in Chicago, and with me was a girl who has cruised in the Sudden Sinker almost as much as I have. It was cold and raw, with an east wind blowing, and the smoke of the Illinois Central's locomotives could only help to darken a sky already gray and lowering. But even there we found a reminder of brighter times and lovelier places, for of a sudden a big forty-horsepower automobile went by with a rush and a roar, leaving behind it a broad, pungent trail of blue smoke. No doubt there were many in the crowd to whom its odor was offensive, but the girl's head went up and she sniffed the air eagerly.

"M—m—m!" she said. "It smells like the good old summer-time!"

Noisy ? Ah, no. There you are wholly wrong. Once upon a time there was a boy who used to spend the long summer days on his father's fishing tug, cruising about Lake Huron. When evening came, and the last net was raised, and the tug was homeward bound, he would watch the sunset and the coming of the stars, and would see the wind die away and the waves lay themselves to rest. And by and by, when the little boy was so tired that he did not know what else to do with himself, he would slip into the pilot-house and curl up on the narrow seat against the wall of the engine-room. The heat of the boiler came pleasantly and drowsily through the thin board partition, and soon the loud puffing and pounding of the engine changed to a long, low, monotonous lullaby. "Go to sleep, go to sleep, go to sleep," it seemed to say. And the little boy's head sank lower and lower, and the voice of the engine became more and more a song, softer and sweeter and farther away, till he followed, followed, far out on a great, broad, golden sea of dreams. It was a long, long time ago, and many things have changed since then. The tug has gone to Davy Jones, and the steam engine has given place to the "explosion motor." But the sunset is the same, and the stars, and the moon, and the quiet water, and the touch of the night-breeze; and to-night, as I sit with one hand on the tiller-rope and one ready for the throttle or the reversing-lever, listening to my engine and watching the rush of the white foam along the side and the shimmer of the moonlight on the ripples, that steady "beat, beat, beat" changes once more to the long, low lullaby of other days, and the years slip away, with all that they have ever brought of care or sorrow or disenchantment, and I am that little boy again.

Lord, send a man like Bobbie Burns, to sing the song of — gasoline !

Come with me, brother, a-cruising in the Sudden Sinker, and we will do you good.

PRAGMATISM: A NEW PHILOSOPHY¹

BY WILLIAM MACKINTIRE SALTER

THERE is a strange phenomenon at the present moment, which even the wayfaring man (if he reads a little) must be struck with—or be curious about. A philosophical theory is out in the world making converts—and enemies! It is like “evolution” thirty years ago—and the controversy waxes hot. One church paper speaks of the “pragmatist microbe.” Another pities those “inoculated with its virus.” Still another calls the pragmatist’s view “subversive of morality.” A theosophical organ thinks it a “delicate attempt of the spirit of license to get himself a respectable foothold.” Others more sympathetic, or at least susceptible, declare that the fight over Darwinism will be, compared to the one now on, as a kindergarten game to college football; or, varying the metaphor, that while the old battles of theology and philosophy have been fought with sword and spear, the pragmatic method will be like gunpowder. A philosopher by profession, who looks on Pragmatism as a Catholic would on Protestantism, calls Professor James an anarchist in things speculative. In Italy Pragmatism forms clubs and founds a journal. The movement has got so far as to have a schism! The founder of it, Mr. Charles S. Peirce, gives his own ideas a new name, “Pragmaticism,” since his child is getting away from him.

What is it all about?

¹ The substance of a Sunday address before the Ethical Society of Chicago—a circumstance that will perhaps excuse to the reader the personal tone and references. The special occasion of the address is *Pragmatism: a New Name for Some Old Ways of Thinking; Popular Lectures on Philosophy*. By WILLIAM JAMES. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1907.

One or two lines of approach may be suggested.

It is well known that scientific men sometimes regard their theories as working hypotheses rather than as absolute truth. The atomic theory, the idea of an elastic ether, even the nebular hypothesis and Darwinism itself, are instances. A professor of chemistry, it has been said, would not ask his students if the atomic theory were true any more than he would ask if it were blue—an exaggeration, no doubt, but indicative of a tendency. Theories are taken chiefly as more or less convenient instruments. They summarize the facts we know, putting them into handy, portable shape (like short-hand for words), and they lead us on to new facts. Scientific men without illusion do not so much believe them or disbelieve them as use them—it might perhaps be said that they feel themselves beyond truth and falsehood in the old-fashioned sense, as Nietzsche felt himself beyond good and evil; utility, convenience, practical help in the work of further discovery—this is what they care for. Anything that works, that helps, they hold to, until they find something that works better, helps more. What they hold to they may call true, for this from old usage is an honorific term—but they mean true to them; and what is true to-day may not be true to-morrow. Now Pragmatism might be called an extension of this attitude and spirit into the realm of philosophy generally. It is sometimes dubbed “utilitarian metaphysics.”

Another method of approach may be helpful. When we call an action right, the old-time notion is that it corresponds with some abstract, ideal standard. But there are those to-day (in reality

there have always been such) who say that we can judge of actions only by their consequences. Some in the end have good results, others bad ones. This then, it is urged, is the real basis for moral preferences — for the distinctions between right and wrong. Mr. Bernard Shaw neatly expresses the idea when he says, "Conduct must justify itself by its effect upon happiness, and not by its conformity to any rule or ideal." Accordingly he perpetrates the paradox, "The Golden Rule is that there are no golden rules." Pragmatism might also be described as an extension of an attitude, a spirit like this. Professor James says that the true is the expedient in our way of thinking, just as the right is the expedient in the way of our behaving.

In fact, Pragmatism involves a radical shifting of our point of view as we consider the world. The ordinary idea is that there are a lot of facts, truths, or laws, independent of man, which man has simply to discover and copy in his mind — or, in the moral realm, a lot of ideals or commandments, which he has simply to discover and obey. The pragmatist view starts with man himself, his wants and needs, his efforts to meet these, the ideas and problems that arise in the struggle, his greater or less success in dealing with the problems; the pragmatist world is the human world, its truths all truths of experience, its laws regularities of experience — truths and laws, too, liable to become incomplete and to be superseded. And so the doctrine is sometimes called Humanism — a sort of successor to the old Greek view connected with the name of Protagoras, according to which man is the measure of all things.¹

I may say at the outset that I regard Pragmatism as a half truth — or, to be a little nicer, a three-quarters truth; all the same, let us for the moment try to thoroughly enter into it.

As expounded by Professor James, it covers three points: first, what in general

we mean by a theory, conception, or idea; second, what we mean by the truth of an idea; third, what the real nature of the world about us is.

1. An idea, so Pragmatism considers, is something on which to act and has its meaning in the consequences the action brings. The Greek word *πράγμα* means action — hence the English "Pragmatism," the theory or philosophy of action or based on action. One of Tanner's "Maxims for Revolutionists" in Shaw's *Man and Superman* is, "Activity is the only road to knowledge." It is a pragmatist aphorism. What you act on you know about, and what you don't act on you know little or nothing about — this is the underlying thought. It is obviously true in morals; but the pragmatist's point is that it is true in science and philosophy as well. Nowhere perhaps has it been so logically and thoroughly worked out as in Professor John Dewey's recent writings.² The new school of thought is sometimes called the "Chicago School" — something that should make those critics pause who think of Chicago simply in connection with the stockyards or the Lake Shore drive. Professor Dewey says that if we exclude acting on an idea, no amount of mere intellectual procedure will confirm or refute the idea or throw any light on its validity. The meaning of an idea is what comes of it, the practical details that follow acting upon it. We act now, others have acted before us, and we can conceive of men's acting before, as matter of fact, there were any human beings at all — and so in imagination we can construct the story of geologic evolution and picture to ourselves the primeval nebula itself. The same holds of metaphysical disputes. "Is the world one or many? — fated or free? — material or spiritual?" What about "substance," what about "soul," what about "God"? The first thing is to get a clear idea of what the terms

² Cf. *Studies in Logical Theory*. The University of Chicago Press.

¹ Cf. F. C. S. Schiller's *Humanism*, 1903.

mean, and this can only be done, according to Pragmatism, as we trace the practical consequences of each alternative or conception. How would our experience differ if this notion or that notion were true? If there would be no concrete, definite, practical difference, the notions vary only in sound, and the dispute is without sense.

2. The second point in Pragmatism relates to what we mean by saying that an idea is true. Pragmatism holds that it simply means that the idea will work — that it turns out to be one not at odds with experience, but rather borne out by it; that with it we get along and succeed in our operations, while with its opposite we get into trouble. "True" means true leading — what we call truth brings us up somewhere; what we call falsehood lands us or leaves us nowhere. If we are lost in the woods (to use an illustration of Dr. Dewey's), the true direction is what will lead us home again, or on to the highway. Truth has no meaning save in relation to some purpose or end; it is what helps to attain the end. We may have various ideas — that is the true one which does help. Truth thus happens to an idea, it becomes true. Truth is not an independent reality outside of us, but our successful experimenting, the particular kind of forecast that brings us where we want to be. If by going ahead on the basis of the atomic theory we are led to see the physical or chemical world more nearly as it actually is, and particularly if we are led to new discoveries, if the idea of an ether or of radium or what-not is serviceable and fills a "long-felt want," if an astronomical theory leads us to discover a new planet (as did once happen), then each is true. Experience, sensible fact, is the test,¹ and anything that points that way, that anticipates and chimes in with experience, instead of

being defeated by it, is true. It is this relative, "instrumental," provisional view of truth that shocks the critics of Pragmatism and almost draws down maledictions on the new philosophers' devoted heads. Truth is a copy of reality! they indignantly exclaim, and not any mere makeshift, pointing or leading. But what is reality? This brings us to the pragmatist's third point.

3. Pragmatist philosophers may not be agreed in their views of reality, and it is difficult to make out a consistent doctrine in their teaching — and yet there is a tendency in a certain direction in both Dewey and James. They say and repeat that Pragmatism is a method only, and yet there is a tendency to certain results. The trouble with most of us from their point of view is that the world of reality seems to us ready-made, to which man and his thinking contribute nothing (aside from a few minor practical alterations) except to copy it. We think there is something to copy; that, to use James's metaphor, there are several editions of the universe, the original real one, the infinite folio or *édition de luxe*, eternally complete — and then the various finite editions, full of false readings, distorted and mutilated each in its own way; or, to put it quite simply, that there is a definite, real, objective world, and, in addition, our different, personal, all-too-human copies of it. The tendency of Pragmatism, on the other hand, is to turn things round, and say that these personal, human copies are the reality, and to ignore the so-called "objective world," the *édition de luxe*, altogether. "On the pragmatist side," says Professor James, "we have only one edition of the universe, unfinished, growing in all sorts of places, especially in the places where thinking beings are at work." Again, our finite experiences "lean on each other, but the whole of them, if such a whole there be, leans on nothing. All 'homes' are in finite experience; finite experience as such is homeless. Nothing outside the

¹ "All true processes must lead to the face of directly verifying sensible experiences *somewhere*." James, *Pragmatism*, p. 215. Cf. "direct, face-to-face verifications," p. 207.

flux secures the issue of it." Professor James admits in his frank and picturesque manner that to rationalists, and, I might add, to most men, this describes "a tramp and vagrant world, adrift in space, with neither elephant nor tortoise to plant the sole of its foot upon."

But the fact is (as I think most of us can convince ourselves by a little analysis and reflection) that this world made up of our varying finite human experiences is the only world that we immediately know. The world that seems so firm and fixed about us is, after all, an outcome of human observation and thinking — get new observation or deeper thinking and you get a new world. The world of the scientific man to-day is almost as different from the world of Homer, or even of Aristotle, as any supposed finite edition of the world is from an original infinite folio or *édition de luxe*.

How does what we call the world come to be? Why, we have certain sensations under our feet and we call them the ground. We have other sensations when we look up, and we call them the sky or the sun or the stars. We have still other sensations that we call water, air, and so on. What would be if we had n't sensations, we have n't an idea. The whole world is an order and continuity and variety of sensations; the history of the world and the future of the world are only what somebody has felt, or might feel, or will feel, or could conceivably feel. Every fresh feeling adds a new increment to the world; as we know it and experience it, the world *is* a changing, shifting thing, a "tramp and vagrant" thing, if you will. Indeed, this makes a part of the charm and interest of it. We don't know what will come next. We must n't be too sure we have got all, or make idols of our "truths," "laws," etc., and allow them to bar out sensations and facts different from those we are accustomed to. "Laws" and "truths" are not over facts and regulating them, but in them — and perhaps

imperfect formulations at that. The pragmatist says, Act and experiment — and know: it is the only way you can know. Embark on enterprises — that is the way to learn something.

This is all a very weak and popular statement of the pragmatist doctrine — and if you really want to get it and, above all, be interested in it, you must read James; and if you want to see how subtle and closely knit the argument is, you should read Dewey.

May I add a few reflections of my own? I am perhaps more egotistical than you think, and always like to end up with my own view.

I follow Pragmatism as far as it goes (supposing I understand it — sometimes I think I don't). Aside from the patent facts of the senses, and perhaps one or two necessary implications, I know of no fixed, absolute, infallible truths — you will have to go to the Pope to get them (particularly the present Pope). Scientific truths, religious truths, even moral rules (aside from one or two great principles), are all provisional. They are working truths rather than finalities — the best to date, and yet liable to be superseded by something that will work better. Darwinism is not a finality; the popular ideas of evolution itself are not a finality; religious truths are in a notorious state of flux at the present day; morality itself, in its detailed meaning at least, is infected with the spirit of change. Have we not heard it on quite good authority that

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth?

Our civil war was in part the precipitation of a conflict between two moralities — one very ancient, recognized in the New Testament, the other hardly more than a century or two old. What a contrast now between the morality of the average "good citizen" and that of Bernard Shaw — perhaps neither of them quite right! It is a childish notion that while science, philosophy, and religion are all more or less uncertain, any

man can know with his eyes shut what true morality is. Those who indulge it should read what Undershaft says to that Cambridge prig of a son of his in "Major Barbara," act iii.

By no means does all this involve skepticism and the lazy notion that one opinion is as good as another. Because Darwinism is not absolute truth it does not follow that it is not better than the view it superseded. Because the golden rule is not absolute, it does not follow that it is not better than the brazen rule, the maxim of every impudent upstart in society, or the iron rule of those who make others serve them, or the wooden rule of those who pretend to govern — and are governed. Some things are better than others — that is enough for every clear-headed man and for every decent man to act on.

And the pragmatist's view of the structure of reality I also coincide with, on its positive side. The world we know — the world stretching out in space, and back and forwards in time — is a human world. It is what we experience, or have reason to believe we should experience, in other times and places. The world, down to its atoms and up to its most comprehensive laws, is but a picture of possible or at least conceivable human experience. It is not something antecedent to experience and which experience copies, but is experience. Leave out experience, and absolutely nothing definite and concrete remains. I believe that we have learned this world and have built it up primarily in our struggle to live. So far as we were free in the matter, we have had those experiences we wanted to have to help us to live. We have attended to what it was useful to attend to. Almost all our knowledge is thus (to use a big word) teleological, that is, for a purpose; experiences that did n't vitally concern or interest us we have n't developed or noticed; they were no better than no experience at all. It is thus really a quite finite, special, utilitarian world that we for the most part know. It is

conceivable that other beings with different interests might have a more or less different world. I do not mean merely that we can make use of this world of ours, but that it is there, in just the form it is, because it is useful. So far do I go with Pragmatism.

But now I must turn to speak of what seems to me the insufficiency of the new philosophy — and later I shall say a word of its weakness, and even of an element of danger in it, as expounded by its most brilliant representative, Professor James.

The world, I have admitted, is our experience — more or less, our selected experience. But there is a strange thing about this experience, selected or involuntary: we don't give it to ourselves — we get it. We may attend at discretion to a sound in the street, and if we do not attend, the sound may scarcely exist for us; but why is it that when we listen with the closest attention, sometimes there is sound and sometimes not? Even if we take the sensation as a reaction rather than an impression (and this Dr. Edmund Montgomery has taught me ¹), what has occasioned the reaction, against what is it a reaction? In other words, how is it that we *have* experience? what gives rise to it? With all our power of selecting and attending, why is it that when I look in one direction I see only the sun, and when I look in another only the moon, and not by any possibility the sun; and when I look this way I see you, and when I look another way I see you — both "yous" and yet so different? What fixes these things, since we don't? What limits possibilities? What makes every experience specific? It is an entirely curious question, without the slightest practical importance; and an answer, that is, an assured and definite one, may be impossible. And yet we raise the question — at least, I raise it. And I

¹ In what I suspect to be the most important constructive book in philosophy of the past year: *Philosophical Problems in the Light of Vital Organization*. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

can get no sort of intellectual satisfaction, till I make some kind of rude, stumbling, provisional answer to it — whether it be Berkeley's "God," Kant's "Ding-an-sich," Spencer's "Unknowable," Montgomery's "power-endowed existents," or some other. The point is that such a question takes us out of the realm of experience; it presupposes an order of things beyond experience — conducts us straight to the land of metaphysics. Contrary to James's positions, it means that experience *has* to lean on something; it is a definite break with the notion that the world of experience is self-contained. For my part, I am incurably metaphysical. Beyond the whole world of experience, I must hold to another world of which we have only glimpses, and in strictness scarcely that, since we can only think it and never see it, and yet which determines the possibilities of the experience we have.

The weakness of Pragmatism I have in mind is this. The doctrine is construed by Professor James as a help to religion — religion in the popular theistic sense; but as a help in a peculiar manner. James has as little consideration as Kant had for the ordinary arguments for a personal God. He can see little objective basis for the idea. The actual world is "tangled, muddy, painful and perplexed." He even suggests that if the world were to end now, it might make no special difference whether we regarded God or regarded blind matter and force as causing it. The great secular processes of it, evolution and dissolution, he speaks of as "vast driftings" of "cosmic weather." In other words, rays of a Divine meaning and a Divine glory in it he can scarcely make out. And yet he writes in the interests of religion and holds to the idea of a personal God. How? By a leap. He has no basis, or shows none; but he leaps all the same. It is an act of faith. But what has this to do, you ask, with Pragmatism? Why, — so seems the train of thought, — Pragmatism allows us to hold any theory

or view which works, and this view does work; it comforts us, helps and sustains us in the battle of life. To me it is weak — deplorably weak. I hold that one of the needs of the time is some kind of constructive thinking that shall enable us to see and feel the Divine in the world once more, that shall again put us in the attitude of worship and again lift us and make us strong in a strength not our own. But there is no such constructive thinking that I can discover in James's book — otherwise so notable. He says little more than, "Believe; it is good for you to believe, profitable to believe." But I do not see how any one who has learned modern scientific habits of thought can believe in such a fashion. Give us some basis, some show of reason for believing, we ask. One cannot lift himself by his bootstraps.

And this leads to my closing word about the dangers of Pragmatism. A theory is true that works, it says. Working value is truth. Very well. But this may mean two things. One is that the theory blends with experience, leads us into it, is not defeated by it — in a word, is borne out by facts, concrete, sensible facts. Another is that the theory attracts us, pleases us, gives us comfort, makes us happy, and all that. These two meanings are liable to be confused — are more or less confused in James's book. According to one, Pragmatism is a respectable, and, as I think, within limits, a valid philosophical theory. According to the other, it is a thing to conjure with. Let me borrow from my own experience. If comfort, personal happiness, were any kind of a test of truth, I should never have given up the loved creed in which I was nurtured. Not that I don't care for comfort and happiness as much as anybody, not that I willingly made myself lonely, Christ-forsaken, and God-forsaken, and turned myself into a pilgrim to I knew not what strange land, but simply that the old beliefs did not work in the true and, as I fancy, only respectable pragmatic sense — that is, did not

blend with and lead up to the facts of science, the facts of historical criticism, all the myriad facts that make the basis of what we call a modern view of things, but were rather defeated and undone by them. And any one who in this stagnant world of habit and routine and silly personal preferences has a real intellectual life, in whatever department of inquiry, has more or less similar experiences; he is guided at every step, sometimes almost compelled. He may never know absolutely; but he knows or learns that one thing is truer, better than another on *entirely objective grounds*. Now by no means do I say that Pragmatism as expounded by Professor James tells us to believe simply for reasons of comfort — I only say the message is not clear, and therefore has elements of danger in it. Comfort is made a test of truth,¹ though not the only test; and

¹ Cf. *Pragmatism*, etc., pp. 73, 74, 292.

despite the language of stupid religious journals about the "pragmatist microbe" and its "virus," I suspect that we may yet find pragmatist sanction claimed for almost any of the dear old illusions, the cradle-songs by which, as M. Jaurès says, "through the ages human misery has been rocked to sleep." Already Professor James is acquiring a great reputation in certain religious circles. Meanwhile a few of us want a straighter religion if we have one at all. We will tread the floors of hell if need be rather than hocus-pocus ourselves into believing it is heaven. We will face reality, I mean — and perhaps by long facing it and dwelling on it and above all working in it, we may, under the surface and the scum, detect traces of heaven in it; not traces that we *put* there, God forbid — but that *are* there, immanent, struggling, and destined yet to transform the whole.

THE SPIRIT OF MISCHIEF

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

If I could find a higher tree
Farther and farther I should see,
To where the grown-up river slips
Into the sea among the ships.

To where the roads on either hand
Lead onward into fairyland,
Where all the children dine at five,
And all the playthings come alive.

— R. L. S.

JESSAMINE and I had been out sailing. We came back to find the house deserted, and after foraging in the pantry, we made ourselves at home in the long unceiled living-room, which is one of the pleasantest lounging-places in the world. A few pine-knots were smouldering in the fireplace, and as I have reached an age when it is pleasant to watch the flames, I poked a little life into the embers and sat

down to contemplate them from the easiest chair the camp afforded. Jessamine wearily cast herself upon the couch nearby without taking off her coat.

Jessamine is five and does as she likes and does it perversely, arbitrarily, and gracefully, in the way of maids of five. In the pantry she had found her way to marmalade with an ease and certainty that amazed me; and she had, with malice aforethought, made me *particeps criminis* by teaching me how to coax reluctant, tight-fitting olives from an impossible bottle with an oyster-fork.

Jessamine is difficult. I thought of it now with a pang, as her brown curls lay soft against a red cushion and she crunched a biscuit, heavily stuccoed with marmalade, with her little popcorn

teeth. I have wooed her with bonbons; I have bribed her with pennies; but indifference and disdain are still my portion. To-day was my opportunity. The rest of the household had gone to explore the village bazaars, and we were left alone. It was not that she loved me more, but the new nurse less; and, as sailing had usually been denied her, she derived from our few hours in my cat-boat the joy of a clandestine adventure. We had never been so much together before. I wondered how long the spell of our sail would last. Probably, I reflected, until the wanderers came back from town to afford a new diversion; or until her nurse came to carry her away to tea. For the moment, however, I felt secure. The fire snapped; the clock ticked insistently; my face burned from its contact with a sharp west wind, which had brought white caps to the surface of the lake and a pleasant splash to the beach at our front door. Jessamine folded her arms, rested her head upon them, and regarded me lazily. She was slim and lean of limb, and the lines she made on the couch were long. I tried to remember whether I had ever seen her still before.

"You may read, if you like," she said.

"Thank you; but I'd rather have you tell me things," I answered. I wished to be conciliatory. At any moment, I knew, she might rise and vanish. My tricks of detention had proved futile a thousand times; I was always losing her. She was a master opportunist. She had, I calculated, a mood a minute, and the mood of inaction was not often one of them.

"There are many, many things I'd like to have you tell me, Mischief," I said. "What you think of when you're all alone; what do you think of me?"

"Oh! I never think of you when I'm all alone."

"Thank you, Mischief. But I wonder whether you are quite frank. You must think of me sometimes. For example, --- where were you when you thought of knotting my neckties all together, no longer ago than yesterday?"

"Oh!" (It is thus she begins many sentences. Her "Ohs" are delightfully equivocal.)

"Perhaps you'd rather not tell. Of course, I don't mind about the ties."

"It was nice of you — not to mind."

Suddenly her blue eyes ceased to be. They are little pools of blue, like mountain lakes. I was aware that the dark lashes had stolen down upon her brown cheek. She opened her eyes again instantly.

"I wish I had n't found your ties. Finding them made a lot of trouble for me. I was looking for your funny little scissors to open the door of my doll-house that was stuck, and I saw the ties. Then I remembered that I needed a rope to tie Adolphus — that's the woolly dog you bought for my birthday — to my bed at night; and neckties make very good ropes."

"I'm glad to hear it, Mischief."

"There's a prayer they say in church about mischief —" she began sleepily.

"From all evil and mischief; from sin; from the crafts and assaults of the devil?" I quoted.

"That is it! and there's something in it, too, about everlasting damnation, that always sends shivers down my back."

She frowned in a puzzled way. I remembered that once, when Jessamine and I went to church together, she had, during the reading of the litany, so moved a silk hat on the next seat that its owner crushed it hideously when he rose from his knees.

The black lashes hid the blue eyes once more, and she settled her head snugly into her folded arms.

"Why," she murmured, "do you call me Mischief? I'm not mischief; I'm Jessamine."

"You are the Spirit of Mischief," I answered; and she made no reply.

The water of the lake beat the shore stormily.

"The Spirit of Mischief."

Jessamine repeated the words sleepily. I had never thought of them seriously

before, and had applied them to her thoughtlessly. Is there, I asked myself, a whimsical spirit that possesses the heart of a child, — something that is too swift for the slow pace of adult minds; and if there be such, where is its abiding-place?

"I'm the Spirit of Mischief!"

There, with her back to the fire, stood Jessamine, but with a difference. Her fists were thrust deep down into the pockets of her coat. There was a smile on her face that I did not remember to have seen before. The wind had blown her hair into a sorry tangle, and it was my fault — I should have made her wear her Tam-O-Shanter in the cat-boat! An uncle may mean well, but, after all, he is no fit substitute for a parent.

"So you admit it, do you? It is unlike you to make concessions."

"You use long words. Uncles *always* use long words. It is one of the most foolish things they do."

"I'm sorry. I wish very much not to be foolish or naughty."

"I have wished that many times," she returned gravely. "But naughtiness and mischief are not the same thing."

"I believe that is so," I answered. "But if you are really the Spirit of Mischief, — and far be it from me to doubt your word, — where is your abiding-place? Spirits must have abiding-places."

"There are many of them, and they are a long way off. One place is where the four winds meet."

"But that — that is n't telling. Nobody knows where that is."

"Everybody does n't," said the Spirit of Mischief gently, as one who would deal forbearingly with dullness.

"Tell me something easier," I begged.

"Well, I'll try again," she said. "Sometimes when I'm not where four winds meet, I'm at the end of all the rainbows. Do you know that place?"

"I never heard of it. Is it very far away?"

"It's further than anything — further even than the place where the winds meet."

"And what do you do there? You must have bags and bags of gold, O Spirit."

"Yes. Of course. I practice hiding things with them. That is why no one ever found a bag of gold at the end of a rainbow. I have put countless ones in the cave of lost treasure. There are a great many things there besides the bags of gold, — things that parents, and uncles, and aunts lose — and never find any more."

"I wish I could visit the place," I said with a sigh. "It would be pleasant to see a storehouse like that. It would have, I may say, a strong personal interest. Only yesterday I contributed a valued scarf-pin through the agency of a certain mischievous niece; and I shall be long in recovering from the loss of that miraculous putter that made me a terror on the links. My golf can never be the same again."

"But you never can see the place," she declared. "A time comes when you can't find it any more, the cave of lost treasure — or the place where four winds meet, or the end of all the rainbows."

"I suppose I have lost my chance," I said.

"Oh, long ago!" exclaimed the Spirit disdainfully. "It never lasts beyond six!"

"That has a wise sound. Pray tell me more! Tell me, I beg, how you have endured so long in this harsh world?"

This, I thought, was a poser; but she answered readily enough.

"I suppose, because I am kindred of so many, many things that live on forever. There are the colors on water when the sun strikes it through clouds. It can be green and gold and blue and silver all at once; and then there is the foam of the white caps. It is foam for a moment and then it is just water again. And there is the moonlight on rippling water, that goes away and never comes any more — not just the same. The mirth in the heart of a child is like all these things; and the heart of a child is the place I love best."

"Yes," I said. "I'm sure it is better

than the place where all the winds meet, or that other rainbow-place that you told me about."

"And then," she began again, "you know that children say things sometimes just in fun, but no one ever seems to understand that."

"To be sure," I said, feelingly, remembering how Jessamine loved to tease and plague me.

"But there is n't any harm in it — any more than —"

"Yes?" a little impatiently.

"Than in the things the pines say when the wind runs over the top of them. They are not — not important, exactly, but they are always different. That is the best thing about being a child — the being different part. You have a grown-up word that means always just the same."

"Consistent?" I asked.

"That is it. A child that is consistent is wrong some way. But I don't remember having seen any of that kind."

A smile that was not the smile of Jessamine stole into the Spirit's face. It disconcerted me. I could not, for the life of me, decide how much of the figure before me was Jessamine and how much was really the Spirit of Mischief, or whether they were both the same.

"Being ignorant, you don't know what the mirth in a child is — you" (scornfully), "who pretend to measure all people by their sense of humor. It's akin to the bubbling music of the fountain of youth, and you do the child and the world a wrong when you stifle it. A child's glee is as natural as sunshine, and carries no burden of knowledge; and that is the precious thing about it."

"I'm sure that is true," I said; but the Spirit did not heed me. She went on, in a voice that suggested Jessamine, but was not hers.

"Many people talk solemnly about the imagination of children, as though it were a thing that could be taught from books or prepared in laboratories. But children's mischief, that is so often com-

plained of, is the finest flower of the imagination."

"The idea pleases me. I shall make a note of it."

"The very day," continued the Spirit, "that you sat at table and talked learnedly about the minds of children and how to promote in them a love of the beautiful, your Jessamine had known a moment of joy. She had lain in the meadow and watched the thistle-down take flight, — a myriad of those flimsy argosies. And she had fashioned a story about them, that they rise skyward to become the stuff that white clouds are made of. And the same day she asked you to tell her what it is the robins are so sorry about when they sing in the evening after the other birds have gone. Now the same small head that thought of those things contrived also the happy idea of cooking a doll's dinner in the chafing-dish, — an experiment that resulted, as you may remember, in a visit from both the doctor and the fire-insurance adjuster."

My heart was wrung as I recalled the bandages on Jessamine's slender brown arms.

"Yes, O Spirit!" I said. "I'm learning much. Pray tell me more!"

"We like very much for science to let us alone —"

"But the hygiene, — all those life-saving things —"

"Oh yes," she said, patronizingly; "they're all very well in their way. It's better for science to kill bugs than for the bugs to kill children. But I mean other kinds of sciences that are not nearly so useful, — pedagogical and the like, that are trying to kill the microbe of play. Leave us, oh leave us that!"

"That is a new way of putting it. We oldsters soon forget how to play, alackaday!"

She went on calmly.

"Work that you really love is n't work any more, — it's play."

"That's a little deep for me —"

"It's true, though, so you'd better try

to understand. If you paint a picture and work at it, — slave over it and are not happy doing it, then your picture is only so many pennies' worth of paint. The cruelest thing people can say of a book or a picture is, 'Well, he worked hard at it!' The spirit of mischief is only the spirit of play; and the spirit of play is really the spirit of the work we love."

"It's too bad that you are not always patient with us," the Spirit continued. (I noted the plural. Clearly Jessamine and the Spirit were one!)

"I'm sorry, too," I answered, contritely.

"The laws of the foolish world do not apply to childhood at all. Children are born into a condition of ideality. They view everything with wonder and awe, and you and all the rest of the grown-up world are busy spoiling their illusions. How happy you would be if you could have gone on blowing bubbles all your days!"

"True, alas, too true!"

The face of the Spirit grew suddenly very old.

"Life," she said, "consists largely in having to accept the fact that we cannot do the things we want to do. But in the blessed days of mischief we blow bubbles in forbidden soap and water with contraband pipes — and do not know that they are bubbles!"

"That is the fine thing about it, O Spirit — the sweet ignorance of it! I hope I understand that."

"I see that you are really wiser than you have always seemed," she said, with her baffling smile. "Mischief as you are prone to call so many things that children do, is as wholesome and sweet as a field of clover. I, the Spirit of Mischief, have a serious business in the world, which I'll tell you about, as you are old and know so

little. I'm here to combat and confuse the evil spirits that seek to stifle the good cheer of childhood. These little children that always go to bed without a fuss and say good-night very sweetly in French, and never know bread and butter and jam by their real names — you really do not like them half as well as you like natural children. You remember that you laughed when Jessamine's French governess came, and left the second day because the black cat got into her trunk. There was really no harm in that!"

The Spirit of Mischief laughed. She grew very small, and I watched her curiously, wondering whether she was really a creature of this work-a-day world. Then suddenly she grew to life-size again, and laughed gleefully, standing with her hands thrust deep into her coat pockets.

"Jessamine!" I exclaimed. "I thought you were asleep."

"I was, a little bit; but you — you snored awfully," she said, "and waked me up."

She still watched me, laughing; and looking down I saw that she had been busy while I slept. A barricade of books had been built about me, — a carefully wrought bit of masonry, as high as my knees.

"You're the wicked giant," declared Jessamine, quite in her own manner, and with no hint of the half-real, elfish spirit of my dream. "And I'm the good little Princess that has caught you at last. And I'll never let you out of the tower — O they're coming! They're coming!"

She flashed to the door and out upon the veranda where steps had sounded, leaving me to deliver myself from the tower of the Spirit of Mischief with the ignorant hands of Age.

THE BRAKE

BY R. VALANTINE HECKSCHER

How unapparently would whirl
The Wheel of Time, the melting sky,
But for the big, black brakes, that hurl
The stars on high!

And so my time; how smooth and swift
My soul would spin, but for the brake!
But oh! stopped soul, the fount you lift!
The stars you make!

A COMPLAINT OF THE DECAY OF FINERY

BY LUCY MARTIN DONNELLY

"Talk to me of pins and feathers and ladies."
— BEN JONSON.

ALL my life long I have been a lover of finery. For as many years as I can remember, I have liked to read in the old books of "ribbands and silks" — silks scented with ambergris; of a bunch of feathers and a scarlet petticoat; and of the promises made by dramatic kings — kings that wore their crowns all day long, at home as well as in battle — to clothe their lovely tearful victims in "costly cloth of massy gold." I have learned all the pretty rhetoric of dress. I know that it is for the Passionate Shepherd to persuade his love with a gown of finest wool pulled from his lambs; that the chosen epithet for a silk is Median — unless perhaps it come from Samarcand; and that the metaphor appropriate to a great coquette, bedecked and gay, is "a sailing ship with streamers waving." I have lingered hours long before the painted dresses of old portraits, — the lady with a peacock feather embroidered on the

yellow of her sleeve; Spanish little girls standing stiff in brocade, — and have been stirred to meditations on vainglory by the vanished crinolines and big bonnets of Victorian fashion-plates.

As an unassured girl, it is true, I knew certain unworldly doubts and questionings. Verses commending simplicity haunted me, the praises of "a sweet disorder in the dress" perplexed me, and arguments against "the adulteries of art" frightened me while still a child in school frocks. Often in those early days I reproached my own frivolity, and resolving to turn from gewgaws to severer contemplations, I felt as poignantly as though it were directed at me, the historian's scorn for the King of Germany who buttoned his coat with a fortune in diamonds, and, in especial, the satire of old essayists against fans and flounces.

Ingenuous youth, I take it, will ever be misled by Addison's railing at the extravagances of women of quality of Queen Anne's day — elegant creatures! — and

tremble in her own guilty heart lest she be that woman of "weak mind and low education" in danger of every embroidered coat that comes her way and fated to meet her ruin in the lure of a gold galloon. To the experienced lover of finery, such as I have come with the years to be, it is of course clear, page by page, that Addison knew the cut and color of every fashion as no virtuous moralist ever could, and distinguished between the hood and hat with all the emotion of a man of taste. He deplores the inundation of brocades from France! Do but open the covers of *The Spectator* and you will be swept away on a flood of petticoats and head-dresses and fans and powder-bags and puffs and little muffs. For all the color and splendor of ladies' dress Addison had appropriated to his imagination and had set ingeniously as a decoration to his pages! Off his guard he will, moreover, avow his sympathy openly, as when he describes the cluster of ladies sitting together at the opera "in the prettiest colored hoods." "I looked," he exclaims, "with as much pleasure on this little assembly as upon a bed of tulips." And he notes with charming pedantry that one hood is blue and another yellow and another philomot; that the fourth is of a pink color and the fifth pale green. "I did not know whether it might be an embassy of Indian Queens; but upon going about the pit and taking them in front, I was immediately undeceived and saw so much beauty in every face that I found them all to be English."

Surely it is not the part of an earnest Puritan to concern himself either with English beauties or Indian queens, or to know pink so scrupulously from yellow, or blue from green, or to recognize philomot as a serious enough idea to entertain at all. Nor again can one account other than whimsical, protests against petticoats, big as canopies, on the part of the writer of the following sentences: "I consider woman as a beautiful romantic animal, that may be adorned

with furs and feathers, pearls and diamonds, ores and silks. The lynx shall cast its skin at her feet to make her a tippet; the peacock, parrot and swan shall pay contributions to her muff; the sea shall be searched for shells, and the rocks for gems; and every part of nature furnish out its share towards the embellishment of a creature that is the most consummate work of it. All this I shall indulge them in; but as for the petticoat I have been speaking of, I neither can nor will allow it!"

Thus, Addison for his own great ends carrying on his hypocrisy, others followed his famous example, and the beautiful art of dress fell into disrepute among us. To-day finery has become a thing for fashion-mongers to parley and trade with. Even novelists and romancers dare no longer dress a girl generously in tradition's pink and white finery; or a fop in lavender gloves and gold chains; or put such a muff as Sophia Western never knew the want of into a lady's hands on a winter's morning, or pattern intricately the sunshade she raises above her lovely head on a midsummer afternoon. How different was it in the old days, when a poet had no sooner named the dwelling-place of his heroine and said that the gods loved the brightness of her hair, than he continued:—

The outside of her garments was of lawn,
The lining purple silk with gilt stars drawn;
Her kirtle blue whereon was many a stain,
Made by the blood of wretched lovers slain.
Upon her head she ware a myrtle wreath,
From whence her veil reached to the ground
beneath:

Her veil was artificial flowers and leaves,
Whose workmanship both man and beast de-
ceives;

About her neck hung chains of pebble-stone,
Which lighten'd by her neck like diamonds
shone.

She ware no gloves: for neither sun nor wind
Would burn or parch her hands but to her
mind,

Or warm or cool them, for they took delight
To play upon those hands, they were so white.

But if she had no gloves, she had a fan.

So on she goes and in her idle flight
Her painted fan of curled plumes let fall
Thinking to train Leander therewithal.

And in the same way all the ladies in the old books had finery of their own, — "Gloves, garters, stockings, shoes, and strings, of winning colors;" a strawberry handkerchief in a tragedy, and in a tale "a broche of gold," lettered *Amor vincit omnia*.

So too, I remember, had fine gentlemen in the past — whether knights, courtiers, wits, or beaux — all in turn their rich attires. In the days, that was, when their armor mirrored the sun and "pagan knights stood all round bright as sky;" when they themselves set the fashion in sleeves, — the sleeve Amadis and the sleeve à la Mameluck, — and before the plume à la gentilhomme had gone to droop from a lady's toque. I can believe, indeed, that feathers may still float in their fancy, and that the finest gentleman of all stretches his imagination with the old popes and princes to peach-colored velvet and the sweet fashion of a brocade.

But unless it be thus in idea, the pride of dress is for them snuffed out. Velvet Venetians, doublets in damask, carnation silk stockings, fringed gloves, knee-buckles all a-glitter, hats furbelowed with jewels or feathers — all the old catalogue of gorgeousness belongs now for them not to the world of every day but to the stage world. No gentleman of present fashion could squander a fortune on his wedding clothes, if he would; no grave writer of tragedies could go, like Dr. Johnson, to the extravagance of bordering his coat with gold lace for a First Night; no "fortunate youth" of this late century could drive post through France to choose flowered silk for a waistcoat. The fop of fops — once "a silken fellow," a "painted image!" — has at the moment not a garment to appeal to the imaginative lover of finery — but he must "love in serge," must trick himself out, from boot to hat, according to the dictates of ugly modern oracles, the

Convenient and the Correct. In behalf of the former, the Convenient, there is of course nothing to plead: briefly, the worship of ease is for the vulgar. The beautiful discomfort of armor, let us say, or of a powdered periwig, was to be endured. For the Correct, on the other hand, there is perhaps an argument to be brought. Its charm is academic, truly; but to temperaments that love a severe perfection, grave cloth and white linen unvaryingly disposed must always make their appeal — and who shall pronounce them for a monk or an idealist not suitable apparel?

To the worldling serge presents grave dangers; and this not merely in the case of fine gentlemen but in that of their fair confederates as well. Addison himself noted the gentlewomen of his day who rode as female cavaliers, tying up their hair in a bag or ribbon in imitation of the smart part of the opposite sex. An immodest custom! And I can imagine that as in the old world perukes had their seeming charm for "tall lovely prudes," so in the modern the greatcoat and stiff hat may allure them. Such affectations, I need hardly say, are not for the woman of feeling. Stuffs of pomp and color do rather persuade her; her head is full of beautiful intricate patterns; skirts softly flowing, capes and fichus, make her proper dress. Nor is the serious lover of finery dressed merely for the flattery of her looking-glass. She is conscious of her clothes as part of the world's great show; she dresses for her type, whether it be Great Lady, Shepherdess, or Blue Stocking. She is true to her period and will not aspire to powder and a high head-dress if she be born to the soft curls of Charles the Second's day. Fashion, it is well known, favors the fair, and by an easy metaphor may be said to turn her wheel no less than Fortune does. So with a swing she will again dress her votaries à la Diane and à la Minerve, and let chapeaux Henri IV once more become out-of-date vanities before Victorian bonnets.

For my part I commend a quick chang-

ing fashion, and, could I have chosen my period, would have fixed on the fickle years of the First Empire, when fashions shifted from week to week; and that, too, with such fine shades of difference that only the most frivolous could follow them. Then the Great Conqueror brought to Paris finery from the ends of the earth: muslins from India, garlands of roses from Bengal, stuffs shining with gold and silver from Cairo; from Turkey, of course, turbans; and from the far East shawls; shawls from Cashmere, from Persia, from the Levant; shawls parti-colored, blue — bright blue — and red and green and black and the clear yellow of the sun; shawls patterned with all the interlacings of Asian caprice, and fit, not only to hang from the shoulders of the fair, but to give a coquette of Eastern fancy day-long visions of the Orient. From the past, for all time as well as all the earth was then Napoleon's, came the fashion of the troubadours, — chapeaux à Creneaux, sleeves à la Mameluck, cheveux à l'enfant, — lending to a very modern period, who can say what charming Gothic airs? How do not such revolutions of fashion enlarge the feminine heart and teach it to live in all ages and all climates!

A woman of mind will go even further; she will not merely have a sense of the romance of her clothes fetched from the ends of the world, but in the choice of every garment will let her wit play a part. "I have bought myself a *robe de chambre*," wrote Mme. de Sevigné to her daughter, "of the same stuff as your last skirt. It is admirable: there is a little green in it, but violet prevails. In a word, I was tempted and I fell. They wanted me to face it with flame-colour, but that I thought would have the air of a final impenitence. The outside is sheer weakness, and such a lining would have been wickedness itself, and to my mind contrary to good taste." So charming can a

woman of feeling be about a mere dressing-gown! So can she by her own greatness put her finery beyond Time's power to fade or tatter!

Mere fine ladies, fantastical coquettes, must look to others to celebrate their dresses, — to give themselves existence, I might say! For apart from their clothes there is no life, no delight in them.

"All 's in the whistling of their snatch't up silks."

These, however, they may not only trail through to-day's pageant, but if they be born under the pretty star of an auspicious fashion and chance to catch a poet's ear, they may trust the liquefaction of their clothes to last out three centuries with Julia's.

The hope of all finery is in art, I should say, were it not yet more true that the hope of art is in "a good dressing." Painters know this and have already adorned their canvases with the greatest garments of our age — a haughty Beauty's riding-dress reflected for a moment in a mirror, a Dancer's yellow petticoats, an Old Lady's soft black and delicate laces. But all these still wait to be put into words. It is time for some poet again to rhyme, —

Lawn as white as driven snow

And cypress black as e'er was crow;

for the modern playwright to see to it that his ladies enter the scene as "gallant" as they did in King James's time; and above all for the student of manners to find in present-day fashion his great theme. Time measures the duration of painted dresses no less than of those of silk and purple; but a skirt, a flounce, a slipper, set in a beautiful sentence, lives more than a mortal life. I long for the finery of our time thus to out-date its period; for it to go down the centuries in similes, exordiums, and metaphors; and by its very imagery to suggest to less splendid ages all the beauty and luxury of ours.

SHALL WE HUNT AND FISH?

THE CONFESSIONS OF A SENTIMENTALIST

BY HENRY BRADFORD WASHBURN

As a point of departure, listen to a quotation from Dr. Henry van Dyke:—

“Chrr! sings the reel. The line tightens. The little rod firmly gripped in my hands bends into a bow of beauty, and a hundred feet behind us a splendid silver salmon leaps into the air. ‘What is it?’ cries the gypsy, ‘a fish?’ It is a fish, indeed, a noble ouananiche, and well hooked. Now if the gulls were here who grab little fish suddenly and never give them a chance; and if the mealy-mouthed sentimentalists were here, who like their fish slowly strangled to death in nets, they should see a fairer method of angling.

“The weight of the fish is twenty times that of the rod against which he matches himself. The tiny hook is caught painlessly in the gristle of his jaws. The line is long and light. He has the whole lake to play in, and he uses almost all of it, running, leaping, sounding the deep water, turning suddenly to get a slack line. The gypsy, tremendously excited, manages the boat with perfect skill, rowing this way and that way, advancing or backing water to meet the tactics of the fish, and doing the most important part of the work.

“After half an hour the ouananiche begins to grow tired and can be reeled in near to the boat. We can see him distinctly as he gleams in the dark water. It is time to think of landing him. Then we remember with a flash of despair that we have no landing-net! To lift him from the water by this line would break it in an instant. There is not a foot of the rocky shore smooth enough to beach him on. Our caps are far too small to use

as a net for such a fish. What to do? We must row around with him gently and quietly for another ten minutes, until he is quite weary and tame. Now let me draw him softly toward the boat, slip my fingers under his gills to give a firm hold, and lift him quickly over the gunwale before he can gasp or kick. A tap on the head with the empty rod-case, — there he is, — the prettiest land-locked salmon that I ever saw, plump, round, perfectly shaped and colored, and just six and a half pounds in weight, the record fish of Jordan Pond.”¹

A good description! A fine, a stirring description! A masterly record of a masterly feat! It makes the blood tingle; it makes the lover of the rushing torrent, of the still, deep mountain lake and of the crisp, clear, northern days, impatient with the city streets, with his desk, his papers, and his problems; it whets his hunger and thirst for a holiday, and for more life in God’s magnificent out-of-doors; it makes him slightly irritated with the winter, when perforce he must abandon nature to itself, and leaves him but to dream of the days when the warm sun shall have drawn the ice from the lakes and when the released waters go tumbling down to the sea.

And yet why is it that there are some whom the description cannot allure to spend their hours of recreation in a kindred manner? Why is it that while each and every element of the narrative makes us thrill with longing for the open, the story as a whole arouses in a few a feeling akin to repulsion? Why is it that

¹ Henry van Dyke: “Some Remarks on Gulls.” *Scribner’s Magazine*, August, 1907.

some at least would have enjoyed rather the picture of the lake in the wood, girt with yellow shore line and the green and gray of timber, the surface ruffled here and there by the gulls taking their afternoon bath, the concentric circles telling of the trout just nosing the air to snare the unsuspecting insect or to touch the mystery of a world unlike their own, the sudden rush, leap and plunge, the flash of color, "russet and silver flecked with black," of the ouananiche rising from the deep waters he loves so well and like lightning returning thither? Why is it that some would rather allow these incidents to touch the imagination and to stimulate it to follow the living activities of nature, than win their exhilaration at the expense of suffering? Why is it that day by day the numbers seem to increase of those yielding to mercy rather than to the instinct of the chase, and of those who rejoice when they are persecuted with such an epithet as mealy-mouthed sentimentalist?

I confess that such is my reaction, that I must count myself among the mealy-mouthed sentimentalists. But confession is not always either heart-cleaning or mind-cleaning. Along with it there must run a justification which at least palliates the offense in the sight of the one who acknowledges his fault. And how can the sentimentalist sanction his aversion to those forms of sport that entail the suffering of fish and bird and beast?

The sentimentalist has first to acknowledge that a radical change in his feeling toward animate nature has been worked since the days of boyhood, and naturally he hopes that the transformation of sentiment is not a sign of atavism but rather one of deepening sympathy. The days are still fresh in mind when, armed with the sling, he relieved his hunter's instinct by plunging into the woods of summer, there to listen for the birds, then to find, and then to kill; or into the woods of winter, there to build his hut and kindle his fire, and then to follow the trail of the rabbit and to set

his snare. He can almost breathe the air, feel the yielding of the turf, and hear the ripple of the brook as he lay in the long grass in the meadows near Wachusett and drew the trout from the pools beneath the banks. He can recall with that delicious accompaniment of well-earned meat — the watering mouth — the spectacle of eleven five-inch beauties, fried in crumbs, the product of his own first gamy angling. And he can remember, O! so vividly, with what ardor he searched the old files of the *Youth's Companion* and scanned the new copies as they came in week by week, so that he might not lose one story of the hunter and the trapper, and with what care he laid aside one dime every seven days that he might buy *Forest and Stream*, and in imagination go afield with those more fortunate than he, to flush and to bag the plover, the quail, the woodcock, and the partridge. The sentimentalist remembers the days of his youth and all their natural delights.

But he can also recall traces, intimations, as Wordsworth would call them, of a nature hardly partaking of the same world. He can distinguish a remnant of pity in his reaction after peppering a young robin with sling-shot; he can at this moment remember the burning shame that consumed him when his first bird tumbled to the ground at his feet, and what a bitter meal it made. He can refresh the sensation, hardly perceptible in those eager and impatient days, of recoil at the apparent suffering of the fish being taken from the hook. These the sentimentalist can remember — the first stirrings of a changing sentiment, the beginnings of a different mood.

And now he has to confess that the former things have passed away, and that these intimations of aversion to recreation that entails distress have developed into a natural recoil at the sight of any suffering and into a keen delight at the thought or sight of fish or bird or beast enjoying natural freedom. The leisurely trout napping in the stone-bottomed pool

of the Catskill brook now afford the sentimentalist keener pleasure than he can get from stirring them to life, to action, and to death, by the skillful cast of the silver doctor, the brown hackle, and the Parmachenee belle. Even to sit and watch the government fish in the national aquarium, to see them tumble over one another, rush at one another with open mouth, and nip one another harmlessly like puppies at play stirs the sentimentalist's affection for nature more sensitively than the fight for liberty made by his record bass of Lake Dunmore. The covey of partridges well up near the summit of Whiteface, so like the autumn leaves over which they leisurely walked away, so free, so proud, so beautiful, never suggested the shot-gun, but gave another pleasure untinted with the element of injury. Just to find them at home, just to know where they love to live, just to retain the peaceful picture, suffices the sentimentalist. The bull moose standing in the long grass on the banks of Soper Deadwater, thirty miles from the nearest town and train, in the wilderness he loves, with no companions but the otter, the kingfisher, and the bear, unconscious of the intruder, undisturbed by the crack of the rifle, yields a rapture that might lose its charm if death were to follow and the head and antlers be taken out into civilization.

But confession must be made that the feeling transcends that of mere preference and becomes that of positive aversion to the processes and the results of sportsmanship entailing death. However skillful the method and however masterful the result, the effect is one of pain on him who either reads or watches. Not even Walton, the dean of anglers, can convert the sentimentalist to forgetfulness of agony by the art with which he impaled his bait:—"Put your hook in him a little below the middle; having done so draw your worm above the arming of your hook; but note that at the entering of your hook, it must not be at the head-end of the worm, but at the tail-

end of him, that the point of your hook may come out at toward the head-end, and, having drawn him above the arming of your hook, then put the point of the hook again into the very head of the worm, till it come near to the place where the point of the hook first came out; and then draw back that of the worm that was above the shank or arming of your hook and so fish with it. And if you mean to fish with two worms, then put the second on before you turn back the hook's head of the first worm."¹ Truly if art could compel to imitation, the sentimentalist would spend his leisure hours at baiting. But the effect is not what Walton wished. The sentimentalist acknowledges the art, but wishes it might have been turned to morals rather than misery. He recalls how certain inquisitors baited the rack that they might dexterously lure the thoughtful within their toils. He recognizes a resemblance; the means seem justified by the end. The sentimentalist has been brought up to believe there is something faulty in this theory, and that it applies to sport as well as to the Counter-Reformation. Neither can the virile enthusiasm of Kingsley offer the soporific to the sentimentalist's natural attitude. The splendid whirlwind of Kingsley's passion for exciting angling—the consciousness that he could kill an amount of fish perfectly frightful, that he had had magnificent sport, five salmon killed (biggest seven pounds) and another huge fellow running right away to sea, carrying Kingsley after him waist-deep in water, and lost, after running two hundred yards, by fouling a ship's hawser; nothing like it, excitement maddening, exertion very severe—such magnificent spirit rather defeats the purpose of its description, for the sentimentalist finds himself at the other end of the line watching the bewildering drama there taking place. Nor can the same devoted hunter singing to the hounds as they course the weak-

¹ See Edward Jesse's edition of *The Complete Angler*, p. 135.

ening stag — “Chime, ye dappled darlings”¹ — recall the sentimentalist to a kindred mood. He forgets the horsemen; he forgets the exhilaration of the chase; he cannot stop to admire the skill of the riders and the strength and agility of the horses, or the native art of the dogs. His heart is with the stag, hunted, wearied, despairing, sure to lose in the unfair game. Yes, it is a feeling of positive aversion to sportsmanship entailing either misery or death of which the sentimentalist is conscious.

And the supplementary witness that so he feels is his quick and sensitive reaction upon the sentiments of those who recoil from agony and whose delight in animate nature is won entirely apart from pain. The chance acquaintance who said that he could no longer believe that it was right to kill for pleasure; the friend who recently confessed that he had never enjoyed angling since he had watched the trout living as they love to live; the present Lord Coleridge allowing that he might be classed among the sentimentalists, acknowledging his inability to convey his sentiment to another, and yet telling his hunt-loving countrymen that the chase of the wild red stag on Exmoor had spoiled the bright October day for him, that the mood of the hunters had reminded him of the down-turned thumbs in ancient Rome, — these incidents, recently called to the sentimentalist’s attention, convince him that he is among those whose feeling is strong if not positively missionary. To these he adds his sympathetic response to those whose love of animate nature is apparently boundless. The attempt of the hunter,² without his rifle, to find the band of several hundred elk on the broad, treeless hillside, to creep up to them, and to eat his lunch under their very noses, and his success in the difficult exploit,

pleases and contents the sentimentalist through and through, in spite of Galagher’s dictum that you might as well kill a feller as scare him to death. The Sunday afternoon recreation of the master fisherman³ sitting on the deck of his “horse-yacht,” watching six huge salmon moving slowly from side to side, or lying motionless like gray shadows, with nothing to break the silence except the thin, clear whistle of the white-throated sparrow far back in the woods; noticing that every now and then one of the salmon in the pool would lazily roll out of the water, or spring high into the air and fall back with a heavy splash; questioning what makes the salmon leap, whether pain or pleasure, whether to escape the attack of other fish, or to shake off a parasite that clings to them, or to practice jumping so that they can ascend the falls when they reach them, or simply and solely the exuberant gladness and joy of living, — this strikes a responsive chord within the heart and mind. These — the haters of destruction and the lovers of life — confirm the sentimentalist’s opinion that he is hopelessly on their side and is desperately contented with himself and with his point of view.

And yet he chafes a little bit under the epithet. Sentimentalist, some call him; mealy-mouthed sentimentalist, others; others still. “logical vegetarian of the flabbiest Hindoo type.”⁴ Not even ox-eyed Hera, or the arrow-shooting Artemis, or Apollo the Sender of Missiles (just to cling to epithets of the chase) was more richly blessed with descriptive titles: and surely all must have some meaning. To paraphrase, it must be that the sentimentalist is a man doomed forever to lack rugged manliness; his pursuits in the open must be those that tend toward physical and mental weakness. He must be one who personifies a lower rather than a higher stage of evolution; all he says and does

¹ Lord Coleridge: “The Chase of the Wild Red Stag on Exmoor,” *Nineteenth Century and Age*, October, 1907.

² *Camping and Tramping with Roosevelt*. By JOHN BURROUGHS.

³ *Little Rivers*. By HENRY VAN DYKE.

⁴ *Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter*. By THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

must bear the marks of a being socially useless. He must be one whose mental processes are altogether distorted; his view-point of life must be rather a curio. These are but paraphrases or connotations of "sentimentalist" and its allied epithets. And of course this analysis of feeling, this dissection of the living brain, must touch the so-called sentimentalist to the quick, for in theory at least he likes to think that he may be virile and rugged; that there may be some marks of progress that announce the acquisition of qualities higher than instinct; even that he may have discovered a truth which Christianity itself must one day emphasize but which to-day is largely unperceived. Let the sentimentalist ask if these accusations are just; let him suggest some of the marks of so-called sentimentality, allowing them to bear their own witness to character.

To say that the chase and other open-air pursuits entailing misery and death are necessary to a wholesome-minded, healthy-bodied, and positive-actioned race, — in other words, that just those pursuits that the sentimentalist cannot enjoy are indispensable, may be a statement somewhat limited in its validity. It is equivalent to saying that only hunting and fishing can induce one to leave the sedentary life for the fields, the woods, and the mountains, and that life in the open alone can give these qualities. It is an assertion which the sentimentalist ventures to think may be paralleled, to its own soul's health, with another, the purpose of which would be to show that there are many kinds of love of the wilds, many inducements drawing one thither, and many effects of value to men from such contact with nature. There is, for example, the love of the wild flower: it is a passion that will elicit manhood, if manhood be known by the marks of indifference to physical fatigue and continuous disappointment, and by perseverance through swamp and thicket. There is the love of the highlands: it is a passion that will draw a man irresistibly from his

books or business: it calls for strength of heart and limb and steadiness of head; the man without the spirit of a victor would better not engage in the pastime of mountain-climbing. There is the love of the woods: it is a passion that stirs with subtle power; to yield to it and to enjoy the real woods is to welcome a test of manhood — superiority to wind and weather, a consciousness of mastery in woodcraft and watermanship, independence of all conditions that make for ease of living. Thoreau plunged into the depths of the northern wilderness because of his love of plant and shrub and tree and mountain; and to say that he might have made a hunter but for his transcendentalism and anæmic condition is simply to beg the whole question. Tyndall was the first of all men to ascend the Weisshorn; not even the chamois-hunter had preceded Tyndall, Leslie Stephen, and Whymper in their unprecedented feats of daring. The Workmans, husband and wife, have probably encamped higher than any living man or woman, — upwards of twenty-one thousand feet in the Himalayas, — and have shown a superiority to conditions almost beyond the belief of man. And yet the sentimentalist has not heard that they passed their days of training with either rifle or rod, or that they needed to buttress their wills with the sight of bloodshed. Like the melancholy Thompson, who seeks his solace in strange quarters, the sentimentalist ponders these thoughts, and they comfort him, for he finds an opening for his theory that a man may be a man and yet very tender-hearted. On even cursory examination of the facts he finds himself a member of a very respectable company — men who have really made contributions to the world's progress.

However, the sentimentalist would not lay too much stress on this aspect of his defense, for he thinks, perhaps wrongly, that there may be some other qualities needed in modern life besides those hardy virtues born of the chase

and even of the more merciful enjoyment of nature. His somewhat brief experience has led him to prize quite as highly the associations that lead to tenderness and consideration. These of course he knows can be cultivated and enriched in the hardy out-of-door life; he at once acknowledges his debt to the deep woods for what they have taught him of the nature and the need of animal life. And yet he knows many people, strong and tender, whose consideration for others has been their contribution to society, who have recoiled from the occupations of either the hunter or the fisherman, and yet have infused splendid virility into all about them. He feels that there is manhood in the abstinence from pain-giving processes; he discovers militant character in the endurance of suffering and misunderstanding and in the monotonous application to unstimulating drudgery. The sentimentalist has watched the process of man-making for some time now, and he has noticed some excellent product from this latter guild of craftsmen. He inclines to the belief that men are at present swept away by the strong current of confidence in the man of exploits as the only positive contributor to life and progress.

But the sentimentalist ventures to think that his sentiment is due to causes deeper than mere emotion, that it is a consequence of forces that have been at work throughout the ages. To borrow a line of argument from the psychologists, he inclines to the theory that his present frame of mind is due to the higher instinct of sympathy inhibiting the lower hunting instinct; or, to be more careful in the use of words, the lower forms of the hunting instinct, for it may have its high and socially necessary manifestation. The sentimentalist perceives resemblances between the modern methods of the chase and the primitive reactions on beast or man wanted either for food or revenge. Under a very different guise he recognizes "the ape and tiger." The passion to pursue; the unchecked

desire to catch and to kill; the madness consequent upon the sight of blood; the more subtle and unaccountable delight in capture and torture,—these are not without their modern and human counterparts. The boy harassing the cat over fences and through alleys; the guide who grasps his shot-gun as soon as he espies the osprey; the rector watching the Spanish bullfight, at first nauseated and then fascinated; the angler playing with the tarpon throughout the day,—these seem to the sentimentalist to bear the marks of kinship with primitive traits. The art may differ, but the stimuli and the reactions are the same. And the sentimentalist cannot but think that they are survivals of a cruder period of life, much of which has been allowed to drop back into the past through the influence of sympathy.

Ability to feel the other fellow's suffering, to share his point of view,—sympathy, in a word,—has long since protected man, the domestic animals, and many of the birds; the altruistic imagination has become keen enough to shrink from the sight and the thought of any agony inflicted upon them; it is slowly closing in on the wild and interesting fauna of our own fields and woods; the sentimentalist has seen men eager for the safety of the tiger. May he not then prophesy that the day is coming when sympathy shall hold within its protecting influence the moose and the cold-blooded, insentient-jawed ouananiche? The sentimentalist likes to think that recoil from sport entailing even so slight a thing as discomfort is merely a consequence of that highly desirable social commodity, the sympathetic imagination. Such a consummation seems within the logic of progressive sympathy. The sentimentalist even becomes a little conceited; perhaps he is a bit of a prophet; he is close to the evolutionary current. Occasionally he sits on the evolutionary bank to sun himself and to watch the interesting objects floating by. And he sees things that

amuse and impress him. It is strange what things will float! There goes snuff just around the bend with the plug dancing along behind it, and is not that the cigarette struggling in the rapids, with cigar and pipe in the still water just above, unconscious of their baleful destiny? Yes, and there go and here come the ornaments: far down stream the nose-ring and the toe-bell once worn in Malay-land and Banbury; far up the stream the bracelet and ear-ring worn in Boston — all slipping down swiftly into the sea of disuse. Stranger still, here are passing quickly by the ungoverned animal instincts: there frets and fumes passion untouched with love, there tumbles helplessly along anger untinged with righteousness; and here comes the instinct of the chase, unsoftened by sympathy, speeding at a splendid rate; soon it will be abreast and by; but no, there it is sucked into an eddy, going round and round right at the feet of the sentimentalist. But its pause is only for a moment; anger was just pulled out of that eddy; give the stream a chance.

The sentimentalist perceives that he is waxing bold and dogmatic, that he is evincing those very characteristics that some say the man of rod and gun alone can cultivate and master. Consequently he would like to make this essay a little longer and say one or two more things in defense of his confession. He would like to suggest that the sentimentalist is not only an example of high moral evolution, but that he may be the highest type of sportsman and the only consistent Christian. From his point of view the sportsman is the man who not only loves the rivers, meadows, and woods, and all that is therein, but who is also a devotee of fair play. Now the sentimentalist may be dull, but he openly confesses that he can see nothing fair in the methods of the modern hunter or fisherman. The sentimentalist has been within twenty feet of a bull moose; he has also cast the line over the trout at Roach Pond inlet and under the shadow of

Katahdin. He cannot understand how fair play enters into a contest between the brain of a moose and that of the hunter, when the latter, if he be at all skilled in woodcraft, knows where the beast may be found, how to approach unscented, how to get the animal at his mercy, and how to bring him down at long range. Let the hunter say what he will of the skill incident to the hunt, the fact remains that the contest is between an animal and a man, with the consequent modicum of chance for the former. Neither can the sentimentalist recognize the ear-marks of sportsmanship in the catching of trout. The rod is of five-ounce weight, to be sure, but it has a reel and a woven silk line; the hook is not a vulgar, heavy, uncovered gaff, to be sure, but it is a triumph of skill in deceit, accommodating its lures to the season of year and the appetite of the fish. Added to this, the haunts of the trout are known and the times of day when he will rise. And add to this also the fact that the mind of man is pitted against the fish's instinct of self-preservation. Let the line be never so fragile and the rod never so light; in comparison with them, let the trout be large, let him have the whole lake to play in, and the chances still seem on the side of the angler. Against the trout stands the man who knows his ways and comes prepared for just such fish as he. The sentimentalist is conceited enough to believe that he is a better sportsman than the well-accounted hunter or fisherman, for he must show a skill equal if not superior to that shown by these, and in addition he refrains from the unequal life-and-death contest.

It is bolder still to say that the sentimentalist is the only consistent Christian, that he is the one man who has reached that point where he dislikes all things that entail suffering or the curtailing of natural freedom, the man who cannot add to the total of necessary pain the agony incident to sport. He is neither a vegetarian nor an enthusiast against

natural-history collections. He likes his meat, provided it be well larded and hidden in bread sauce, and he will kill it if he find himself impelled to do so by hunger. He enjoys his Friday dinner provided it be broiled and garnished, and he will fish for it if he must. But he cannot enjoy the processes. He cannot find his incentive to pleasure in the obvious need of food. Although he dislikes the stuffed animals of the museums, he sees their necessity, and if worst comes to worst will collect and present his specimens. But no one must expect him to delight in the details of capture. Consciousness of utility cannot generate glee. The sentimentalist has reached that condition in which he likes to see all things enjoying their freedom and in which it is a pain for him to curtail it in any way. It may not cause the fish the slightest particle of physical suffering to strike and to become fixed on the hook, nor may it experience any physical agony in its long fight for freedom. This, however, is not the vital matter for the sentimentalist. He knows that he cannot enjoy the obvious discomfort of the fish. It is not a question of blood alone or of pain alone; it is rather a matter of the sentimentalist's character, — a character so constituted that he takes pleasure in the discomfort of an animal no more than in that of a man. And this, he cannot but feel, is merely the logic of Christian sentiment.

The sentimentalist sometimes wonders why Christianity as it obtains to-day does not emphasize more fully the mood of mercy toward the animal world; he thinks that possibly this logical extension of the mood of mercy must be the gift of the Christianized Orient where now it is covered with superstition. At any rate he is confident that the spirit of the traditions of St. Francis is right and the foreshadowing of the days to come — that there is a mysterious bond of union between man and the weaker beings, that the gospel of love may yet protect the dwellers in stream and wood from all but necessary sacrifice, the sacrifice in which all must share. And he is glad to think that he can take his yearly journey into the wilderness, that he can slip down the rivers, encamp on the shores of the lakes, penetrate into the woods, climb the mountains, to enjoy the freedom, to live close to the mystery of nature, to see the wild beasts and birds at home. He is glad to think that he may come out of the wilderness again able to say that the sum of suffering is no greater because of his pleasure. He delights to think that the young moose still feeds by Soper Stream and that the trout still play in Katahdin Brook. And he cannot but feel that this sentiment will make none the less a man of him, and possibly that it partakes a little of the nature of Him whose character was tender and strong.

I STILL GO A-HUNTING

BY LEWIS S. WELCH

MORE men — and women too — go a-hunting nowadays than for many generations. More men — and women too — look upon those who do go a-hunting as people who, if they have any humane vision, have a big blind spot in it. A few

friends sat around the table a while ago eating wild goose and black duck, the gains of my gun. "When we have finished," said one, "suppose we read 'Lines to a Waterfowl.'" He was a good friend and it was a fair enough fling.

Nor did it cause me much surprise. I knew my friends to be those to whom the hunter, who was otherwise a decent sort of a man, was more or less inexplicable. Ever since the larger part of our human family have been able to leave the "meat trail" and get from others, through the intermediary of the professional, that which beforetimes they must needs get for themselves, there have been more and more of them to whom the word "sport" is connected with things coarse and hard, because so many use it when they mean hunting — and fishing, for that matter. The man who uses the gun may not avoid the unpleasant consciousness of their feeling by simply avoiding a certain kind of reading, of which there is much in modern pen-work, where there is preaching against gun-using, usually under the text of some fine lines of poesy; for not a few of the poets, who have written beautifully of the hunter in moments of red blood and tender sentiment, have at other moments drawn heaven's curses on those who are hunters by election. The reproach is nearer home, and those who from time to time slip away from the haunts of man, with a fowling-piece in hand and in the company of a beloved dog, must be prepared to meet as they return to their own society the puzzled look, and to feel the touch sarcastic. One may not seek to make his friend's thoughts uncomfortable within him, but it is almost against nature that a man who does not use a gun should talk long with a man who does, concerning the outdoor or the wild, without some word or act that shows at least that he cannot at all understand. It is quite the way of most women of good heart to feel wonderment and even resentment about the matter, and to speak it with a woman's frankness; for the modern woman who goes a-hunting is not yet in large company.

One who thinks about this matter seriously, and who can even in a measure take the point of view of those who consider the way of the hunter with abhor-

rence, must admit, if he is honest, that at not a few times he is himself on trial by himself, as to this business. I have sometimes pounded my way through a beautiful piece of woodland on what John Ridd would call, "man's chief errand, destruction," and have there disturbed, with calling to my dog or the report of my gun, some gentle soul, wandering through that same lovely corner of nature's domain — wandering because he loves it for itself, and with all kinds of affection for everything alive in it; perhaps beginning to think that he had already thrown the spell of peace and understanding between himself, the overlord, and his various subjects, who from the inheritance of ten thousand generations had learned to fear him. At such a time I have chosen to believe there was better hunting up another branch of the stream, or perhaps have with suddenness decided to break again into the open and look once more for some certain, but really most uncertain, flock of quail. For a time after such deviation my thought may not be altogether on the chase. I can easily wander, both with my legs and in my thoughts, long enough to lose my dog, and then, hunting for him and finding him at point, perhaps regain my balance. But it is too clear that the thoughts of that rudely shaken, nature-loving wanderer are towards me anything but those of friendship. If he is a real nature-lover, and therefore a person of sweet charity, he cannot be indignant, but, much the worse, will be full of pity concerning any of his fellow humans who are so lost to fine and high feeling, as must be this rough-clad carrier of arms into Nature's kingdom; and if the hunter is one who thinks well of his fellow man and well likes his goodwill, to know of such sentiments towards him must disturb his soul.

And if this hunter, coming home at the end of that day and talking it over very frankly, should tell a friend just how he felt about it all, he would show no defiant spirit: neither would his tone be that of

apology; least of all would he seek to convert. To one who did not think well of his calling, what he had to say might be taken as confession; to one who understood more, it would be a plain tale, having only such interest as may attach to anything which shows human motive, and the particular window out of which any human heart looks upon the world, its own place and work and needs in it. If there is anything in this paper, that is all there is in it; for the writer will not make a brief of it, or quote, or argue. Some day all may be said by some Isaak Walton of the gun and the dog; for I believe that a good man who had the mind might ripen into such a character. To those who are hunters and yet have hearts and consciences — and there are such — there is, in the pursuit of game, nothing inconsistent with the high serenity of the Compleat Angler, in whose quiet sea of contemplation and observation float and swim and have their natural habitat, trout, minnows, heaven, George Herbert, the Apostles, casting-flies, pike, grayling, saints, and prayer-book, each seeming as much as any other to be in a native element.

Because many cannot see that there may be associations or suggestions of things that are good and valuable for contemplation in the life of the hunter, there has not been any real change in the faith of the brotherhood of right-minded hunters. But because there are without many who neither inveigh against them nor scorn them, but rather are in some doubt; and because even among hunters there is sometimes a questioning, very plain talking on points little understood and less agreed upon may not be out of order. We shall consider chiefly the hunting of game-birds, for that is the more common and serves all purposes of discussion.

It would not be possible for one to hunt at all if he could really believe that which many good people believe, that in an invasion of the quiet wood and field he ruthlessly forces into the life of bird and animal a new element of dread,

shadowing their very existence and taking from it most if not all of the joy of living. Quite plainly true is it that the gun is a signal of danger; that the gun dog is an animal to be feared by those whom he loves to hunt; that the approach of man is the approach of a possible enemy. Man and dog and gun are signs to the bird that it is well to fly and to seek some other less disturbed resting-place. This is not a pleasant thing for the bird; it is often very inconvenient; but that it means hysteria of fear and cataclysm of feeling is beyond my understanding. Watching birds when the game is on, gives me no ground for believing that the disturbance of what they may possess in the way of feeling is anything more than momentary, or more than one experience out of thousands which come into their lives every season and against which by nature they are forearmed.

A covey of quail suffers a thinning of its ranks without any evidence of shock or lessened joy on the part of those who are left. They become simply more wary of certain signs, just as they are on guard when warned of the near approach of other members of the animal kingdom who are on their trail for meat, day and night, in all seasons of the year. It would be a good thing for those who find discomfort and unrest in this thought of the spreading of terror by the hunter in the animal kingdom, if they could compare the action of this same bird before a fierce fusillade of fowling-pieces and before the approach of their natural enemies. It has been the frequent experience of one unscientific hunter of my intimate acquaintance, to discharge both barrels of his gun at a single quail, with no injurious effect apparent upon either the body or the nerves of the fleeing bird. Bob-white may have slightly accelerated his flight and covered a greater distance than he would have, had the hunter but walked near him without either gun or dog. That is all. Things were different when both this hunter and a chicken-hawk happened to be pursuing the same

flock of quail. There had been some shooting near by and the dog was very busily working in the brush close to where the quail lay; but all was yet quiet, when, suddenly, one of the birds was seized with a realization that a chicken-hawk was near and intending him for his evening meal. He was not only off and away, though yet far from dog or man and farther still from hawk, but his rise was more like a rocket than the whirring rush. The speed seemed faster than an arrow and there was a continuous succession of piercing cries such as one hears at no other time from this bird. Fear and even horror had overtaken him, and his flight, then in October, was beyond all ordinary lengths, even in the late season, when birds are in full feather and wing and may be wild.

It occurs to one here to think not only of the difference between the action of the bird before a hunter and before a chicken-hawk, but of the fact that this quiet, un-harming member of the animal kingdom lives more or less in the presence and in the fear of this dread persecutor, the hawk, all his days; and that it has not only been allowed that he should thus live, but that his actions show that even in such fears and dreads he does live in a way which is altogether normal and, for all one can see, entirely happy, save only when the chase of life and death is on. If one can believe writers of a certain school, all the Bob-whites in such a state, for example, as Connecticut must long ago have evidenced hopeless nervous prostration. If these men told truths there could not be any quail, except in some transformed existence, where they had foregone the happy whistle, where they had left the open road, where they no longer approached the cornfield or came in view of the habitat of man, where they flew only when they could not run, their lives spent like rats, in stone walls and on lonely ledges.

It should be one's wish in talking of these things to keep away as far as possible from unpleasant scenes and to take

advantage of no gruesome analogy. But one must wonder, as he thinks about the things that are said to be true, where was made the observation on which they rested. To many eyes which are wont to see the things within their range of vision, there seems generally little difference between the action of a flock of quail, or even of geese and of ducks, when some of their number have gone into the game-bag, and the undisturbed, matter-of-fact action of our friends of the barnyard, after an operation, never too delicate, has started a pair of their brothers towards the broiler. It may be that many impressive experiences of another sort have met the eyes of those who have more widely viewed the animal creation, and with eyes more keen and sympathetic. It would add to the writer's interest in the contemplation of this subject to know of such. This is, be it remembered, only a report of that which has been seen.

It is said of hunters that they are and must be cruel men, because it is not to be denied that in the trail of the day's chase, of bird or animal, it is not unlikely that they leave the suffering wounded. Vena-tor may not lightly wave into silence such demurrers to his calling. He knows, as they know, that not only do the rough and brutal and the unfeeling thus mark and mar their hunting, but that it is at times beyond the power of the man with the tenderest of consciences, the most painstaking care, and the most persistent spirit of search, to make absolutely sure that he has either bagged or missed his game. But yet it is so rare that one offends in this matter, who seriously determines that he will not, that the calling of the gun and the dog need not therefore be given the deaf ear. There is nothing perfect, and the right charge in his fowling-piece and the right retriever for a dog will so greatly aid the hunter of conscience as to well-nigh take away the reproach.

And as for the case between the hunter and the hunted, the man of equity will not forbear to consider the good that

comes to the one because the other cares for him. Did not the hunter love to hunt, the hunted would be without their best friend; for the estate of birds and animals who are counted in the family of game is so vastly better, if we take the year round, than it was before men used their guns in such number as now, and deliberately undertook to preserve the hunted, that the one condition is hardly to be compared with the other. Were the eye and arm of huntsmen removed from the protection of the hunted, so many more and worse enemies would prey upon the creatures of the wild, in all seasons and without the restraint and consideration of even very ordinary hunters, that their present estate would seem in comparison a very happy one.

But as for the hunter; what happens to him? Some one whom I do not now recall has of late asked this question, and has answered it in such manner that it must be with both boldness and blushes that one of the condemned should speak. But if of the company of the lost, it will at least be permitted to us to say that with some of those called hunters we have no fellowship, since in fact they are not hunters, but only killers; and if our sometime friends think of us as all together and one, it is a pleasant duty none the less to observe that they think not rightly. If we all love chiefly the score, strive mainly to make a record, are pleased to talk of "slaughter," when the birds have been lying or flying well; then let us be counted lost and treated as governable only by statutes and wardens and justice courts. But if there are those who are otherwise-minded and who are drawn to the open, with a gun, but with thoughts and aims uppermost other than making many "kills," the hunter will, if the writer understands him, meditate on the well-being of his own soul somewhat after this fashion:—

"Hunting is not of the state of spiritual perfection. Neither has been, or is now, the course of any of the rest of us who feed on meat and wear skins, either

in robes and coats or in shoes and belts. The hunter does not seem to feel quite at home when his mind contemplates the delightful gathering in the holy mountain of which Isaiah sings—neither wolf nor leopard nor young lion nor bear, nor the partridge on the mountain, did he chance to be of the company, would give him welcome to their love feast. Neither would any of the rest of us be thought *personæ gratae* by lamb, kid, cow, or calf. They would all leave their lord and master, 'the little child,' if the little child's master came around, wore he either canvas coat or the cloth.

"But since it seems to some a necessity to eat meat and clothe themselves in whole or in part with that which was formerly the clothing of another animal, even though very excellent health-masters say they are in error, shall I, the hunter, the less condemn myself, because by choice I 'take the meat-trail' and hunt and destroy? Is it not for me to go ahead as far as I can, and hope that the line will move towards where I am and so advance the bloodless day of peace and goodwill?

"Yes, it were better, if I could do this and still do 'next things' of every day, as well as or better than now. So I say of my hunting; so I say of my meat-eating. But for some reason or other neither of these things seems to be true. Wise men, as to things of the body and things of the spirit, have, times without number, considered the habit carnivorous and said it was altogether unspiritual, and yet immensely gainful in the doing of the day's hard works; in the making of private and public means for better living; in the building and the saving of the state. Some day, if we do now the things we clearly can, as well as we know how, and think and feel and pray ourselves along as much farther as is possible, we may yet follow the very simple life, eating only things that live in vegetable ways.

"But until these days are upon us, I shall eat meat, if it be within my means, and so get the coarse fuel for my hard

work. And also until these and still in other ways different days are on us, I shall go a-hunting, and for reasons which are the same as for meat-eating, and for other and for better reasons.

"For I must away. The 'medicine' of the red gods is making, even only a township or two away, in a very ancient commonwealth, thick-haunted of men, but often with the open near the door. And as I enter the fields of 'proved delight' there come, winging faster than birds in flight, memories and instincts and passions, under whose ministries and spurs I slip the leash of natural feeling, fling the wrinkled rolls of care and convention to free airs, and open smoky corners of hesitation and doubt to bright, clear lights. Some day, perhaps, I shall wander through these fields and woods of delight with only wild flowers for the reward of the chase, and without a beloved dog to divide companionship of beloved tree and my brothers, the field and the sky. But now it is the trail that draws me, and I go more willingly and gladly on it than on any other quest. Some day the bruising, hard fellow within me, who harks back to days of spear and bow,

may put off his hardness and unsling his gun and ask for no dog. But until he does I must go with him, when I may. I shall try to be decent about it. If I cannot find the charge that may reasonably be counted on either to miss or finish, I shall leave the pursuit of that kind of game. If I think first or much of filling the pockets or the meat-room, — when necessity is not present, — then I shall know it is all leading me far afield. If I grow harder, more willing to see the dumb creation suffer, or more inured to the keener suffering of higher lives, I hope I shall have it in my heart to give it up altogether.

"But since and so long as it acts upon me in ways quite the opposite, and since the big, hard game of the every day and the world seems the easier because of this holiday game of the hunt; and so long as I can keep a few friends who understand and a few others who forget the things they don't understand, I have made up my mind to keep at it. I have gone over the question now and again these last twenty-five years and my talk about it with myself is over. I shall still go a-hunting."

CONFESSIONS OF A RAILROAD SIGNALMAN

IV

BY J. O. FAGAN

IN the days of the Roman Republic, when a consul was invested with supreme power, he received a caution or command somewhat as follows: "See to it that the Republic receives no injury."

This injunction is quite as significant and important to-day, both to individuals and to public officials, as it was a thousand years ago. Then, as now, the interests of the community were the first and paramount consideration. But in dis-

cussing questions relating to these interests, such as, for instance, those which have arisen between labor and management on our railroads, public opinion, as represented by the press and the laws, should insist upon a fair field, no favor, and absolutely open play on all sides.

We need only glance at the safety problem on American railroads to appreciate it thoroughly. During 1907, on a single well-known railroad, thirty

passengers were killed and 1596 injured, 572 trespassers killed, and 526 injured; 72 people were killed at grade crossings and 518 injured; twelve contractor's men were killed and ten injured; the total killed numbered 686, and the injured 2651. These figures are not inclusive of employees. The biggest single item of the year's disaster for personal injuries fell under the head of collisions, 76 of them resulting in 456 claims, to the account of which the charge was \$145,748. The total was 876 claims for personal injuries, costing \$746,075, still leaving 2345 unsettled cases at the expiration of the year.

Some time ago, in the *Chicago Record-Herald*, E. P. Ripley, president of the Santa Fé system, was quoted as follows: "One of the most serious conditions which this country is facing to-day is the indifference and disregard which the employee has for the interests of the employer."

"The Santa Fé," continued Mr. Ripley, "hopes to establish a better *esprit de corps* among its employees and expects that a liberal pension system will have that tendency. We have on this system as much loyalty as most railroads enjoy, if not more, but it is not what it should be. The lack of loyalty among employees is a condition from which all corporations are now suffering, and it presents a most serious problem."

It matters little to what railroad one turns for information on this subject, Mr. Ripley's remarks, in a greater or less degree, apply to them all. Quite recently, in discussing this topic, the manager of another railroad uttered the same opinion from a somewhat different standpoint. He remarked, in substance, "During the past week, at three different sessions, a committee of employees came to this office for the purpose of arbitrating, or coming to some understanding about, a matter of discipline. These men fought tooth and nail for what they considered their rights in this case, and finally, at the third hearing, an agreement was ar-

rived at, which, if you choose, you may call a compromise. So far so good. But now to-day, these same men, or rather two of them, representing different organizations, have been up here again. Some kind of a dispute has arisen between these organizations, and they called upon me, with assurances of belief in my ability and impartiality, to act as final arbitrator between them. This means, of course, that I must devote two or three hours of my time to their private interests. Be this as it may, I consented to act as arbitrator, but at the same time I could n't help wondering how these men could find it in their hearts to accept my verdict in their private affairs, about which I know comparatively little, while they persistently question my judgment, and practically my honesty of purpose, in matters of discipline and management. In a word," he concluded, "why don't the employees trust the management to administer the affairs of the railroad conscientiously and fairly, and to give to each employee a square deal?"

During the palmy days of what may be called autocratic management, when a railroad man started out in the morning, the paymaster, or the office-boy, for that matter, could have told you the exact amount the man would have been entitled to on his return. The employee was willing, and in fact had agreed, to travel or to work from a point A to a point B for a certain fixed sum. So far as his pay was concerned, it made no difference whether he covered the distance in eight hours or eighteen. If a yardmaster delayed him for two or three hours before starting, and if he lost half a day on the road by reason of wrecks, disablement of locomotive, or a washout, so much the worse for him. His duty was to go from A to B and to do what he was told to on the way, without question, even if it took him from sunrise to sunrise to cover the distance. There was no help or rescue in sight, no appeal from the discipline in those days, and if the work was not to his liking, the world was wide, and a dozen

men were ready to step into his place.

Nevertheless, the onesidedness and injustice of the whole proceeding were manifest to everybody, and from year to year it remained to be talked about, objected to, and brooded over. But with ever-increasing business and complication of conditions, a much better-educated class of men found their way into the railroad service. In moving a train from place to place, greater intelligence was required. A conductor to-day can frequently run from one end of the road to the other in a purely mechanical fashion; but in the early days of railroading, with a single track, a confusion of flags and train orders, and a multitude of unforeseen difficulties awaiting him at every station, it took little less than genius to make a successful railroad man.

The really heartbreaking story of the hardship and heroism of the trainmen of those days has never been written, but a touch of the stern reality and pathos of it all can be imagined from the single consideration, that of seventeen freight conductors who in the year 1883 ran trains through the Hoosac Tunnel, only five in the year 1888, that is, five years later, were still to be found on the pay-rolls. In nearly every instance, death in violent form had removed the others. Of course, as we all know, the most popular type of heroism is to be looked for on the battlefield, but there are hundreds of railroad veterans on the streets to-day, undecorated and unremembered, whose services to the country are all worthy of popular sympathy and national gratitude.

As a result of these extraordinary conditions and the continual killing of employees, a new and more intelligent class of men was called upon, in course of time, to undertake the dangerous duties of railroad service. With increased intelligence and broader mental equipment, the thinking process in the brain of the railroad man expanded, and very naturally his awakened attention was not exclusively centred on the business of his employers. It soon became known to offi-

cials, and to the world, that we had grievances. Before long, rumblings of discontent were heard on all sides. Between ourselves we began to discuss matters of right and wrong. The men got together in groups, in small gatherings. Here and there, all over the country, little Runnymedes were attended by conscientious, determined railroad men. With an ever-increasing demand for our services, came consciousness of importance and power. Attention was called to the injustice, the inconsistency of the situation. We petitioned and agitated for trifles. Inch by inch ground was gained. Frequently we were beaten back, sometimes routed, at other times the battle was drawn; but after every encounter, regardless of result, the ghost of the future remained on the field to disturb the slumbers of the management. So, through the years, the struggle proceeded, concession followed concession, until all kinds of injustice and favoritism, and in fact the whole system of purely autocratic management, had gone by the board, and fair play for the railroad trainman was an accomplished fact. For the future, to ask was to receive. Face to face with organizations of determined men, with the crops and manufactures of half a continent waiting to be moved to the seaboard, what was a management or a combination of managements going to do about it?

Thus, by evolution and revolution, a mighty change has come over the scene. To-day when a railroad man makes a trip from point A to point B, it is altogether different from the performance to which I called attention at the beginning of this article. At the end of his trip, the man now takes out his pencil and does some figuring. Neither the superintendent nor the paymaster has the slightest idea what the engine-man's, the conductor's, or the brakeman's bill for a day's work is going to be. If a man is delayed on the road by the negligence of a fellow employee, the company will have to pay for the extra time. If he makes a straight trip, with one or two stops, he has a certain

rate; if in the performance of his duties he is called upon to make an extra stop or to pick up a car of perishable goods, he will call for a special rate and much more money. His day's trip frequently bristles with possibilities in the way of special rates and overtime. In the matter of overtime, he may have the opportunity to be just or unjust, as it pleases him; anyway the company is at his mercy. Again, if at the end of a hundred-mile run, or thereabouts, for which an engine-man would receive from four to five dollars, he is requested to take his engine out on the road again and move a car a distance of twenty feet, he will turn in his bill to the company for a greater amount than a gate-tender or a switchman would receive for his whole day's work, from six in the morning until six at night, without a minute for meals.

Again, if a man gets into trouble, he is called into the office for an investigation. If it turns out that the accident was unquestionably the fault of the employee, he, of course, is liable to be disciplined for it in some way, but if as a result of the accident, the whole road is tied up for twelve hours, and he remains on duty half a day longer than his usual time, he will receive payment for this overtime in full, regardless of the fact that he himself was wholly responsible for the delay.

Far from criticising this state of affairs, I consider the demonstration I have given of the exact status of the railroad man at the present day, a magnificent tribute to righteous and necessary organization. Up to this point the public has had no cause to complain, and discipline has not been interfered with. The treasury has borne the whole burden. While it is doubtless true that the liberal terms and concessions to which I refer have been brought about, so to speak, at the point of the bayonet, nevertheless many privileges and advantages are enjoyed by railroad men, which cannot be said to owe their origin to compulsion or pressure of any kind. The care shown by nearly all railroads for the welfare of

the employee, and the millions of dollars that have been expended for his social and intellectual betterment, must also be taken as direct evidence of square and honest treatment. To combat the evils of the saloon, and in the interest of good citizenship, both on and off the railroad, the corporations have gone extensively and expensively into the construction and maintenance of reading-rooms and hospitals, as well as relief, savings, and loan associations. There is, indeed, a fine sense of business judgment hidden away in these different methods of looking after the interests of the employees and there is hardly a road in the country that does not recognize the principle that to obtain competent, trained assistants, especially in the operating department, it is essential that the men be surrounded with all sorts of inducements to remain in the service, and to be loyal to the interests of their employers. This philanthropic and betterment work is to be found on all railroads, and conspicuously so on the Baltimore & Ohio. The following particulars of relief and betterment work on the above railroad may be taken as a lesson of what corporations with souls are doing in the interests of employees.

Membership in the Relief Department of the Baltimore & Ohio is compulsory on the part of all employed in the direct operation of the road. The employees themselves have part in the direction of the affairs of the organization. The company makes all collections and payments, under its guarantee of responsibility for every penny coming into or going out through its hands. The company also pledges itself to pay four per cent interest on the monthly balances of current accounts; no charge is made for office-rent, and all the facilities of the road are at command, without cost. Operating expenditure is thus reduced to a minimum, and upon transactions during the past fiscal year, which represented a million dollars distributed in benefits, the expense averaged but a dollar and sixty-

eight cents per capita of membership. The aggregate of the benefits paid from the founding of the Relief to the close of the last fiscal year, was thirteen millions of dollars.

The Baltimore & Ohio plan for pension payments, in vogue for the past twenty-three years, is in conjunction with the Relief Department, but is not, as that is, maintained by the contributions of employees. The pension system is maintained entirely by the company, which contributes for the purpose about \$90,000 annually. During the past year the fund paid in pensions was over \$95,000, to about 400 pensioners. Since its inauguration in 1884, there has been paid out in pensions, \$1,008,000.

Again, the foundation of two other features—Savings and Loan—in the Baltimore & Ohio dates back a full quarter of a century. The Savings is strictly a trust fund, around it being thrown the unequivocal protection of the United States government in the decision handed down by its courts. Of course this is understood by employee depositors; consequently there is absolute confidence. There are no runs, no anxiety as to savings, and no fear that what has been laid aside for a rainy day will be risked. Meantime, upon it the company is guaranteeing four per cent and earnings; the interest and dividend returns thus amount to never less than five and sometimes five and a half per cent. The total of the savings deposits to June 30 last reached eight and a half million dollars, and interest and dividends paid to employee depositors to that time came to a million and a half dollars.

The Baltimore & Ohio loan feature is still more remarkable. The object is to enable the employees to own their own homes. All are real-estate transactions, and it is a remarkable fact that the administration of this feature, throughout twenty-five years, has been entirely without appreciable loss on any single investment. Employee borrowers have entered into personal obligations repre-

senting the building of two thousand houses and the purchase of three thousand homesteads. The transactions of the loan section to June 30 represented six and three-quarter millions of dollars, when there was also a million and a quarter in the treasury, upon which the company's guarantee of four per cent held good.

Rest-houses are another form through which welfare work in the direct interest of the employee is carried on as part of the regular operation of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. The aim is to furnish a comfortable and convenient place, open at all hours, to the employee coming in from his run, whose first want is a bath, with plenty of hot water, and subsequently a restful bed. The work carried on by the Railroad Y. M. C. A. is of a similar nature. The old-time dark cabooses, dingy freight cars, and decrepit coaches, serving as night-holes into which to crawl for the sleeping hours till the time for the next run, are now nothing but an unpleasant memory. The Railroad Y. M. C. A., with its commodious lounging-rooms, bright and airy dining-rooms, clean lunch-counters, well-appointed kitchens, billiard rooms and bowling alleys, general assembly halls, libraries, attractive bedrooms and baths, is the practical exemplification to-day of the fitness of things. The disbursements of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad for these purposes have in single years exceeded fifty thousand dollars, and every penny is profitably expended from the purely business standpoint. Bettering the man betters his work.

Furthermore, incident to the administration of the Relief Department, the company, through a corps of medical examiners and surgeons, closely supervises the health of its employees and the sanitary conditions of the places where their duties are performed. This corps is in charge of a chief surgeon and chief medical examiner, both prominent in their professions, and although the number of men in their charge exceeds forty

thousand, any complicated or persistent disability of an employee secures the personal supervision of the chief surgeon.

This is surely a remarkable demonstration of what one corporation is doing, and has done, for the benefit of its employees. It is very doubtful if any government or any other industrial institution in the world can show any such record, and one which extends over such a long term of years. Fair and humane treatment of employees cannot be carried any further.

Having in this way, for the present, made an end of the evidence as regards the men, let us now turn to the management. It will, I think, be admitted that the running and operation of trains on American railroads calls for some system of management and discipline that shall be absolutely untrammelled and free from outside influence or interference. In a word, the manager of the operating department of a railroad should be permitted to manage. Public opinion, of course, is always free to express itself as it thinks fit on this and on kindred subjects, but it will be found to be utterly unjust in its position if it allows itself in any way to connive at the undermining of authority, and at the same time holds this authority responsible for results. Yet it does not call for a national mind-reader to extract from the history of public sentiment the uncomfortable conclusion that the laws and the press of the country, to a great extent, still harbor their ancient grudge, and are not prepared to treat railroad managers impartially. So accustomed have managers become to adverse criticism that they are now almost tongue-tied on the subject of their duties, and simple sufferance has become the badge of the fraternity. The manager may now be likened to a horse, willing and able to trot his distance with credit to himself and his owners; but behind him, on the box-seat, sits public opinion, the labor organization at his side. The horse is willing enough, and eager to work and to do his duty, but every effort

to exert himself or to get into his stride is rewarded with a violent jerk of the rein. The effect of this treatment on any kind of an animal can be imagined. That the traveling public should be at the mercy of a three-cornered management of this nature, is rather remarkable. If managers nowadays were inclined to be autocratic or overbearing in matters relating to the public safety, there might be some excuse for the situation. On the contrary, to most people it will appear that they have already parted with the best part of their birthright. The following is the agreement on the subject, in force on nearly all railroads:—

“Employees shall not be disciplined or dismissed without cause. In case discipline is thought to be unjust, the employee may refer his case, in writing, to the superintendent, after which he shall be given a hearing within seven days. The aggrieved party may be present at all investigations and may be represented by a fellow employee of the same class. In the event of this investigation proving unsatisfactory, the case may be appealed to higher officials in regular order. If the accused is found blameless, his record will remain as previous thereto, and he shall receive pay for all time lost.”

Such an agreement will, I think, appear to most people to be remarkably fair and generous. Unfortunately for the interest of the public, it approaches the danger point. It is very doubtful if many, or any, private industrial establishments could be persuaded to sign any such agreement with their employees. Manifestly it makes a cipher of the superintendent. But taking our agreement just as it is, the manager should at least be allowed to manage, and appeal should be limited to the officials of the road. *The line must be drawn just where responsibility is wanted and needed.* That the management of a railroad should invite interference or assistance from grievance committees or national organizations of labor men, in matters of discipline, is absurd. The situation has been forced

upon them. It has been forced upon them during "rush hours," when business was at high tide and pressure, and when the public was clamoring for its fast trains and for the prompt delivery of freight. Such are the stormy times on railroads, when discipline is lax and when concessions are granted at the expense of the public safety. Blame the management if you will, — the results and consequences are before us for consideration and remedy. Most of us understand something about rebates on a shipment of oil or cotton goods, and about the penalties that are enforced against offenders, but we do not seem to realize the fact that to-day on our railroads there are, in actual operation, rebates on the efficiency of the service, which are being paid for by the people, not in dollars and cents, but in blood and suffering.

But putting on one side public opinion and its influence on the efficiency of railroad service, what is the nature of the treatment that the employee himself, with his eyes wide open and his wits about him, is willing to give to the management and to the public, when he has the power and the opportunity to work in a little legislation for himself? For illustration, let us take what is commonly called the "Bumping Process." Of course no management in its right mind would ever originate or put into service any such suicidal arrangement. From beginning to end it is a ludicrous, at times a pathetic, commentary on the seniority rule. It works somewhat in this way:

On account of slack business, a crew consisting of a conductor and two or three men is relieved from duty. The conductor immediately looks over his list and picks out another job to his liking, the holder of which happens to be his junior in the service. The man who is thus turned out does the same to some one else, and meanwhile the discharged brakemen have been "bumping" other brakemen. So it goes on from one end of the division to the other, until some twenty or thirty men have been

"bumped" out of their accustomed and hard-earned places. Finally, three or four of the youngest employees are bumped into space, at the end of the string, and the "bumping" ceases for lack of material. The management has had absolutely nothing to do with the affair; it can protect neither its own interests nor those of the public. The whole business must be looked upon as the natural sequel of the seniority principle. It is a concession granted during "rush hours," when bumping was not anticipated. To understand this thoroughly, let us take a concrete illustration.

On a certain railroad there is a section, say from X to Y, over which a local freight train has plied daily for a number of years. Along this route there are, perhaps, as many as fifty large foundries and industrial plants, to attend to the requirements of which this local freight was put on the road. The conductor of this train has attended to this business with satisfaction to his employers, and to the patrons of the road, for three or four years. He thoroughly understands the ins and outs of his route, all about the different switches, sidetracks, dangerous places, and difficulties that are to be encountered. He is personally acquainted with the foremen of the different establishments. He knows just what they want and when they want it; he understands when and where they want cars loaded and emptied. He has the phraseology of the different sidetracks on the tip of his tongue. When he arrives at any little town, his switch list reads something like this: —

"Six for Dublin St." "Two for Jerrys." "Three for The Middle." "Seven for The Hole."

In short, our conductor is the right man in the right place. This is so not only from a business point of view, but from the social aspect as well, for he has made a home for himself, and all his social interests are centred in a little town on this route. But suddenly, without any warning, or reason, he is simply "bumped"

out of the job, and a new man, his senior, from another section of the road, takes his place. This is an actual occurrence, and it is a sad commentary on the straits to which some managements are reduced. It shows the seniority principle run into the ground. It is individualism triumphant. Even to the whole body of employees it is a distasteful proceeding. The senior man simply "grabs the job," and consequently twenty other men are displaced in rotation, the management remaining silent.

And yet there are men, even in high places, who are prepared to defend this bumping principle. In studying these railroad matters, and while calling upon managers of different railroads, I was always anxious to get the general opinions of the officials. One can usually tell from the "atmosphere" in these offices, what can be expected in the way of treatment of employees and so forth, out on the road. It was in order to get some of these impressions — some of this silent information — that I called upon the United States Commissioner of Labor in Washington. I asked him for his opinion of the bumping principle. The commissioner was outspoken in his defense of the bumping business; in fact, he wished to know what possible objection there could be to it. In so many words, and with considerable emphasis, he inquired if it was not a much more desirable state of affairs that the men should be allowed to pick out their jobs in this way, than that superintendents should be at liberty to give the preference to their cousins, their brothers-in-law, and other incompetents? In fact, managers are not to be trusted. If I wished for evidence, I could turn to the insurance scandals, — the cream of the appointments handed over to relatives and good-for-nothings. The commissioner was also of the opinion that in only too many instances railroad managers are in the habit of making rules which they know only too well it is impossible for employees to obey.

In the matter of the operating department, there is an abundance of evidence of an interesting description. What may in many ways be called abuse of the management is a national habit of long standing. In years gone by, this adverse criticism was frequently only too well merited. But the time has now come, in the interest of the public safety, for some serious second thought on the subject. That the habit still persists in the most unexpected quarters, is a matter of easiest demonstration. At the present day the Interstate Commerce Commission is the laboratory in which all these railroad questions are ground up, analyzed, classified, and finally sent out in legal packages for public consumption. With the idea of getting the "atmosphere" of this department, I quite recently called upon the secretary. He conducted me over the premises, introduced me to everybody, and was most kind and courteous in his attentions. He drew my attention to a dozen or more framed and illuminated testimonials, with which the walls of his office were pretty well covered. The tenor of these documents was all the same. Railroad men, telegraphers, organizations and brotherhoods of laboring men, from different sections of the country, unanimously testified to their gratitude to the secretary for his efforts and success in fighting their battles and winning their victories. In a word, he was their friend.

Remembering where I was, I thereupon looked about me for testimonials from railroad officials or corporations. I expected to see evidence of the secretary's interest and work in behalf of the manager's side of the problem, in relation, for instance, to the bringing of men and managements together in the interest of the public, for whose use and benefit, as I look at it, railroads are operated. But in this I was disappointed. My attention was then called to a number of pens, perhaps half a dozen, with which sundry bills, in the interests of labor,

had been signed by different presidents. But one side of the question was emphasized.

Finally, I was introduced into a room in which were seated seven or eight of the railroad inspectors employed by the commission. I had no sooner given expression to my views, than I became aware that I was getting into hot water. With one or two exceptions, these men were of the opinion that I had taken hold of the wrong end of the problem. It was pointed out to me that superintendents and managers nowadays are promoted from the wrong material. The inspectors thought that the officials were nearly always picked out of the clerical force, instead of from practical, out-on-the-road men, such as engineers and conductors. Consequently, in their opinion, the managing departments all over the country are sadly inefficient. As a result, a general decapitation of incompetent superintendents is now in order, and is the one thing needful to secure the greatest possible degree of efficiency in the railroad service.

For something like ten years altogether I have devoted my spare time to the study of this safety problem on our railroads. During this period I have never received a word of advice, or encouragement, or assistance to the extent of a copper, from any manager or from any-

body connected with the management of railroads. My incentive and encouragement have proceeded in an entirely different way. Some people are content to stand on their little pedestals and watch the world go round. The energies and thoughts of quite a number are absorbed in the climbing of pay-rolls. Others, again, have sensibilities that must be attended to. These touches of nature should be cultivated. As the world runs to-day, "business from the start means, only too often, business to the finish." I do not think that the American people, the great business community, at any rate, realizes either the nature or the extent of these distressing accidents with sufficient acuteness. In the rush of affairs, sensibility runs the risk of getting smothered. There is a tendency to call upon money and machinery to accomplish everything.

Finally, let me add that, apart from my opinions on this railroad situation, or perhaps in spite of them, I am the heartiest kind of an optimist. At the present day, such splendid possibilities are latent in every sphere of thought and action, that one almost trembles at the contemplation of them. Even now, as it seems to me, every man in his little world may be something of a Prospero, for every righteous thought is a winged Ariel on highest mission.

THE VAGABONDS

BY "FREDERIC LORN"

YE build you houses of your creeds
Or live in those ye never built;

We go the winds' way; no one heeds,
We filch our freedom, risk the guilt.

Ye spin you webs of thin belief
To lure the unthinking from without;

No easy Yes we hold in fief,
We are the vagabonds of doubt.

Ye fear all force, or show of might,
Ye think Restraint is all life's art;

We learn all weathers, day and night;
Behold! ours is the better part!

Your roofs will fall, your webs be torn
For gazing with unseeing eyes;

Our vigil is for thought unborn,
We sentinel the great Surmise.

THE CONSERVATION OF OUR NATIONAL RESOURCES

BY JOHN L. MATHEWS

DURING more than a century our government has been engaged in the alienation of an enormous domain. On a scale unequalled in history, and which probably never will be equaled, we have distributed land in generous homesteads to the land-hungry of the world, transforming a tenant peasantry into a responsible electorate. In the pursuit of this business we have enlarged a simple policy of dispersal until the public domain has become a public grab-bag; and pleading for the more rapid and profitable "development" of what we chose to call the unlimited resources of America, we have developed, instead, a national recklessness, spendthriftness, and wasteful extravagance, in which we have thrown away everything but the very richest part of our takings. The public land and the public water, in the form of fuel, power, timber, navigable streams, irrigable plains, and valuable minerals, have been so administered as to beget both a confidence in the eternal bounty of nature and a habit of treating public property as a source of private fortune.

To-day, a number of things coming simultaneously to our attention call a halt. Our timber resources, sufficient, if not radically conserved, for barely a score of years; our rivers suffering from deforestation; our decreasing water-powers falling into the hands of an increasing monopoly; our mineral fuels becoming more costly to mine, and amazingly less abundant; our farm lands losing millions of tons of their most fertile portions by soil wash, — all these things, and many more, bring us face to face with the certainty that this policy of spendthrift alienation and waste must

be abandoned, and that its direct converse, the utmost conservation of our remaining natural resources, public and private, must be adopted. More: it must be adhered to rigidly, not only to preserve a livable land for our children's children, but even to assure a modicum of prosperity for our own old age.

It is to bring this fact most startlingly to the general notice that President Roosevelt has called upon the governors of all the states and territories to meet him in conference at the White House during the present month (May), to consult and confer, not only with him but with one another, and to set on foot a movement for the adoption of uniform legislation over the whole country at an early date. This is to be not only an unusual but a precedent-making conference, since it is the first time the Chief Executive has called into consultation the coördinate officials of the states; but its importance from this point of view, great though it is, appears but slight beside the significance of the new policy which it brings to public notice.

It is essential that we should get very clearly in mind at the outset precisely what this new policy is intended to effect. Its inception has been so promptly followed by the withdrawal from entry of the fuel lands remaining in the public domain, and the establishment of large forest reserves, and the opposition of the executive authority to any further development of water-power by private interests on navigable streams or on public lands, that many persons have supposed that conservation was the opposite of alienation, and have imagined that President Roosevelt's plan was to hold all

remaining public property in common and develop it on a more or less socialistic basis. Nothing could be further from the truth. The resources which are to be conserved are natural, not national. He plans to direct the organization of public sentiment, and the formulation of laws by which all such resources, whether in land or in water, whether national, state, or privately owned, shall be administered in a way to preserve intact or to increase the principal of them, and to give to each succeeding generation a larger wealth from the interest.

In the consideration of this proposition two questions immediately arise: first, what are these resources and how are they to be conserved? second, how can the states and the federal government coöperate to attain this result? Leaving the first of these for the moment and considering the second, the immediate motive of the present conference, we find an attempt to solve by a master stroke a problem for which no solution is provided in our form of government: that of bringing about parallel legislation in several states at the same time. Our government is organized from the point of view of the individual states, and it is so made up that both the people of these states as individuals, and the states themselves as governing entities, may have effective influence in shaping national legislation at Washington. There is nothing whatever of a reciprocal nature whereby the whole nation may either force, impel, or request a single state to legislate in a manner common to all. Any movement toward such interference within a state would be considered such an infringement of the rights of the states as might possibly plunge us again into the abyss of civil war. The tendency of the present administration toward centralization is well known; yet even the President would hesitate to attempt to bring about his purpose by any other means than those which he has adopted. Yet these means, "spectacular" as one governor has called them,

appear before trial to offer a happy means of bringing about co-legislation without infringing upon the dignity of any member of the Union. Calling the Democratic South and the Republican North into a common conference has become necessary, too, just because of their political difference; for any measure which might be brought to the notice of their respective congressmen would obtain favor or disregard according as the congressmen were with or against the party of the President.

The immediate purpose is to bring about three sorts of legislation: that which controls national resources, that which controls state resources, and that which directs the development of resources privately controlled. In this the coöperation of the states is not only desirable, it is absolutely essential. The federal authorities may enact laws for the maintenance and development of the public domain, both in land and in water; they may enter into partnerships, and do so enter, for the improvement of navigation and power in navigable streams and for carrying on irrigation; they may acquire land and establish reservoirs where such reservoirs can be shown to be necessary for the purpose of maintaining navigation; they may shape the methods of taking fuel from the public land by inserting their requirements in the lease or deed under which the land is partially alienated. In addition, they may carry on a campaign of education aimed to persuade individuals to adopt rational methods. But a state can go much farther. It may buy land and plant forests without regard to the purpose for which the forest is established. It may drain local swamps. It may create reservoirs on small and insignificant streams, for the purpose of providing a town water-supply, of improving water-power, or for any reason whatever. It may enter into partnership with its citizens and coöperate with them in forest development, in guarding against fires, in the erection of dams, in

the management of mines, in any way it may choose. It may exercise its police power to provide that those who own private forests must police them, must cut fire-breaks, must burn their slashings, and may not cut to exceed the increment in any year. It may encourage tree-planting by direct legislation and by passing taxes on wooded lands. It may by law put land in escrow during the carrying out of large improvements; and it may even direct the economy of fuel at the furnace.

In the White House conference, therefore, President Roosevelt, who will himself preside, will present to the governors a number of expert investigators and engineers who will tell them of the need and of the proper method of obtaining the necessary reforms. Deliberation upon these things, and the bringing together of the governors upon a definite purpose, will bring about mutual understanding and intelligence. Committees will be appointed to consider the requisite legislation and the possibilities of action in the several states, and the governors, or those of them who are so disposed, will present these measures for the consideration of their legislatures. How successful this will be it would be idle to prophesy; but it is certain that in the present temper of the country the several executives, stirred by the emphasis with which the President is accustomed to debate this subject, will obtain a modicum of what is desired.

Though it might at first alarm those who fear centralization, and appear to be a curious reversal of government plans, it would be in many ways a source of benefit if this conference should prove to be the forerunner of annual gatherings of our executives, or perhaps of annual or biennial interstate meetings of legislators, in which common local legislation on such other subjects as incorporation, railway regulation, and the conduct of those affairs which affect other than individual states, might be discussed.

Returning to the first question, the manner of conservation, we find that all these resources are so closely allied that any scheme for their final development must consider all of them, and in many relations. Thus the forest cover must be used to aid in reservoiring streams for navigation, for irrigation, and for water-power; the improvement of the range and the regulation of grazing must go hand in hand with tree-planting and farm improvement to prevent soil wash; the development of water-power by the forests and by the creation of storage basins must be connected with any movement to conserve our fuel supply.

The forests now standing in the United States and Alaska aggregate probably 500,000,000 acres, of which something more than one-fifth — probably about one-fourth — is in national reserves, and a few million acres more in state reserves. Much of this, and especially of the national reserve, is extremely thin forest, being more used for or suited to grazing than tree-growing; and there are large barren areas in it. A large part of the unreserved forest is in Alaska. At the present rate of cutting and of growth, these forests are not sufficient for a score of years. That is to say, there will be forests standing longer than that, but the shortage in many kinds of timber will before then become more acute than is now the case with white pine; and only the importation of large supplies duty-free from Canada, Siberia, and Mexico can tide us over until our new methods have been given years for their effect.

When the cutting up of the public domain began, a century ago, the lands so cut, as well as large parts of the original states, contained the most abundant forests then standing in the temperate zone. To illustrate what their destruction has been, and how needless, it is only necessary to consider the pine forests about the Great Lakes. There were in that region sixty years ago upward of 350,000,000,000 board feet of white pine

lumber, standing in almost continuous forests over northern Michigan, northern Wisconsin, and a good half of Minnesota. The cutting of this timber began in a small way, a few million feet a year. Gradually this increased until it reached two, three, and even four billion, and then swept upward with a rush, to aggregate nearly 8,000,000,000 in a year. Then as the forests gave out it dropped, until to-day it is less than 3,000,000,000 feet a year, at which rate the end is fast approaching.

Although many of the trees which made up that big forest were several hundred years old, and several feet in diameter, the white pine reaches its profitable growth there in eighty years, at which time it is from twelve to fifteen inches in diameter breast-high, and produces 18,000 feet of boards to the acre. Had the woodsmen who cut over the first pine forests done so in a sensible manner, had they burned their slashings so as to save the woods from fire, and had they left a few trees to the acre for seed, we would now have great tracts of new growth well along toward maturity. But they did no such thing. In fact, the history of our country contains no such tale of devastation as that which they wrought. *Sherman's army*, sweeping across Georgia, did nothing to equal it.

Cutting with mad haste through the heart of the big timber, they left the broken trees, the culls and the slashings where they lay, to become the source of cyclones of fire which, driven by the wind, swept mile after mile in advance of the timbermen, destroying in a week more forest than would have been cut in a year. More than the trees themselves, the soil, slow accumulation of ages, together with the possibility of reseedling, all were burned. So terrific were these fires that navigation was interfered with by the smoke two hundred miles away; and across the northern peninsula to-day reach barren stretches of sandy waste, scarred by blackened

stumps or tangled with fallen and wasted trees. As if these accidental fires were not enough, the lumbermen rushed their men and their machinery to turn out and market only the very best lumber. So cheap did they consider their product that nothing else could be sold. Whatever seemed too poor to be carried to market was dumped, with the sawdust and shavings, the slabs and the bark, into gigantic furnaces, — waste-burners, — the smoke from a score of which poured up night and day beside the tiniest of the little harbors on the Lakes. The timber that was burned in those insatiate maws, the bark and slabs that went into them, would to-day more than duplicate the fortunes of the forest pirates, had they been saved for the still and the box-factory.

As the forests were cut and the forest cover burned, the sandy regions of the pine woods began to suffer from soil wash. The rivers were filled with bars, the land gullied, and the fertile top-soil, or as much as the fire had left, was washed away into the larger waters. The damage was immense, the loss irretrievable. The forests which should have enriched the state possessing them, and have supplied the nation for all time to come, were *slaughtered unmercifully* by men whose only object was to get their money out at the earliest possible moment, without regard to what might follow. And as with white pine, so with other woods. The yellow pine of the south and the hardwoods are now following, and the famine in hickory is upon us.

Yet this state of affairs is easily remedied. Germany, a century ago, faced just such a situation as now confronts us. Then there began the work which we must now undertake. New forests were planted, wherever the land was unsuited for other purposes. This planting was done year after year, so that each year a new tract would come to maturity. Forest wardens watched for fires, and laws forbade careless hunters setting

fires in the woods. Timbermen were forced to gather and burn what twigs from the slashings could not be used in the still or burned for charcoal, and broad lanes were left through the forests as stops for fires. In this way there arose those magnificent German forests which now return the empire an average net annual profit of two dollars and a half for each acre, on land which is otherwise unusable; and, besides, give their services free for the storage of water and for the retention of the soil.

In our own land something of this sort has already been done. New York has nearly two million acres of land in forest reserves which are being carefully tended. Pennsylvania has half as much. Minnesota is already securing considerable profit from the management of its white pine reserves and is seeding down large areas; and the other lake states are also moving; but all this is being done slowly, and lacks much of the energy and the coöperation which should accompany it.

We cut at present about 17,000,000,000 cubic feet of wood for all purposes — ties, cooperage, lumber, firewood, pulp, shingles, mine-timber, all included. An acre of average forest land in a wild state increases about ten cubic feet of wood a year; an acre properly conserved and managed according to the best methods of modern forestry increases from forty to seventy, and in Saxony even ninety cubic feet a year. If the average under conservation be forty cubic feet, the existing half-billion acres well tended would be just sufficient for our present needs. But much of this is unavailable, much of it is of poor wood. Before another generation has passed away we shall need double that area; and it must be located in every state of the union. It must be planted under laws which will release the taxes upon planted land, assessing a timber crop but once, on its valuation at maturity; under laws which will require that for every tree cut down a new one be planted;

and under laws which will make forest fires impossible.

One of the first effects of thorough tree-planting will be the reduction of soil wash. This constant theft of our fertile layer is heaviest in the Missouri valley. Humphrey and Abbott, who are not always to be believed, estimated that the Mississippi — receiving most of it from the Missouri — carried out to sea every year enough earth to make a prism a mile square and more than three hundred feet high. Most of this comes from the Bad Lands, and from the Yellowstone River. The barren Bad Lands, washed by the rain, sweep into the larger rivers to make bars and to give rise to many problems for the engineer. Irrigation of the lands along the river by the use of storage-reservoirs, pumping-stations, and canals will do much to prevent this; but the forestation of the banks of streams will do even more.

One of the greatest of American resources is the western range. Decades ago the succulent grasses supported millions of buffalo, and later millions of cattle; but as the farmers pushed westward the herds retreated to the short-grass country, where they roamed at large upon the public domain, their owners paying no charge for their feed. This happy, free-for-all state of affairs could have but one ending. The rush to get something for nothing crowded the ranges till the grass was eaten and trampled out. Cattle were followed by sheep which ate the very roots of the grass; and at last thousands of acres were deprived of the last sign of herbage and turned over into sage-brush desert. Here again was a loss which all the country felt, not alone because of the loss of cheap cattle-food, but most of all because the soil was now as free to wash away as in the deforested lands; the barren surface did not retain the rains; the rivers rose higher in flood and fell lower in dry seasons; and there began to manifest themselves the signs of desert country.

For its proper conservation great areas of the range must be re-seeded and kept from the cattle until the grasses have made a fresh start and have choked out the sage-brush. Then it must be grazed under lease, for at least a nominal rent, so that every tract may be controlled and supervised and the supervision paid for by the cattle-owners. This must be so arranged as to prevent overstocking, and the number of cattle to a given area must be prescribed. These methods are so simple that it would appear that a child would appreciate them; yet the simple statement of them is enough to arouse the old cattlemen to anger; and to obtain the passage of such laws in western states in coöperation with the government will prove difficult. This difficulty is, in a measure, lessened, however, by a recent court decision holding that the cattle-owner, and not the federal authorities, is responsible if cattle enter unfenced public domain.

Like the range, the lands suitable for irrigation add another to the problems. Their improvement is already well advanced under the direction of the Reclamation Service, and several million acres either already have been or are about to be furnished with water. Under the new laws these lands are divided into small tracts for individual farmers, and the full benefit to the nation of the responsible land-owning electorate is being obtained, at the same time that the soil is being retained in place and developed. The swamp lands offer a question more immediately for the states to solve. Most of these lands, which are spread over a very large area, and aggregate more than 75,000,000 acres, were originally given by the federal government to the states, to be sold to create a fund for their own drainage. This has never been done, except in the lower Mississippi valley, where levee systems have been erected and the lands thus drained have been found to be enormously fertile. Minnesota is now engaged on a heroic task of drainage, and has withdrawn from

sale much of its undrained land because it can be sold at a much higher rate when drained, and gives a considerable profit to the state. Swamps often lie in more than one state, however, and the outfall stream often runs through a different state from that in which the swamp lies, so that coöperation or federal direction becomes necessary.

Our mineral fuel supply, the remaining "land" element in the natural resources of the country, is at present being exhausted at the rate of 400,000,000 tons a year; at which rate it will not be a generation before it will become an economical problem how to supply cheaply some parts of the country. Large and unexploited areas of bituminous coal still remain in the public domain in the western states, and these have been withdrawn from entry by the President until such time as the existing frauds could be stopped and the laws so modified as to enable him to force the conservative use of these fuels. There are also large areas of lignite, this softer coal cropping out in many places and in thick veins on nearly every tributary of the Missouri in North Dakota and on the Big Muddy itself. It is in these lignite fields that the government has taken the most active steps toward the proper conservation of fuel, in developing the mine-central power-station. As the transportation of coal is costly, and as it deteriorates badly in shipping, there is a great deal of the cheapest grade which it does not pay to ship from the mine, and which yet contains a considerable source of power. It has always been a matter of prophecy by electrical engineers that in the future power-stations would be erected at the shaft, and power, not fuel, shipped about the country. To test the value of this system and give a working basis for computation, the government has installed a mine-central station at the side of a lignite mine on the upper Missouri. There power is generated, which is distributed to moto-pumps, some of them forty or fifty miles away.

These pumps elevate the water of the river to high-level canals, eighty feet or more above the river surface, whence it successively irrigates the lower levels. The plan has been found economical, and there is no doubt that a great saving will be made eventually in this way. The mine-central of the Buford-Trenton project contains another new development, or rather a somewhat novel factor, in a gas-producer, consuming lignite coal. Experiments with producers and internal combustion engines show that the present average expenditure of two pounds of coal per horse-power hour can be decreased to a horse-power hour for each pound of coal consumed; which, if generally followed, would double the duration of our coal supply. In addition, the producer will make gas from the dust and slack in the waste heaps, so that there remains a vast source of power in these unshippable materials.

Such developments as these, together with methods of mining less wasteful than now practiced, will not only go far to conserve our fuel supply but will lighten the congesting burden of our railways. There is a third factor to be considered, however, in the water-power from our running streams. And this brings us to consider the other types of resource, those which lie in running water.

Though the administration has been extremely agitated by the threatening approach of a timber famine, there is probably no other element in this new conservation policy which has so stirred it as the fear of a monopolization of the water-powers of the country. Not a day goes by which does not bring to light the activity of some big corporation to secure rights in a public stream. Bills are now pending in Congress giving to such concerns rights in perpetuity, without any return whatsoever, in public streams, and depriving the government of the power to benefit from any of the improvement by forestation or river improvement. Sites for dams are being surveyed, and there is

indication of a race to secure "vested" rights in order that capital may fatten on the results of the public work. Already large corporations have combined their holdings into larger corporations; and it is not hard to imagine a single concern, like the Steel Company, in complete possession of our natural powers and able to utilize and direct them as it will.

It is because of the extreme importance of this feature of our situation, and the general tendency to ignore it, that I have chosen to present here the stories of two typical streams, developed, one under the old give-away policy, the other under the new policy of conservation in the highest degree to which it has yet been carried. These are the upper Mississippi and the Wisconsin. The upper Mississippi heads in Minnesota in a level plateau, rock-rimmed, full of lakes and ponds and containing several million acres of swamps, generally heavily wooded. The stream for about five hundred miles after leaving Itasca flows alternately through still deep reaches and over abrupt rapids and falls, culminating at St. Anthony's and in the rapid water between that point and the mouth of the Minnesota River. Any comprehensive plan for the development of this stream should take into consideration the maintenance and well-being of the forests, first for timber supply and second for the retention of a forest cover to aid in storage of water; the drainage of the swamp area, so that better forests might grow on some of it and the rest be used for agriculture; the enlargement of the lakes and ponds, so as to provide storage of the snow and flood-waters during high months; and the release of the stored waters during the low season, so as to obtain the greatest benefit to navigation and at the same time to water-power. Any private concern undertaking this work — and it would be futile to deny that the government should in such activities approximate the economies of a corporation for profit — would first have obtained the coöperation of the owners

of water-powers, or would have bought them out altogether. Then it would have called upon states and individuals to coöperate in the control of the forests, or would have bought and managed for itself these timber tracts as far as possible. Then, as it developed its storage reservoirs, it would have placed them so that the greatest amount possible should be discharged at low water from the highest point upstream—so that all the falls should have the benefit of it. The progress of the work thereafter would have involved straightening and improving the stream and its approaches in order to bring about simplicity in the drainage problems—the whole aim being to prevent an excess of water where and when it was not wanted, and to direct an abundance where it was wanted.

The government began the care of this region at the close of the Civil War, at a time when practically every dam site was still held in federal or Indian fee, and when almost or quite all of these woods were under government ownership except the swamp tracts which had by law been transferred to the state. In the development of the river no interest whatever except navigation has been considered, and that navigation below the falls. Accordingly, the reservoirs have been placed at points where they would discharge above St. Anthony's without regard for their effect upon the several powers above; and during the progress of the reservoiring the mill sites and the forests have been steadily alienated without regard to sharing the cost of improvements. There exist now almost innumerable privileges granted without cost by Congress for dams across the upper Mississippi, many of these dams being in actual operation. The government has provided 2,000,000 acre-feet of storage,—90,000,000,000 cubic feet,—from which the water is released at low water to maintain an increased flow of 1000 cubic second feet over the falls of St. Anthony, and an added depth of one foot at St. Paul at low water. All this has

been done at government expense, and solely with attention to the reservoirs. Every dam site on the upper river owes its value to the government pondage above it, and commands value according to the proportion of pondage above and below, because it is peculiarly this pondage which gives value at the busy low-water season. Yet not one cent of the cost of the work has come on the mill-owners; these mill-owners have themselves steadily cut off the forests and reduced the value of the storage, cutting the lumber by government power; they are now continually complaining because all the water is not released above them; and the State of Minnesota, having the swamp lands to drain, is in a quandary as to how to go about the development of a river already in government hands in order to attain drainage channels to and through it. The falls of St. Anthony, always a valuable power, have been nearly doubled in value by government storage, and powers immediately above this fall, aggregating 100,000 horse-power, have been acquired by a thrifty individual who is preparing to bond the value of the federal pondage and sell electricity at Minneapolis. Not one cent has been repaid to the government for its addition to these private fortunes,—given away free originally by the government,—and neither state, nation, nor individual has yet obtained the highest good which can be obtained by proper forestation, reservoiring, and drainage of the headwaters country.

Exactly the opposite policy is now being developed upon the Wisconsin, a river which in its early days was easily navigable during most of the year, but which with the rapid destruction of the forests became so unreliable, so subject to extreme changes, that it was abandoned by the government engineers and pronounced unnavigable. Millions of dollars spent in connection with its development return not one cent of interest to the people. This river heads with the Menominee and some other streams in

a mountainous region on the northern, Michigan, border; and there, — for his purposes the strategic centre of the state systems, — the forester, Mr. Griffiths, has chosen to make his principal campaign. He has begun the establishment of a forest reserve which is expected to reach a total of 3,000,000 acres, and of which a tenth is already in possession of the state. Whatever lands suitable for agriculture the state owns, or whatever isolated forest tracts not suitable for reserve, he is selling at high market prices to buy up the remaining cheap, rocky, mountain lands of the proposed forest reserve.

It is inevitable that this reforestation will have a great effect upon the rivers which drain it. During all its upper course, as far down as Kilbourne, the Wisconsin plunges over fall after fall, creating water-power which is of especial value because there is no fuel in or near the state. These powers, which are drowned out now in freshets and almost idle at low water, are depended upon to drive the rapidly growing manufactories of the state, just as the forest-reserve timber must eventually be relied upon to supply the high-grade lumber for these manufactories. Some time ago the power owners — that is, following the old idea that whoever owns the land beside a waterfall owns the right to use the power of the running water — began to agitate and at last presented a bill which enabled them to enter upon the forest reserve, impound water, and do as they pleased with state property for the benefit of their private powers. This was opposed by the forester, supported by the enlightened sentiment which Mr. Roosevelt's new policy embodies. As a result there was eventually passed a coöperative bill which provides in large measure for all the interests involved. The forester is empowered to indicate what lakes and ponds can be used for storage, to designate the location of the controlling dam, and to establish, with his surveyors, stone monuments marking the level

to which the impounded waters may be raised without injury to the forests. Authority is also given the state railway commissioners to appoint engineers who shall compute, from a careful survey, the drainage area from which every power site collects its water, the amount of flow now in every week of the year, and the horse-power developed or capable of development. The power owners are authorized to incorporate as the Wisconsin River Valley Improvement Association, and to issue bonds for the purpose of obtaining money with which to establish the dams designated by the forester, and to operate the storage system. These bonds are, if memory serves me, guaranteed by the state. At any rate the law carefully safeguards the control of the corporation, to prevent monopolization.

The dams being installed, the railway commissioners are required to examine each power each year, and to determine the total and the proportionate amount of betterment; from which the owner has a right of appeal. Upon their findings the commissioners then determine the amount to be paid by each power owner that year toward the interest and sinking fund of the bonds and toward the maintenance of the somewhat elaborate system necessary for operation.

As a result of all this activity, of course, the Wisconsin will again become a navigable river. Some years ago the government engineers examined the stream, selected reservoir sites, and made a report upon the feasibility of storing water and thus aiding navigation. But by the reversed process now in operation navigation obtains its full flow — needing only the channel work to complete it; the forest interests of the state are conserved; the greatest possible power is obtained; the private as well as the public interests are all safeguarded, and the whole cost is to be paid by a small proportion of the betterments received by individuals. This is conservation of resources in a high degree, and I have gone into it at length because it is almost the only in-

stance of this magnitude which one can quote.

It is just such a plan which is in the minds of those who are advocating the establishment of the Appalachian forest reserve — for which a bill may have passed before this appears in print. In the Appalachian forests there head some of our most important rivers: the Tennessee and the Cumberland, already navigable; the Big Sandy, the Tombigbee, the Catawba, the Neuse, Peedee, Santee, Coosa, and many, many more. The estimated horse-power of these streams is, all told, about 5,000,000, of which three-fifths is capable of easy development. With the reduction of the forests, however, this waterflow becomes even more capricious than on northern streams, and the value is made very small. Three million continuous horse-power represent the consumption by present methods of more than 26,000,000 tons of coal a year, or one-sixteenth of our total fuel consumption; and as the increase in water-power economy may be expected to keep pace with coal economy, this proportion may be considered a fairly stable one. That is, an amount of power equal to one-sixteenth of our total coal consumption — including steamships, railways, and dwellings, as well as factories — is in jeopardy through the cutting of the forests on the southern mountains.

The question has many other sides. Thus the Tennessee River, already navigable after a fashion, is interrupted by a long series of rapids and falls in northern Alabama and by swift water near Chattanooga. A power company owning the bank, and therefore claiming the running water, offered to allow the government to erect for it a dam across the river below Chattanooga and put in a lock, from which the power company would furnish power to operate the lock. Even the final settlement, by which the company builds the dam and furnishes the power for the privilege of obstructing a navigable stream, gives this company

free of charge the full amount of betterment which may accrue from the improvement of conditions on the upper waters; and other companies are already endeavoring to get into similar favorable positions at Bee Tree and Muscle Shoals. On the Cumberland another concern has already been formed to secure the privilege of damming and using all the waters above the present government dams, and we as a nation have taken no steps toward using the power at the dams we own.

One of the most intricate problems involved, and one which must be cleared before we have gone far with the management of water-power, is that of the ownership of running water, — a matter to which both Congress and the Supreme Court have given considerable time with very inconclusive results. Under old conditions, when the erection of a dam was the whole apparatus of power-development, the man who owned the dam site was considered by that possession to own the power in the water during the time it was passing his land. When water-power was the only power, and larger development was necessary, this dam-owner was given the right to take for flowage the lands of his immediate neighbors, for a fair price. But now that we have passed far beyond that stage, to a time when the improvement of a river begins at the fountain from which it springs and in the forests which cover the slopes of the surrounding hills, we can no longer follow this old procedure.

The work which is done at headwaters actually creates a power, since it enlarges and steadies the flow; and that power is possible of utilization over and over again, for every foot of fall from the fountain to the sea. The Supreme Court has often held that the government has but a navigation right in streams, and that the states themselves own the water, and the land-owners the use for power. But old usage must give way to new needs, and a new body of law describing and establishing the owner-

ship and the extent of the several rights in a river is one of the urgent needs of the new movement.

In an earlier article in the *Atlantic* the present writer called attention to the need of a national Department of Public Works which should have charge, among other things, of the control of our rivers and harbors. It must in the long run be through such a department that all these methods of conservation are correlated. If it should come to be established, it would require sufficient power to enable its directors to cooperate readily and of their own volition with the authorities of the states within which they were working, and even with individuals and corporations. It must be able to follow out the suggestion made by President Roosevelt at Memphis, where he begged the assembled Southerners to see to it that this question of conservation was kept above party politics, and was carried on without regard to the change of administration or of party at Washington. It must be able to plan for years ahead and

to enter into comprehensive plans for systematic work.

We are accustomed to think and to speak of America as a land of unlimited resources. Suddenly we are confronted with the appalling fact that these resources are, in fact, very limited, and that the limit is in sight. Yet this is but our own misunderstanding. The real resources of America lie in the intelligence and ability to cooperate which its people have always manifested, and with which they could make a habitable and delightful region of the Sahara itself. It is this resource, most of all, which we must conserve and which we must cultivate; and if the President shall by his present conference succeed in drawing us into a movement for that purpose above the plane of party politics, if he shall have led us into a business-like association which will enable us hereafter to live upon the interest from our fortune, and no longer to impair the principal, he will have established his largest claim upon the gratitude and the memory of our people.

THE COUNTY SEAT

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

"I AND Ollie and the children are going to —" Susannah Kuhns bent over the salad dressing which she was stirring on the stove as though it, for the moment, took all her attention. Meanwhile, she watched her guest, stout, placid Sarah Ann Mohr, from the corner of her eye. Then she brought out the rest of the sentence with a jerk, — "are going to move."

"T-to m-move!" exclaimed Sarah Ann. "When, Susannah? Where will you move? Why?"

Susannah straightened her back, so that it reached the perpendicular and passed it.

"We are going to move to Allentown. I am sick of Millerstown. Millerstown is too slow and too dumb and too Dutch."

"But you will get homesick."

"Homesick! For why should I get homesick? I have my man and my children by me. It is no one in Millers-town I care for."

"Ach, Susannah!" Sarah Ann's eyes filled with tears. She was accustomed to Susannah's tempers, but she had never seen her in such a mood as this.

Susannah poured the dressing over a bowl of crisp endive and set the empty pan in the sink with a slam.

"Oliver is sick of working at the fur-

nace. He will go back to his carpenter trade, and in Allentown he will get two dollars a day. And my children will talk English, and when they are through with the school, they can work in the factory."

"But your things will get broken when you move."

"Pooh, that is nothing. I will just get new ones."

"But who will lead the singing in the church?"

"I don't care."

"Won't you never come back?"

"Never to live."

"But *why* do you go?" Not even a plague could have driven Sarah Ann from Millerstown. "You have here your nice house, and it is where you have always lived, and —"

"I hate it," said Susannah. Then she went to the screen door. "Dinner!" she called.

Sarah Ann rose as the two children, Oliver and Louisa, came in.

"But you won't be here for the Sunday-school picnic or the Christmas entertainment."

Little Louisa answered, her fat cheeks almost cracking with scornful laughter.

"We can go every day to a Sunday-school picnic or a Christmas entertainment in Allentown."

"Don't you sass Sarah Ann," said their mother sharply. "This afternoon you are both to help me."

For the next few days, Sarah Ann went back and forth from her own house to the Kuhnsses, with tears in her eyes. Susannah gayly declined her help. She scrubbed the floors, she whitewashed, she washed and ironed and packed. Her husband helped her with the heavy things, and in the intervals of work, wandered miserably about.

"Do you want to move to Allentown, Oliver?" Sarah Ann asked him.

"Yes," answered Susannah. "He does."

Susannah sang while she worked. She had led the singing in the Evan-

gelical Church since she was a girl, but she would sing there no more. There were great churches in the county seat, churches with stained-glass windows and crowds of people, where they would want her to sing. Then cross, unwilling Oliver would be glad they had moved.

Nearly all Millerstown came to the station to say good-by. Susannah told them again and again how glad she was to leave, and they listened to her silently. She seemed already like an alien.

"I should not be surprised if it is by and by no one at all in Millerstown," she said laughingly. "Millerstown is too slow."

The eyes of the other women met. They thought Susannah Kuhns had lost her mind. Sarah Knerr joined them just before the train pulled out.

"You forgot your soap-kettle, Susannah," she said breathlessly. "I ran all the way to tell you. It hangs yet in the back-yard."

"I am not going to take it," answered Susannah.

"How then will you boil your soap?"

"I ain't going to boil soap. I buy my soap."

"And won't you make apple-butter, and won't you butcher?" gasped someone.

Susannah did not deign to answer. She looked back as the train started. It would have been a relief to jump up and down in her seat as the children were doing. Oliver told them sternly to "shut up and sit still," but they were too excited to obey.

The crowd at the station in Allentown seemed to their unaccustomed eyes great enough for a holiday or fair week. Susannah could hardly follow Oliver, with Louisa hanging from one hand, and Ollie trying to escape from the other.

"Mom!" he shrieked every few minutes. "Look once here!"

At the big skeleton of the Powers building, Oliver stopped them.

"There is where I shall work at two dollars a day," he said.

In spite of himself there was pride and excitement in his voice.

A little farther on he stopped at the opening of a narrow street.

"It is here where we shall live."

"I see where," screamed little Ollie.

Their goods were being unloaded before the door of a tiny frame house.

"I too," echoed Louisa.

Oliver unlocked the door and let them in.

"It is not a nice house," said Louisa.

"It *is* a nice house," reproved her mother sharply. "It is while it is not yet fixed up that it don't look so fine." Then she waved back her husband, who came into the room with a roll of carpet in his arms. "Don't bring it in yet. Did you think I should put down carpet when the house is not yet cleaned?"

"But I must go Mondays to work, and Sundays it is no working, and I can only help to-day and to-morrow."

Susannah looked at him.

"Do you mean I should put down the carpets before it is everything washed up?" she asked.

"No," he answered, meekly. "But you shall wash this room first, and then I can move the things right aways in."

"Begin at the bottom to wash the house!" gasped Susannah. "And go up! I guess not. I begin at the top, like always."

She went upstairs and looked about her. She could not suppress an exclamation of horror. Then she went to the head of the stairway.

"You shall just come up once and see how dirty it is here," she called. "It will be dinner till I make the garret done."

"But the things? Shall they stand all the time out?"

"You can watch them so it don't anybody carry anything off," she replied. "I—" The rest of her sentence was lost in the sound of a stiff scrubbing-brush, pushed swiftly across rough boards.

In an hour, Ollie tiptoed softly to the bottom of the garret stairs.

"Mom," he called, in a wild whisper.

"Come down, come down!"

"What is the matter?" asked Susannah in fright.

"The police have got Pop."

Susannah sprang to her feet, upsetting the pail of water. Little Ollie got nimbly out of her way as she flew.

"They'll take him to jail," he cried.

"Oliver!" called Susannah, "I am coming."

When she reached the front door she saw Oliver nervously moving the boxes. A policeman had paused in the middle of the street for a last word.

"They must be off in half an hour," he said.

Husband and wife scarcely spoke until the things were safely inside.

"This awful thing shall not come to Millerstown," said Susannah. Then she thrust a broom into Oliver's hands. "Go out and sweep a little off."

Susannah clattered back into the garret. Brisk worker as she was, it was dinner-time before she finished.

"I tell you it is clean for once," she said proudly, as they sat on the boxes, eating the lunch which Sarah Ann had put up for them. The children had begged to take theirs out on the back step, but she would not let them. "And have all the neighbors know what we are eating! I guess not."

"But at home, they know always what we have for dinner," said Louisa.

"This is home," corrected their mother sternly.

After dark, they put up two beds by the faint light which came in from the are light outside. They had no oil for their lamps and they were afraid to light the gas. The children were already asleep on a pile of carpet, and did not wake when they were put to bed.

An hour later, Susannah lay down beside her sleeping husband. There had been one rug which she had not been able to clean before she left Millerstown, and

she had taken it down into the yard and had beaten it there. She closed her eyes with a great sigh of relief. Then she sat up. What was this noise? She was conscious for the first time of the rush of trolley-cars, the roll of carriages, the tramp of feet. Somewhere in the neighborhood a band was practicing. She jumped with fright at the sound of the church clock striking eleven.

"We must get used to it," she said to herself. "It cannot be so quiet here like in Millers-town."

She was not to get used to it that night, however. She tossed and rolled, determining that she would not hear the clock strike again, then listening and waiting for it. She grasped her husband's arm in terror, when, toward morning, half a dozen men sat down on the doorstep to finish a noisy argument.

It was dawn when she fell asleep. The milk-carts and market-wagons had begun to come in from the country, and rattled noisily by, and for a while she was conscious of them in the midst of her drowsiness. Then, slowly, they faded away.

She woke to wonder uneasily where she was. The first stroke of the church clock recalled her to herself. It was five o'clock, and she must get up. No, it was six. How had she happened to sleep so long? And Oliver was asleep. She laid her hand on his shoulder. As she touched him, the clock struck again. Seven! It could not be.

"Oliver!" she called.

"Yes, yes," he answered crossly.

Then, deliberately, the clock struck eight.

She lay staring, until the stroke had died away. To sleep until eight o'clock on a day like this, when on ordinary days she got up at five!

All morning she worked feverishly, only stopping to comfort Ollie, who came in crying because some boys had struck him.

"Nobody would hit me in Millers-town," he wailed. "I don't like it here.

We don't get nothing good to eat."

"You just wait once till to-morrow," his mother consoled him. "Then we go in the church and the Sunday-school, and I make a good dinner."

Susannah was growing impatient. She could not find places for her furniture. The kitchen was so narrow that the old-fashioned settle which her mother and grandmother had owned could not go there at all. Where would Oliver rest when he came home tired? And where would the children play? Besides, her fire would not burn.

She grew more and more surprised as the hours passed, that no one came in to help. When people moved in Millers-town, everybody helped. She thought with a proud catch in her throat of the morrow. Then her neighbors would be glad enough to know her. Then they would go to church, and she would be invited to sing in the choir. She hummed the first line of "Ein feste Burg," then burst into song, her high, shrill soprano dwelling on the notes as long as she could hold them. By the time that she reached the second stanza, there was a rap at the door. She answered it quickly. A little girl stood on the step.

"My mother says you shall please stop singing. She wants to sleep. She takes a nap in the afternoon."

"Takes a nap!" repeated Susannah, her astonishment for the moment holding her wrath in check. "Is she sick?"

"No, but she takes a nap. And you shan't holler."

She looked up impertinently as she went off the steps.

"'Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott,' " began Susannah as loudly as she could, before the door closed. Then she saw across the street the blue coat of the policeman, and thought better of it. They would see. Hollering, indeed!

She looked with proud satisfaction upon her family when they were ready for church the next morning. The house, too, was in fairly good order, although there were many things yet to be done.

It did not occur to her to touch any of them to-day. She had never heard of any one working on Sunday. Her eyes widened with astonishment as she listened to the quick strokes of a hammer in the next house.

When the Millerstonians visited the county seat, they went invariably to St. Peter's Church. There the morning service was still held in German, there was a German prayer-meeting, and a German Bible class. Susannah would have preferred to go to an English church, but Oliver would not hear of it.

The usher showed them to seats well toward the front. The children stared round the great church. Once when a purple gleam from the rose-window fell on little Louisa's dress, she gasped with delight. Her mother had no eyes for anything but the organ and the choir. The organ seemed large enough to be a church itself. She saw with astonishment that there were only four singers in the choir. Surely they would be glad to have her.

She joined in the singing with a heartiness which made those near her turn their heads. She was pleasantly conscious of their attention.

Afterwards the preacher spoke to them in the vestibule. He hoped they would come regularly to church. They would be glad to have the children in the Sunday-school and their father and mother also.

"She will sing in the choir," said Oliver proudly. "She sang always in the choir at home."

The preacher hesitated for a second. Susannah's singing had reached even to him.

"It is very kind," he said. "But we have a quartette. We pay them."

"I don't ask any pay," said Susannah quickly.

"But you see these people are engaged for the year," explained the preacher. "Their voices are trained. They —"

"But she would be willing to sing

along with them," persisted Oliver. "Would n't you, Susannah?"

Susannah's face had grown very red, and her black eyes snapped. She had always been quick to take offense.

"No," she said sharply. Then she seized Oliver by the arm. "Come on home." There were tears of vexation in her eyes. "He might 'a' said right aways he did n't want me," she said.

She would not go with Oliver and the children to Sunday-school in the afternoon, but she went with them afterwards for a walk. She did not enjoy it. There was no place to go. In Millerstown they went to see either her parents or Oliver's parent, and always stayed for supper.

The children were restless and uneasy all the evening. There was no place to sit outside but the doorstep, and Susannah would not let them sit there for an instant. It was too close to the woman who said that she "hollered," and to the woman who put down her carpets on Sunday. In the morning she would take them to school, then they would have more to interest them.

Oliver started away at six o'clock. The county seat had not yet grown so English that it had forgotten its habit of early rising. Then Susannah called the children and gave them their breakfast. At eight o'clock she took them to school. Little Louisa cried as she came away. She had heard the whispered "Dutchy" from the girl in the next seat, and she did not dare to pinch her as she would have pinched Sarah Knerr.

Nor did Ollie like his seat-mate any better. He hailed him, also, as "Dutchy," and when Ollie, who was braver than Louisa, kicked him, he told the teacher, and Ollie spent the rest of the morning on the platform.

His mother declined to listen to their complaints. She had spent all her patience on the stove. What would Millers-town say if it knew that she burned her pies on the bottom and that they were raw on top? She had swept the pavement three times, and still it was dusty,

Worse than all, however, had been the insult she had received from the lips of an impertinent resident of the county seat. She had discovered that with the limited storage-room in the house, they would have no place to keep one of her greatest treasures, a large feather-bed. She was trying to decide what to do with it when there came a rap at the door. The young man to whom she opened it told her that he had come to buy old clothes, old furniture, old anything.

"It is here a bed," she answered slowly. It would be hard to part with it, but it would doubtless yield the price of a new lounge for the parlor.

The young man stared at it. He had never seen a feather-bed.

"I might carry it somewhere on a vacant lot," he said. "I'll carry it away for a quarter."

For an instant Susannah could not speak. Then, —

"A vacant lot!" she repeated. "Had you never no grandmother what had such a bed? My grandmother she made it herself, out of her own feathers. What for a bed did your grandmother have, then?"

The young man put his head on one side. Whether he resented the implication cast upon his grandmother, or whether he merely desired to be sarcastic, it was hard to tell.

"How would you like to sleep on somebody else's grandmother's dirty old bed?" he asked, and was gone.

"You lie!" cried Susannah after him. It was not exactly a logical response to anything the young man had said, but Susannah did not care. It showed her wrath and defiance.

It was small wonder that she had little patience for the children's complaints.

"You will just have to get used to it," she said to little Louisa. "I cannot be always fighting."

Little Louisa burst into tears.

"I want to go back," she wailed.

"Louisa!" began her mother; then she stopped, staring at the doorway. Her husband, whose lunch-pail she had packed that morning, and whom she had not expected to see before night, stood before her. He looked pale, and sick.

"What is the matter?" she faltered. "Have you got it somewhere, Oliver?"

He sat down on the nearest chair.

"He wants I should work on such a scaffold what hangs out of the window. I fall and break my neck. I won't break my neck for nobody. He said I could go."

Susannah looked at him, helplessly.

"But if you don't work, how shall we get along?"

He shook his head but did not answer.

"What shall we do, Oliver?" she repeated.

Little Louisa looked up at her, her fat face swollen with crying.

"Mom —" she began.

"Be quiet," said her mother.

Oliver lifted his head.

"Perhaps, Susannah, if we —"

"Be quiet," said Susannah to him, also. "I am thinking."

"Listen, Mom!" Ollie began to dance up and down. "Let us go —"

"You hold your mouth, or I send you to bed," said Susannah. She stood in the middle of the little kitchen, her arms akimbo, a frown above her black eyes. No one would ever have thought that she was really in the choir-loft of the Millerstown Evangelical Church, looking down into the admiring eyes of Millerstown, which, gasping, let her take all the high notes alone.

"Louisa," she said sternly, "if you are quiet and Ollie is quiet and you Pop is quiet, we will go back."

AMONG LITERARY SHALLOWS

BY FLORENCE CONVERSE

NOR Shakespeare's *Shallow* is intended, — nothing so personal, — but the brook's analogy. And neither shall we wade, for wading as a form of mental locomotion connotes the tedious; let us paddle, rather. These are the prettiest places in the brook, these level, rippling reaches that sparkle on the sun's least encouragement, and sing, in tune, whether the sun shine or no; the prettiest places and the safest, since there is reasonable surety that the loiterer cannot slip beyond his depth. Yet there are pools even among the shallows, and the waters that lap at one man's heart may well flow over another man's head. But of pools later; let us consider first the music and the sparkle, the limpid clearness and the pricking spray.

Here is Vernon Lee, who, on her own confession, began by believing she was to be a historian and a philosopher, and ended by recognizing the world's need for a holiday. If anything could convince the utilitarian critic that the world does need a holiday, it must be the frank sincerity of this migratory sketcher who is able, contentedly, to liken her own later writings to a necklace of carved cherry-stones, and to avow that the only justification for her idle wanderings is that their sunshine and romance amuse people more useful, though not more willing, than herself. There are many writers of travel-sketches to-day, but few who trouble to make excuse for their frivolity, and fewer still whose writing is so truly its own best excuse for being, as is that of Vernon Lee. No one more subtly defines the spirits and moods of places, in phrases more sympathetically cadenced; no one more delicately diffuses atmosphere, the golden and the gray; no one more surely knows when

the next touch will ruin the sketch, — and pauses, brush in air. Touraine, Tuscany, ancient Swiss cities, quaint German towns, the Marble Mountains, the Lakes of Mantua, these the *genius loci* reveals, the Sentimental Traveller interprets and re-interprets, now in one mood, now in another, but always through glamour. And not in the travel-sketches only do we find this glamour, but in the fantastic tales, the ancient literary *motifs*, as of *Le Fier Baiser*, *Alkestis*, and others, upon which she has embroidered her own Prince Alberic and his Snake Lady, German Frau Agnes, and St. Eudæmon of the truly catholic mind. One among these tales, "The Wedding Chest," we could wish still shrouded in the decent obscurity of its mediæval chronicle; with this one morbid exception the little volume¹ is a very perfect bit of playful artistry.

But all the world does not travel for a holiday; the mental stay-at-home, whom outward shows bewilder, may yet quicken to the light touch in philosophy. It is this light touch that Maeterlinck supplies. Howsoever weighty the theme, whether of "Our Anxious Morality," "Our Social Duty," "The Psychology of Accident," "Rome," "Immortality," it floats as light as thistledown, let him but toss it skyward and gently fan the breeze. Not ideas, but the ghosts of ideas, haunt these pages; tenuous, unbodied outlines that set the imagination vibrating one moment, and the next are fading off into the vague commonplace. Even in "Our Social Duty," where he is his most definite self, destiny whispers her fatal word and immediately his energy is dissipated. One

¹ *Genius Loci, The Sentimental Traveller*, (1908) and *Pope Jacinth* (1907) and *Other Fantastic Tales*. By VERNON LEE. New York: John Lane Co. 1907.

does not always find a serious nobility allied to the light touch; radicalism of conviction combined with vagueness of outlook is less rare, as is also earnestness yoked to timidity. All these qualities dance hand in hand through the essays of Maeterlinck,¹ a stately, slow dance, with posing and soft music. But if of late we detect a certain languor in his attitude toward philosophy, toward science he is still refreshingly alert, marshaling his pretty array of experiments and observations with the poet's enthusiasm. *The Intelligence of the Flowers* is a charming companion piece to the *Life of the Bee*, briefer, more modest, the special pleading of a reverent true lover.

And now, the pool; the little intimate deep that mirrors a bit of sky, a drooping branch, the wing of a passing bird, and one's own face. The author of *The Altar Fire*² does not lack certain essential qualities of depth, as intimacy of vision, intensity of interpretation, spiritual clarity, religious penetration; all these we find in an unusual degree in his English paraphrase of the experiences of Job, and they are emphasized by the surface excellences — urbanity, taste, tranquil rhythm — of an irreproachable prose. Nevertheless, as between the very real, yet decorous, despair of an English gentleman whose power to write novels is suddenly inhibited, and the soul-heavings of Job, we measure the one by fathoms and do not touch bottom, the other is plumbed in the sharpening of the eye. But to quarrel with Mr. Benson because he fails to make his hero strike the universal note is to miss his point and to underrate his art; an English Job, graduating from Cambridge, has, perhaps of necessity, a limited outlook. *The Altar*

¹ *The Intelligence of the Flowers* and *The Measure of the Hours*. By MAURICE MAETERLINCK. Translated by ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1907.

² *The Altar Fire*. By ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON, Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1907.

Fire is, of its kind, a singularly perfect book; even its prolixity, from the point of view of art, is a part of its perfection. Our question has to do, not with the individual book, but with the monotony of its relation to the author's earlier books; and here we strike a limitation not artistic but personal, inherent in the condition of one who, seeing life only from the college window, is driven to perpetuate his emotions in replica.

Yet, there are other points of view. *Adventures in Contentment*,³ for example, is a theme after Mr. Benson's own heart. We know just how he would have developed it. We taste in anticipation the sensitive refinement of his burdened city man who, struck down by overwork and the complicated claims of modern business, retires with Christian resignation to the Manor House in Nature, there, by meditation and a kindly benevolence towards his neighbors, to renew his soul. But David Grayson does it differently. Ambition is extinct before he sets pen to paper. He leaps to the simple life, hoe in hand. He does not meditate, he sentimentalizes — there is a difference; but he sentimentalizes horny-handed, behind the plough, and we forgive him. He has no depths, except of enthusiasm. He is not urbane, he is genial. He fraternizes with his neighbors in a familiar fashion undreamed of by the hero of *The House of Quiet*. His opinions are entirely without distinction, but he hugs each rural experience to his breast with a gush of gratitude and a twinkle of humor. Frankly, it is the twinkle that fetches us. David Grayson's merry, commonplace adventures with the book-agent, the millionaire, the infidel, will nourish dozens of earnest readers to whom Mr. Benson's exquisite interpretation of the one hundred and nineteenth psalm must still be as husks.

But "Let the gamboling author caper while he may, or make literary snow-

³ *Adventures in Contentment*. By DAVID GRAYSON. Illustrated by THOMAS FOGARTY. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1907.

balls, jack-o-lanterns, or birch-whistles, as he trudges along the stony paths that lead to the Parnassian Way. For all too soon, perchance, his literary gambols, which have added so much to the gayety of nations, will sober down to the measured tread of a dignified dealer in platitudes, or worse still, into the gouty hobble of a pessimist," pleads Ellen Burns Sherman in her essay on "The Root and Foliage of Style;"¹ and herself is not above an occasional pigeon-wing. She, too, has her enthusiasms, and proclaims them with refreshing vigor; she too, again like David Grayson, has her didactic impulse, but indulges it with more discretion. Her plea for honesty in criticism is just and imperative. Unfortunately, her intellectual standard for the critic is not up to her moral standard; honesty she demands of him, courage, sympathy, capacity for enthusiasm, delicacy of feeling, — emotional and moral qualities, all these, — and, in addition, a sense of humor, and discrimination, mental and moral; discrimination being, according to Miss Sherman, a matter of intuition alone, rather than the resultant of accurate knowledge and mental discipline illumined by intuition. But we incline to believe that the flabbiness of much American book-reviewing to-day is due, not merely to the critic's fear of saying unpleasant things, but to his desire not to uncover his own ignorance. Miss Sherman, in the earlier pages of her essay "When Steel Strikes Punk," does mention this intellectual vacuity of the ordinary reviewer, but leaves us to infer that intuition can adequately fill the vacuum. Her own critical essays admirably exhibit the qualities for which she pleads, although her powers of discrimination are not infallible. If superficial, yet she is always sincere, whether she lightly trifles with psychic possibilities, as in "A Plea for the Naturalization of Ghosts," and "Serendipity," or briefly estimates

the world's debt to Ruskin. She and Maeterlinck touch in their enthusiasm for international peace, if Maeterlinck's calm brooding can be described as enthusiasm. His prophetic soliloquy upon the Gods of War finds its complement in her elegy upon "The Slain that are not Numbered." But the range of her enthusiasm is wide, embracing the concrete as well as the abstract. The closing essay in her readable little volume is a defense of the American short story, and here, where taste is still legitimately a matter of intuition, her powers of discrimination show themselves most penetrating.

We find a less superficial but not less sympathetic defense of the short story in *Essays Out of Hours*,² by Charles Sears Baldwin, and here we have the critic whose intellect delicately steers his taste. Evidences are there also of the sly pedagogue, for manifestly not all these charming essays were written "out of hours." The first seven are brief fantasies, but beneath this froth there lies "The Literary Influence of Sterne in France," an influence which Mr. Baldwin reduces to the minimum, claiming that one book alone, Xavier de Maistre's *Voyage Autour de ma Chambre*, witnesses to the influence on French literature of Sterne's best piece of art, *The Sentimental Journey*, although of *Tristram Shandy* there is "more imitation and far more reminiscence." "The Secret of John Bunyan," a study in the causes of the apparently undying popularity of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, follows "The Literary Influence of Sterne," and the little book closes with "Three Studies in the Short Story," "The Question of Derivation," "The Tale in America before 1835," and "Poe's Fixing of the Short-Story Form." Evidently we have come to the edge of the shallows; another step and we must know how to swim; for these longer essays of Mr. Baldwin are

¹ *Words to the Wise and Others*. By ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1907.

² *Essays Out of Hours*. By CHARLES SEARS BALDWIN. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1907.

serious by virtue not of intention only, but of achievement as well.

Matthew Arnold tells us that the critic, rather than the poet or the novelist, foreshadows the ideal of the new day. There is a dearth of critics, just now; America, at least, is living in the present

and writing short stories; but it is significant that in the midst of commercialism and materialism the sparse critics are making holiday, returning to nature and the simple life, to elusive harmonies of sensation, keeping themselves unspotted from the world. It is a hopeful sign.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

JOGGING IN NEW YORK

THAT little paper on "The Jog" in the Contributors' Club for March touched my sympathies. I also am a jogger, born, trained, established. If I had but the honor of the acquaintance of the gentle lady who steals away for her one month of jogging every year, I should go to her for a heart-to-heart talk. From certain shades in her local color, I take it she lives just around the corner. But my remarks to her would not consist altogether of gratulation; I should exhort her, adjure her, as follows:—

"Madam, do you not understand the responsible nature of your position? Do you not know that the world has need of your order — our order — nowadays? Has it never occurred to you that to jog in New York might be, not only a privilege attended with much amused edification to yourself, but also a definite mission to the fevered multitude? Good madam, pause (superfluous caution!) — consider."

New York is my favorite jogging ground in all the tranquil world. I amble with a better zest down Broadway than along a country road. This is not altogether out of perversity, though every one recognizes the spur which violent opposition gives to a dear mental hobby; it is largely a normal healthy desire to help strike a balance of life. Where every one rushes, somebody must jog. It has long ago been brought home to my

mind that the commonwealth demands of me that I jog in New York, and I jog conscientiously, with an admirable success. It may be questioned what good I can do, what balance I can hope to strike with my poor little feather-weight against the dragging mass of New York. That is not my business, I do not meddle with ultimate results. Providence has set me here to jog, and I jog thoroughly.

The occupation pursued on Broadway is one of indescribable charm and fresh piquancy. It is not a lazy performance at all, but requires mental alertness and watchful self-control. To refuse to run after a street-car; to decline a policeman's proffered shove under horses' noses and between the wheels of impatient automobiles; to back up against the street's hurrying stream instead of rushing blindly with it; to stand on the corner and wait a clear space in which to saunter across. An unstable equilibrium is that which the mind achieves for itself, a poise of delicate constant adjustments, very vital and good. Apathy is further removed from this kind of jogging than from any reckless speed. An occasional glance of reproach and wonder from a policeman or from a careering pedestrian, obliged to deflect the straight line of his course a foot's fraction to pass me by, does not disturb me in the least. "My friend," I make answer, with a reciprocal regard, "I do this for the good of your soul. I am a professional jogger."

Not infrequently it happens that an

acquaintance overtakes me from behind and falls into line for a chat. Then the ratio of our progress presents a curious study. Little by little, my friend gains on me, quite unconsciously forging ahead, talking rapidly all the time, until, behold! she turns to address some question to me and I am not there, but a strange and unresponsive profile whizzes cheek by jowl with her. Then she brings herself up with a start, arrests her footsteps, and waits for me, and we begin over again. Out of courteous considerations I would accelerate my pace under these special circumstances if it were possible for me to talk when my feet are at full speed. But struggling, breathless ejaculations, gasps and sighs are no conversation for a lady to offer her friend, and I am obliged to maintain my jog against her dash as best we both can manage. Sometimes her ear is a good two yards ahead of my lips, and I call out my amenities at the top of my voice.

The most constant of all the bromidic remarks one hears about the world in these days is, "Of course you are very busy." Busy? Of course? What a sequence is that! I always take pleasure in shaking my head and replying serenely, "Oh, no." There is generally a blank stupefaction on the face of my interlocutor at the apparently unheard-of answer, — sometimes a pained look of disapproval, or pity, or disgust. But I always make haste to explain my position; I do not belong in the ranks of those who enjoy shocking their neighbors. "See," I submit, "it is this way with me: I cannot do anything when I am busy, I lose my bearings at once. It is not life to me to be always *doing*, I must just *be* a good deal of the time. Moreover, my friends lead such strenuous lives, careering like meteors, hair on end, it has seemed to me kind to them to set up a little centre of rest in their midst where they may swoop down and have afternoon tea."

"How do you manage it?" once in a while the question is put to me wistfully.

Manage it? Cannot the spirit control the forces which itself originates? All these many concerns, in which "there is so much to be done," owe their importance, their very existence, to the spirit's initiative. When we have created them, we can surely regulate their claim on us.

Rarely it happens to me to encounter a sister jogger along the way, and then how I rejoice! Not long ago I met such a one astray in a desperate company of frantic kindergartners. Never shall I forget the gleam pathetic in her eye when she apprehended my sluggish nature. I took her gently by the hand and led her apart and we sat and talked of Trollope's novels and of going to bed at nine o'clock; that was real conversation.

I have sometimes thought it might be pleasant if we formed a Society of Joggers and had a club where we might meet and converse. Ours is perhaps the only fraternity in the world which is not organized. But no; the meetings would present one more duty for us to perform, one more claim upon our leisure. We should but defeat our own end by and by, and the end is too noble for that. It is better for us to keep our eyes open as we amble about the world, and to hail each other and love each other and wish each other god-delay. Just as I hail now and bless and exhort the March Contributor. Go, jog down Broadway, good madam, do! Perhaps I shall meet you there.

PERCH-FISHING

Yes, I know it, they *are* bony, and they *are* muddy and they are *not* often lauded in anglers' stories; but there's something about perch-fishing that no other angling gives — it's the return of youth. Don't you remember the day you caught your first perch? Don't you remember your heavy birch pole, and your thick twine line, and your ringed perch-hook tied on with a dozen knots, and with a shingle-nail for a sinker and a pickle-stopper for a bob? The hooks were two for a cent at the grocery, and

lay in the case with the knives and the razors and the gum and the scissors and the candy and the thread and the envelopes — they were in the *middle* box of three. The little hooks on the right everybody knew were for trout, and the big ones on the left for pickerel. But you always bought out of the middle box, for you knew no trout would be along, and every boy knew no perch would bite at a worm strung on a pickerel-hook.

How proud you were when you took your sunburned capture home that day, and how happy when mother agreed to cook it! And then your joy when the little fish was brought in in lonely magnificence and laid beside father's plate. How you swelled with importance as you detailed to him the exciting capture: the tremendous bite when your stopper went *clean under* till you thought it was *never* coming up, the terrific struggle your four-inch captive made, and how he *almost* got away! That was the first one, but will you ever forget it?

And the other fishing-days, when you got up before dawn and stole downstairs to the dim kitchen. A drink of milk, a doughnut, and a triangle of pie; then you stole out quietly to the barn and got the spading-fork. Then the search, armed with fork and tomato-can, under the broad leaves of the rhubarb-bed, back of the hen-house and down by the cow-barn, until you had enough worms for the day's sport. Then, of course, you left the fork sticking in the ground — you never *would* learn to put things away — and started off. Through the garden and orchard, stopping long enough for a handful of currants and a pocketful of sopsyvinces — over the pasture-bars, eating a handful of huckleberries or low-bush blackberries here and there. Into the wood road, — very dark and still in the dawn, — where you stepped along very quietly so as not to disturb the bears. You knew perfectly well there were no bears, but you rather enjoyed the creepy sensation. Then out through the deep wet meadow-grass to the river, where the

sun was now beginning to burn away the wisps of mist, and the red-winged black-birds were making a tremendous fuss over their housekeeping. You reached the river-bank at the pout-hole, or the big rock, or the old willow (of course you know the exact place), and *then* you started fishing.

The river slipped dreamily by, the meadow-grass waved about your head, the sun climbed high, and the day grew warm. Perhaps you caught some perch — perhaps you did n't. What did you care? it was good to be sitting there, watching your stopper. Perhaps you were just going to get a bite; perhaps the grandfather of all the perch was even now on his way to your bait! But you were fishing; everything else was unimportant; you knew they would be looking for you to help get in the hay; you knew you had left the fork out back of the barn; you knew your chores were n't done. Ah! well, these were all petty troubles, not to be considered when one is fishing.

How many times since, when you have sat chained to a desk, have you wished that your duties might be slighted as easily, and that you could reach for your pole back of the kitchen-porch and start for the river? I've whipped miles of trout stream, I've played many a husky bass, I've read of the angler's battles with tarpon and salmon and tuna; but when I want just real fishing, I seek out a quiet little river I know, dig a can of worms, get down on the small of my back under the willow, and watch my stopper float, and wait for the perch to bite. My troubles may go hang. I do not think of them. What I do think is what I've written here.

WOMAN AGAIN !

THE publication in the *Atlantic* of a second article on the American woman by Mrs. Anna A. Rogers recalls to my mind the fact that once, in a valorous moment, I formed a plan for discussing

a few of the points taken up in the first, "Why American Marriages Fail," in the September issue, 1907. Surely, so long as womankind exists, comments on this notable piece of work will not be out of place. Far be it from me to attack the main body of the arguments there presented; I am not of that large body of maiden ladies who are eagerly settling, in print, the ultimate problems of matrimony. Only one or two chance shots in all that splendid fire shall I try to follow. Perhaps it should have been done long ago, but I could not summon courage. Reading the stinging paragraphs makes one feel as if the leader of the Amazons had suddenly turned to rend her following; mine is only a weak voice out of the *débris*.

Let us admit at the outset that these large sayings contain much truth and much good sense. Occasionally it seems as if — in a Penthesilea moment — an already too good case were being overpressed. The inferiority of womankind being established by nature, by man, by law, is it necessary to adduce in proof such a thundering indictment as that no woman ever started a great religion? It is not my intention to suggest that great religions are not commonly the result of individual invention; my only feeling is one of apprehension. It is hardly safe to give womankind a dare; is not Mrs. Rogers afraid that some woman may try to make good the lack? For my part I know one or two who I hope have not read the article, for they are quite capable, if they hear the challenge, of starting great religions before to-morrow morning.

In some way, too, it seems a bit contradictory to blame us both for the fact that we have founded no great religions. and for the fact that *gourmet* has no feminine. One or the other form of success might perhaps fairly be expected, but not both! Even as I write, however, I realize that if *gourmet* has no feminine it should have, for no other term could so perfectly describe Blanche, my white cat. Is there any way in which I could make known to Mrs. Rogers the fact that one

of our sex, at least, deserves the term?

But this is not what I started to write about. My real interest in the article lies in its arraignment of the modern girl as too brusque, too independent, too muscular, too loath to accept masculine assistance in getting off street-cars, — a creature with over-developed body and over-developed mind. I want to make a bit of a plea for the modern girl! It is not that I fail to have my moments of uneasiness about her, as, for instance, when I meet her, three abreast, striding along the board-walks of New England. On these occasions, as on many another, I retreat before her, and the action is perhaps symbolic. We older women are retreating before her! In all her varieties, social, collegiate, domestic, I can see great promise, even if I cannot share the entire enthusiasm of a beaming orator in addressing a Sunday-school, upon seeing "so many beautiful young women all growing up to manhood." Instead of finding, with Mrs. Rogers, that the modern girl sincerely loves herself alone, I find her a far more generous creature than her predecessors, and far less self-centred. It has been my lot for some time past to watch representative groups of girls of the type Mrs. Rogers calls over-educated, and the quick shifting of their centre of interest from the personal to something larger than their personal claim suggests to me great gain over the past. Their pride in one another's achievements is greater than in their own; their sense of civic need and of civic responsibility in their college world is full of abnegation of individual claim. The swift rush of a defeated candidate in an election to share in the ovation to her successful rival, the quick and hearty cheering for the victors of the body worsted in intercollegiate contests, brings an odd feeling to even my hardened throat. These young women are generous to a fault, eager to share with one another garments, money, and compliments. Does not this growing impersonality mean an enlargement of life for womankind?

I confess that our now-a-days girl is sometimes a bit brusque; I share in the often expressed feeling of dismay that we shall have no more elderly ladies of the old-fashioned sort; but I claim for the new girl, not only the generosity already spoken of, but transparent honesty, a virtue hitherto much appreciated in boys, but not expected in young women. She is honest in so many ways! About her looks, for she scorns disguises, and constantly bares her head to the sunshine; about her emotions, for she does not pretend a quivering sensibility which she does not feel; about her physical strength, for she is proud, not ashamed, of her muscle, and does not demand help in getting off the street-car when she does not need it. The blushing, protesting, fainting, Harriet Byron type of women, deeply self-conscious and profoundly concerned with her own physical and spiritual make-up, has never wholly disappeared until these later days. In the sounder body and more vigorous and open mind of the modern type I see great hope for the race, though I, too, could wish a trifle of softening in manner. I have an idea that a remedy for many of the marriage evils of which Mrs. Rogers complains lies in those very qualities in the modern girl against which the lady doth protest too much, and that the mental development accompanying the physical in the training of the present generation of young women will fit them nobly to be the mothers of noble sons. Would it not be well to apply here, too, Amiel's advice, for which the author makes a plea at the end of her paper: "To be patient, sympathetic, tender; to look for the budding flower and the opening heart; to hope always?"

THE FIVE-CENT FARE

"A WISE man will not go out of his way for information. He might as well go out of nature or commit suicide." Thus Thoreau seems to authorize the assumption that has been my consola-

tion during many years of forced intensive travel by way of the discharge of my daily duties; and this assumption is that the experience of men and manners gained in daily necessary travel, even when within the limits of a five-cent fare, is travel of the best sort. It is a solacing doctrine, and simple as it seems as an itinerary of extensive travel opportunities, it is not to be entered upon without preparation. There are conscientious pilgrims who take courses of reading, learn phrase-books, make lists of *pensions*, and scrapbooks of information gleaned from the columns devoted to the needs of the individual intending a little journey into the world. It is a practice to be commended. One ought not to enter lightly the great army of those who do not stay at home. But the preparation for productive voyaging when going nowhere but "out" and "back" is, while different in character, essential to success. It consists in one's external appearance being harmonious and one's state of mind being sympathetic.

A picture that hangs in the mental gallery of every nature lover is that of the quiet figure of Thoreau clad in premeditated grays. Scarcely to be distinguished from his surroundings, he sits quiescent, watching the feathered and finned and furred life that his presence in no way disturbs; surprising their secrets; observing their beauty; and this without the familiarity of the sentimental naturalist or the cruelty of the sportsman. It is the picture of the looker-on who has consciously harmonized himself to his surroundings, that he may be a part of the scene and not an intruder. It is this democratic acceptance of a neutral background that will distinguish the sophisticated trolley-traveler in his external appearance. We have all noticed how disconcerting to the citizens of our kaleidoscopic commonwealth any intrusion of brilliant array or conspicuous opulence is. In a moment the democracy has become a monarchy, or it may occasion an anarchistic régime quite as readily.

Whichever extreme ensues, I have known the entrance of a violet Paquin gown to annihilate an interesting voyage and substitute in its place the rancorous atmosphere of a Club-Tea afternoon.

But after the outward fashion conforms to the laws of the road there still remains the temper of the mind to be adapted to these finer perceptions. We lose all benefit of travel if our attire or carriage is exclusive; how much more is lost if our habit of mind is exclusive! Then we are cut off completely from any community in the positive interests of the hour's journeying. To indulge a coupé temper while tendering a five-cent fare is unscientific, biologically; caddish, socially; and limiting, personally; and more potent to prevent than mere name-calling is the concrete fact that it spoils all the fun.

It might have been on the afternoon of a Symphony concert or a special Ibsen matinée. It stormed, shudderingly and fitfully — a depressing storm. People who always drove had that day omitted the ceremony and were patronizing the democratic trolley-car. This particular car seemed already populous — merely seemed, no face gleamed the slightest recognition of the presence of any other — when a mother with two little children entered. The mother was obviously inefficient. I knew the babies would cry, and they did, the smaller one emitting shuddering wails that the mother seemed too helpless to hush, while the older one sobbed with quiet persistence. The mother's anxious, furtive glances sought the faces opposite her, apologetically. She met neither with sympathy nor with disapproval. If among us there was a crying baby we did not permit ourselves to recognize such a squalid situation. Deepening impassivity accompanied the increasing roars. The mother, evidently abashed by her isolation, ceased her feeble efforts to quiet her babies. Had there been any one there to witness it, the moment would have been as impressively dramatic as a crisis in the

Ibsen play, — the coming of the hero who now emerged, exactly as opportune. He was a vulgar youth, ruminating jaws, hat pushed back, strong dirty hands, and a direct eye. But he was fortunately a resourceful human being. The scene changed. Crowing, kicking baby tossing in the air; delighted youngster eating a grimy chocolate; smiling, delighted mother casting proud glances up and down the car; noisy, vulgar youth offering the baby for inspection to the haughtiest dame present; general atmosphere of genial good feeling and keen interest in the "poor hard-worked mother!" "A widow for six months!" "Entirely without means!" "Pretty children if they were clean!" "Good-hearted boy!" "Fellows of that class usually are!" (Alas, that there must always be a discordant note.) Nevertheless, we rolled over the bridge in an era of good feeling as democratic as a Cook's tour, and equally as alive to the piquant opportunities of the situation. That we ended our short pilgrimage wiser than we began it is merely another way of saying that our temper had become suited to productive trolley-travel.

Having then made our preparations effectively, what kind of experience can we hope for when our tour is to be so limited and is to become so hackneyed? Thoreau, when occupied with traveling "a good deal in Concord," never hesitated to be detained a half-day by the first rabbit's track he came across; so out of my mental picture-palace of travel experience, I will not hesitate to select two happy events quite casually, and sit with each for a few minutes of tranquil reflection.

Summer evenings after five o'clock I journey in company with the inhabitants of the North End. For a half-mile our way lies through a land of plenty, a Dutch painting with its regular arrangement of row upon row of tender green with the rich black earth showing between. Windmills and patient plodding horses loom darkly against the slanting

sunlight, groups of women with yellow and red and blue kerchiefs about their throats wait heavily at every corner. They come aboard the car, jabbering, gesticulating; their ear-rings brilliant against the grime of the cheek, the brooch of heavy Etruscan gold, the dirty hands adorned with the rings of marriage, the stout shoes, the sturdy waist line, the short skirt, — all eloquent with the story and the character of the Italian laborer. I notice that the old woman is constant companion to the younger one. She it is who is likely to have her apron filled with the evening salad; a savory salad it will be, and the black bread will not lack its rub of garlic — of that I am certain.

My friend had filled my arms with roses, and I traveled cityward a miniature flower-show. A passing shower had effected the prudence of a closed car. As I took my seat in its dusky, malodorous interior, an Italian girl involuntarily stretched her arms towards my roses and her face beamed its appreciation of their bright beauty. She jabbered to her elderly companion, and to my limited Italian her words seemed a beatitude for roses. And so I divided my treasure and gave myself the pleasure of her gratitude. She jabbered more incoherently now, glancing furtively at me meanwhile and seeming to struggle with an embarrassment. I began to make those futile and uneasy movements that evince a woman's intention to leave the car within the next ten minutes. Whereupon the girl reached into an inner pocket and stumbled over to my seat, leaving in my surprised possession a bit of needlework, exquisitely done, black from the dirt of the fields, — evidence of her noon-hour industry. She had also asked "the most beautiful and noble lady to do her the honor to accept this trifle." But my courtesy failed me, and I crossed over to her and tried to refuse, kindly and firmly, her gift. She looked at me and said, "But I want to give it to you. You were kind. See the beautiful roses. I

cannot give roses, but see that, that is a trifle," and she laughed gayly. "I do that while I sit under the tree."

If such is the nature and the taste of Italians, I no longer wonder at that habit of my English forefathers that caused such consternation to austere Roger Ascham. I, too, would not "eschew the way to Circe's court but go & ryde & runne & flie thither." Awaiting my opportunity for that more complex experience, I will make my way their way during the early twilight of these growing summer afternoons.

And while I sojourn with my Italian companions, I know that merely by changing my route another nickel will enable me to travel a good deal in Germany, in Scandinavia, or in the Jewry of Russia. It's all as you will have it, mankind going forth and you there to see the going forth. What travel experience offers more significant opportunities than this!

There is another route that I sometimes take, did take regularly every Saturday evening during a long cold winter, and it told me quite another story. My companions with whom I traveled much were all from the Plains and all intent upon the succulent promise of a Sunday dinner, and the week's supplies to be bought in the Saturday evening markets. They knew one another, and boldly and confidently (also, to my great interest, loudly) proclaimed their tastes and their provident epicurean intentions. One old man of a stature too slight and strength enfeebled, bore his big empty basket jauntily, and always proclaimed, "For my eatin' a good fat turkey fixed right ain't to be beat. I'm expectin' to get one to-night for twelve cents."

All winter I suffered vicarious pangs of disappointment to see that basket go home, now weighing heavily on the old man's arm. No turkey's legs ever consoled me with their protruding promise. Wet, solid packages explained the resignation that had in it no sign of expected pleasure on the morrow. At last I spoke

with the old man. "Prices are high this winter," I said.

"Yes," he answered, "they be. They bean't never so high right along on a stretch sence I can remember. Now I'm powerful fond of turkey. It's good eatin'. But I ain't had one all winter. I've kinder expected every Saturday night that I could get one, but I ain't yet. Perhaps they'll be lower next week." And with this optimistic hope he bore his corned beef less heavily toward the door.

My Saturday evening dinner I called this experience, and I learned of a sauce, one that makes of uneaten dinners a poignant memory. Something also of the renewed gayety that attends the going forth of mankind, whether it be to buy or to eat a dinner, to discover or to conquer a world, was borne in upon me as week after week I joined this Saturday evening expedition. Every week I saw the same confident expectation, the same gayety of anticipation. If any dread of a repetition of last week's disillusionment lurked in their hearts, their faces did not reveal it. Bare-handed women, wearing the plain gold ring of promised protection, looked brightly into one another's faces and talked of "He" and "Him" and "Him and Me," glancing proudly at the aloof figures that embodied the nameless and really nonexistent counterpart of their pronouns. They seemed to forget that last week the limp bag came back just as limp, and that "he" did not come, or that "he" did come, singing noisily and striking his reveling companions with the Sunday chicken until the poor bird was naked and ashamed. And, thankfully, it often was different; at least if events were unchanged, the *dramatis*

personæ shifted from week to week. She who was dinnerless to-day might hope for a feast a week later. I often noticed that when the poor fowl lost all its potential epicurean promise and became a mere weapon of offense, next Saturday was pretty sure to expose a very tidy, well-filled basket adorned with the yellowest of legs. While history does indeed repeat itself, there is a kind of tidal action of disappointment and recompense even in so small a matter as Saturday "beers" and Sunday dinners.

I traveled a good deal that winter with my dinner companions, and one evening as spring was manifesting her coming by means of a soft southerly wind, I heard my travel experience summarized by a woman sitting beside me. She was old and worn, but a bright spark dwelt in her eye as she talked to her younger companion about life and its compensations. "They's allers more shine than wet, and I as says it has seen many springs both wet and dry and I've lived a hard life as things go, but they's allers more shine than wet."

"How circumscribed are our walks after all! With the utmost industry we cannot expect to know well an area more than six miles square, and yet we pretend to be travelers, to be acquainted with Siberia and Africa." And so I expend my five cents hopefully each day for that hour's fruitful journeying cityward, and am content to exclude Siberia and Africa from the plane of my travel tours. To know Africans and Siberians shall be my sole aspiration. Content with that benefit from travel, I can confidently await the moment when I shall, in obedience to command, "move up forward in the car," to find myself face to face with my opportunity.